

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, GODALMING.  
FRONT VIEW, FOUNDER'S SQUARE.

# *Young England at School.*

## CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

**I**T is now twenty-one years ago since the foundation of that noble benefactor, Thomas Sutton, passed through what might be termed a transition, and opened a new volume in the Carthusian records.

Before taking my readers to the present school, now situated at Godalming, I think it is only right some reference should be made to the illustrious founder and that part of the foundation still remaining on the original site.

Few Londoners appear to know that, hidden behind a vast pile of commercial buildings on the west side of Aldersgate Street and Goswell Road, which are amongst the busiest thoroughfares in and adjacent to the City of London, there still exists a good portion of one of London's relics, well worth a visit from all interested in ancient London. The

porter, showing you over the building, will point out rooms and walls that date back upwards of five centuries; and as it is being viewed and admired, you can almost imagine you see the monks at work here, and the knights and squires of the reign of James you almost expect to meet as you pass through the beautiful hall.

Now, such a place as this still remains in Charterhouse Square, in the midst of the bustle of the great noisy City, but

here again we marvel as we pass under the archway into almost a miniature town, where peace and quietness reign supreme, irresponsible to the clamour outside its walls.

Charterhouse was originally a Carthusian monastery, founded about 1370 by Sir Walter Manny outside of the bar of West Smithfield.

In 1535, a time when the monasteries in London were being attacked, it was surrendered to Henry VIII., and, after having been possessed by several eminent personages in turn, was sold for £13,000 by the Earl of Suffolk to Thomas Sutton, May 9th, 1611.

Sutton is a name that has been upon the breast of every Carthusian, and is still cherished, and well it deserves to be, for its owner was the founder of one of England's great schools and a hospital for



EXTERIOR OF DINING HALL ON OLD FOUNDATION, LONDON.



decayed gentry. Thomas Sutton was born in Knaith, in Lincolnshire, 1532, of an ancient family. At Eton he received the rudiments of education, finishing at St. John's College, Cambridge. Although he was unsuccessful in obtaining a degree, he became a member of Lincoln's Inn; but he soon abandoned jurisprudence, and devoted something like ten years to travelling in Holland, Spain and Italy. On his return, he succeeded to his father's estate, and, having acquired a thorough knowledge of Continental trade, and speaking fluently several languages, he became secretary to the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Leicester, and held other very high appointments. He soon turned his money to use, firstly by leasing from the Crown property in the North and working it himself for coal, and then proceeding to London, where he made great wealth as a financier, and, possibly, by good fortune in trading.



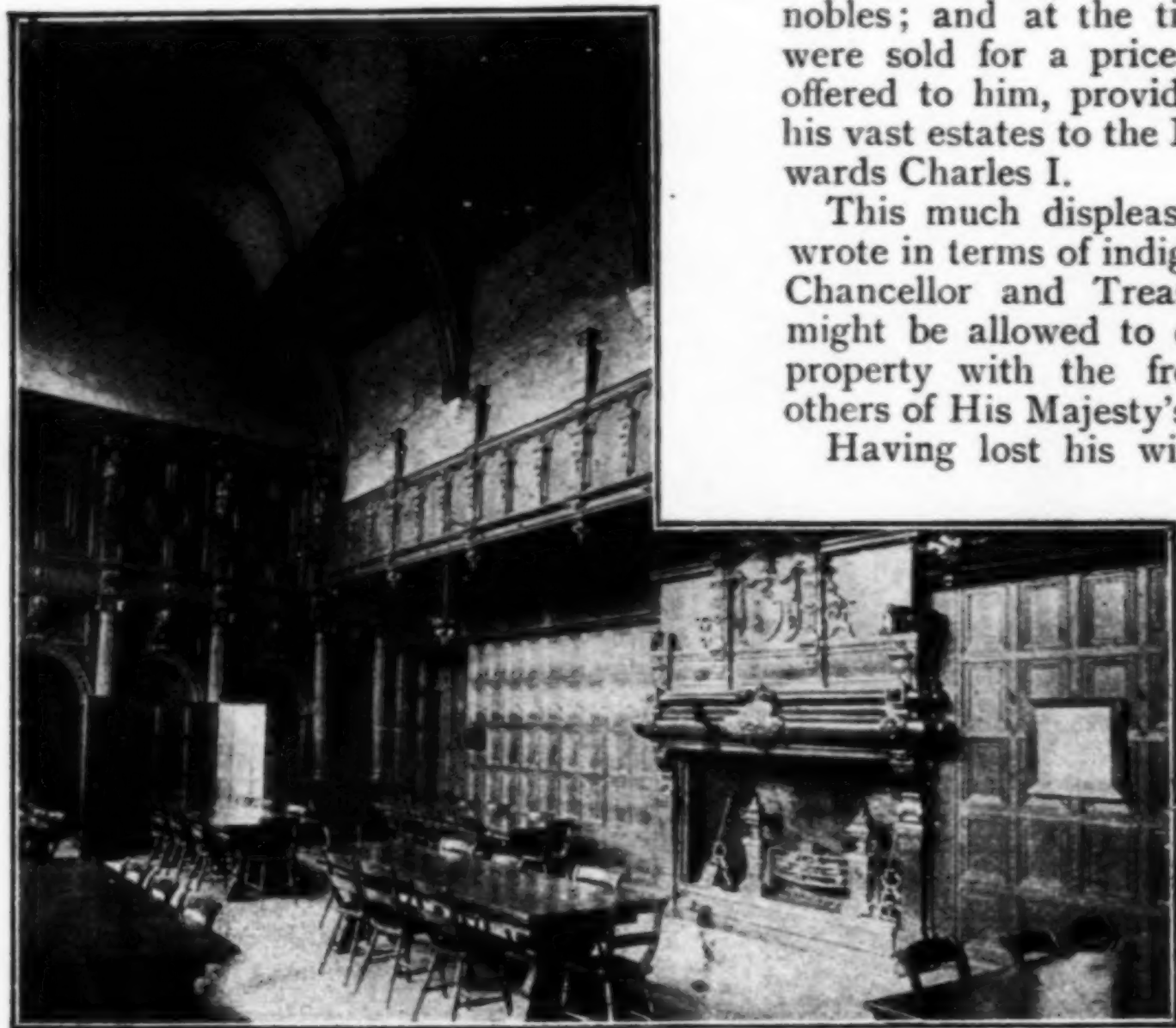
GODALMING TOWN.

Through his marriage to Mrs. Elizabeth Dudley, widow of John Dudley, Esq., of Stoke Newington, in 1582, Sutton greatly added to his fortune, while acquiring a moiety of the Manor of Stoke Newington, the Manor House of which, near the church, he adopted as his country seat. Very naturally, this wealthy citizen was much sought after by the king and nobles; and at the time when honours were sold for a price, a baronetcy was offered to him, provided he would leave his vast estates to the Duke of York, afterwards Charles I.

This much displeased Sutton, and he wrote in terms of indignation to the Lord Chancellor and Treasurer, asking if he might be allowed to dispose of his own property with the freedom enjoyed by others of His Majesty's loyal subjects.

Having lost his wife, Sutton was evi-

dently turned to charity by an appealing letter from Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Hall, for but a year later the harassed millionaire applied for, and obtained an Act of Parliament empowering him to erect the hospital at Hallingbury Bouchers, a de-



DINING HALL, OLD FOUNDATION, CHARTERHOUSE, LONDON.



sign which was not proceeded with, and on the 22nd of June, 1611, he procured letters patent and licence of mortmain, authorising him to found his hospital and free school at Charterhouse.

The chief point about Sutton's generosity is that while making good provision for the young, he did not forget the old; and his original endowment was for a master, preacher and head schoolmaster, a second master, forty-four boys, and eighty decayed gentlemen, known as Poor Brethren.

The poor brethren must not be under fifty years of age, and must have been householders; they must also be bache-

lors and members of the English Church. The boys, or scholars, are admitted between the ages of ten and fourteen; and both they and the Poor Brethren gain admission, less because of their poverty, than the influence they can command.

The noble benefactor is said to have been most warmly interested in the infant establishment, in so much that we find he undertook to fill the post of master himself in the first instance; but failing health compelled him to make way for the Rev. John Hutton, whom he nominated.

On the 1st November, 1611, he executed a deed of gift of his estates to the governors, in trust for the hos-

pital, and on the 28th of the same month he signed his last will in the presence of several witnesses, leaving numerous legacies, and scarcely omitting the remembrance of a single person, poor or rich, with whom he had been connected. Thomas Sutton died December 12th, 1611. His bowels were buried in Hackney Church, and his embalmed body was removed from his house, May 12th, 1612, in great pomp to Christ Church, Newgate Street. On the anniversary of his death in 1614, it was removed on the shoulders of the Poor Brethren, and finally found a resting-place in a vault on the north side of the chapel

at the Charterhouse, under a magnificent tomb erected to his memory, which still remains.

By letters patent of King James the management of the new foundation was vested in sixteen Governors and their successors; the original list being dated 1613; and well it was for the Institution that the guardians selected were men of will and power, for, shortly after Sutton's death, his nephew and heir-at-law commenced proceedings to set aside his uncle's grant. With this and other troubles that threatened Charterhouse, the Governors fought hard, and succeeded in maintaining the benevolent gift of the founder. Since this battle, the Corporation



DR. WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

has peacefully performed its duties. The revenues, augmented as well by the gradual increase in the value of property, as by the donations and bequests of subsequent benefactors, now form an exceptionally large fund.

Prior to 1872 the foundation had lived together, but the present headmaster, Dr. William Haig Brown, considered that the school would much benefit if removed from

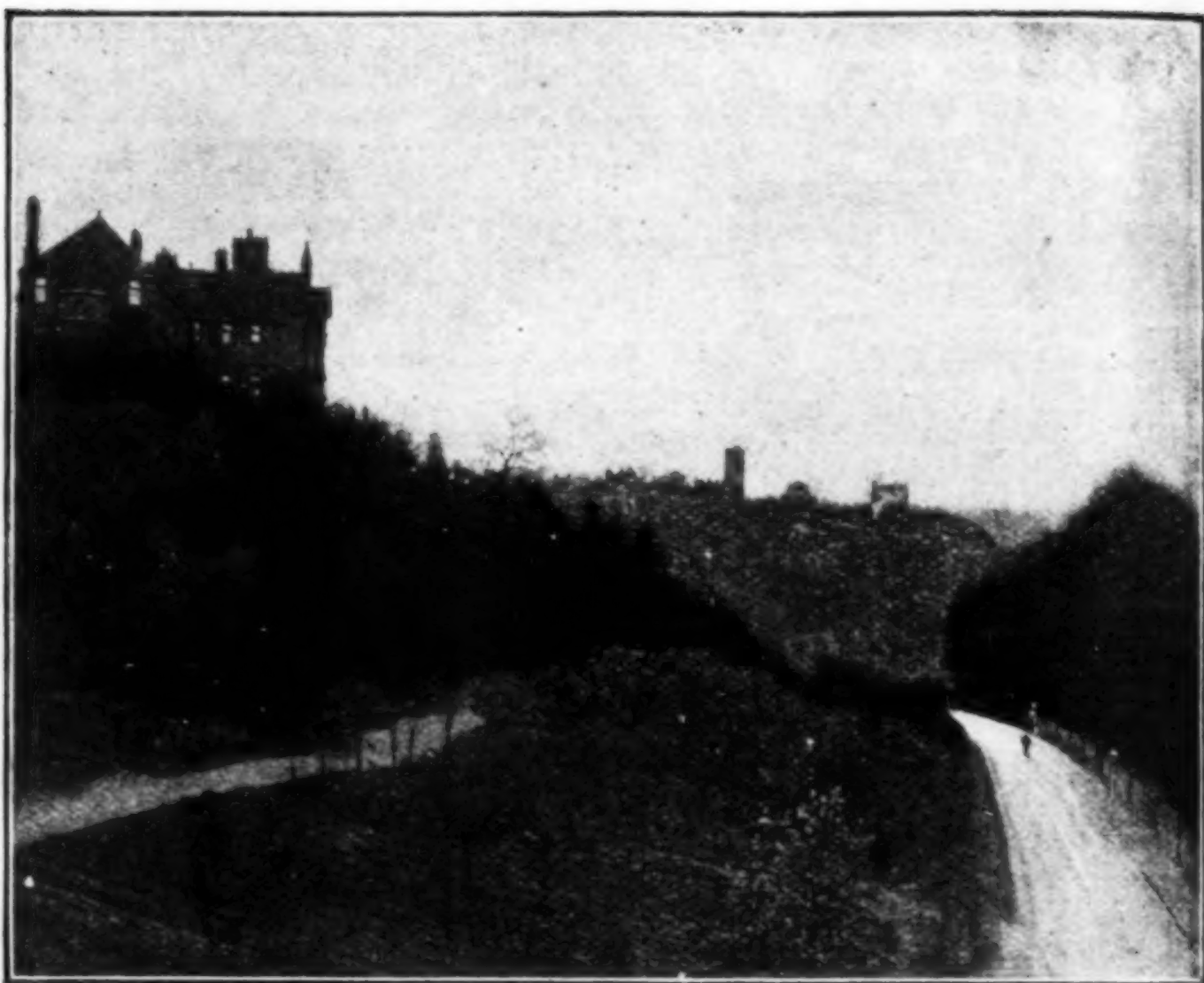
London to a more healthy position, and, working unceasingly, he obtained the support of the old Carthusians, and Charterhouse was divided. The old Merchant Taylors bought the ground occupied by the school for £93,000, a small portion of which, I am told, was sold a short time

ago for £70,000, thus proving that the Merchant Taylors made a good bargain; but about this school I shall say more in a subsequent issue.

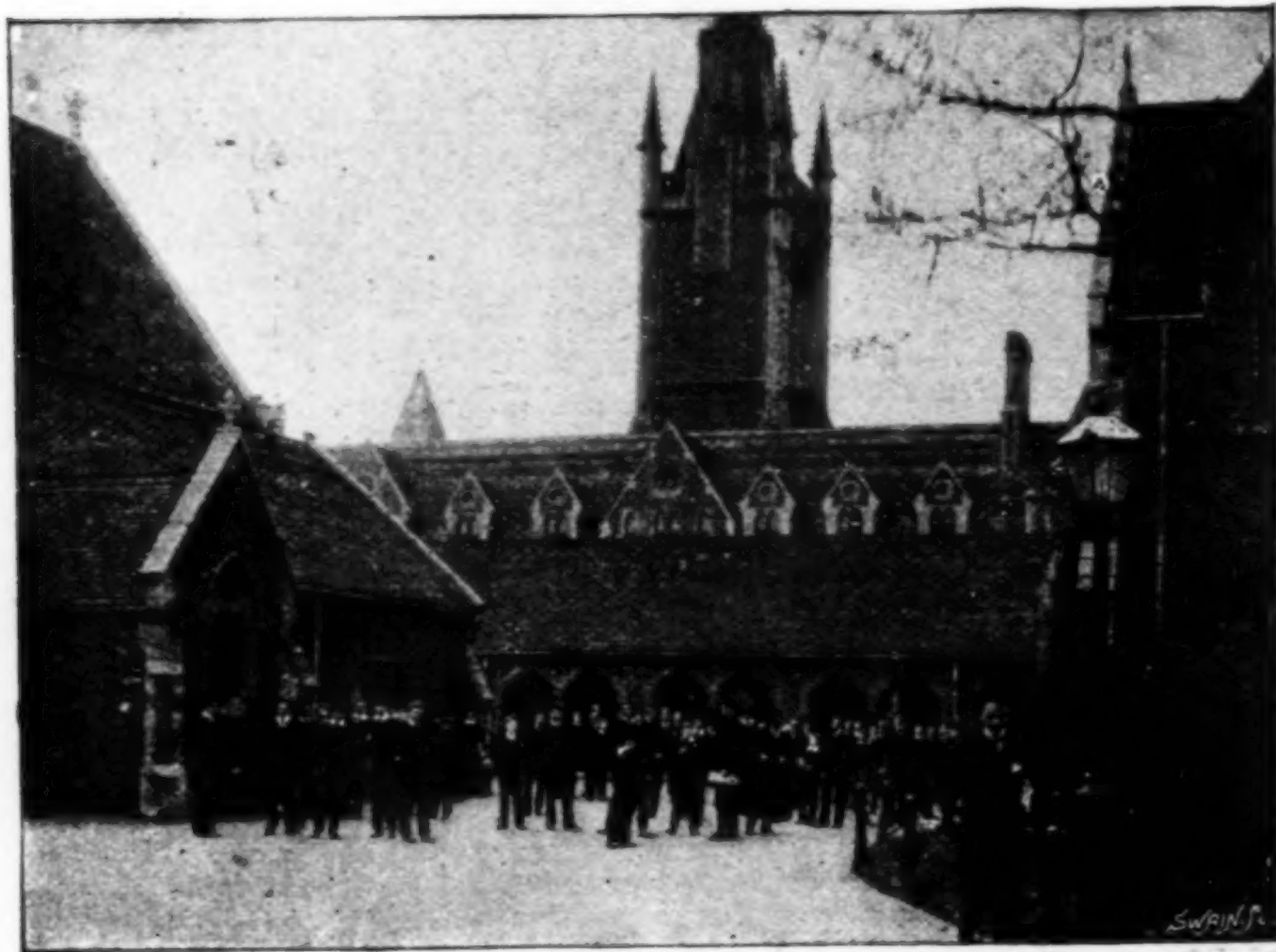
Dr. Haig Brown, of whom I am certain every Carthusian is proud, has done the best for the school, beyond doubt,

for a more delightful school could not be imagined than the new Charterhouse at Godalming; but there are many who much regret its removal or separation, and can only see in it the ruination of Charterhouse.

We can all understand that Dr. Haig Brown, a clever master, educated at Christ's Hospital, where associations are deeply rooted in the affections of those educated there, had well



VIEW FROM BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARDS GODALMING TOWN.



LIBERTY HOUR.





AT WORK.

considered the pros and cons before he suggested the removal; and, though I am deeply affected at the disappearance of walls seasoned and mellowed by centuries, it cannot but be understood that London, during the past fifty years, has differed greatly from all preceding generations; and, so thickly has the City become populated that it is undoubtedly better for the young to be educated away from its midst.

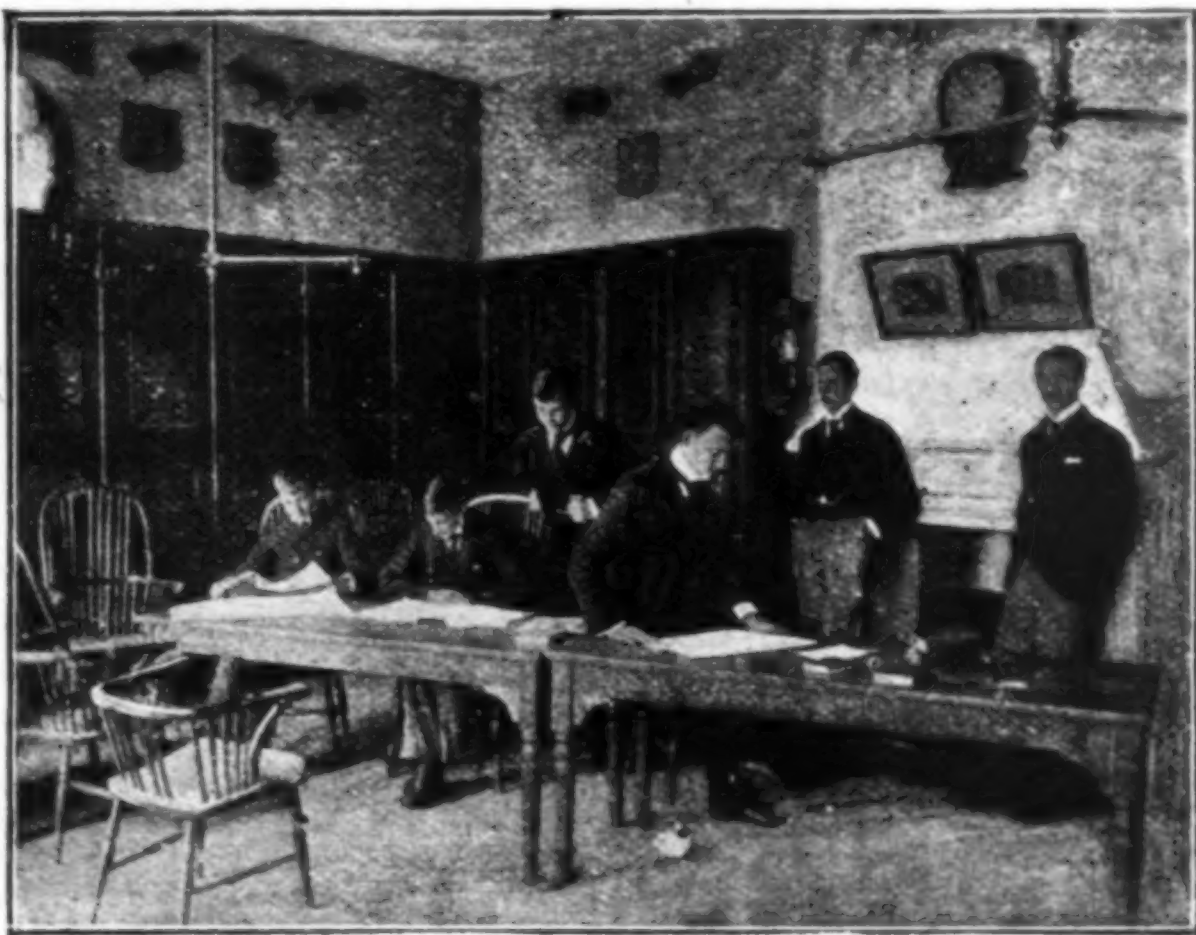
So dangerous was it becoming when in London that even old Carthusians saw the disadvantages drawing around the old school, and would not send their sons there; but since 1872 the number of boys has reached its limit—five hundred. In the old dining-room, given as one of our illustrations, the old Carthusians dine annually, and a right good annual re-union it proves; but it is very noticeable to the authorities of the old foundation that since the school has been at Godalming, with its increased number of pupils, the number of old boys attending the annual dinner has not increased, as they anticipated.

It may be interesting to many old Carthusians

to know that I was shown the old hall, or room, where the Gown Boys dined, computed to be upwards of five hundred years old. The old tables and the old forms still remain in it, but a little extra lumber has been stored here, rendering it impossible for our artist to obtain a picture, without a general removal.

In the dining-hall, as usual, the old Poor Brethren, now numbering sixty, dine each day.

Each brother has his own little room, with a most comfortable bed, but these they furnish themselves as they please; leading out of their little sitting room, is



INTERIOR OF READING-ROOM.—“VERITES,” ONE OF HOUSES AT SCHOOL.



their bath-room and pantry. Breakfast they prepare themselves, if possible, also their tea, and their allowance ranges to £36 per year. There is not the slightest restriction upon them, beyond that chapel must be attended once a day, either at 9 a.m. or 5 p.m., and that all must be home

here, and restorations there, which have no charm for the old pupils of Charterhouse, who, as they look upon the spot, can hardly realise it is where they spent so many happy days.

There were "green" upper and under cloisters, brick-built and grimy, with tra-

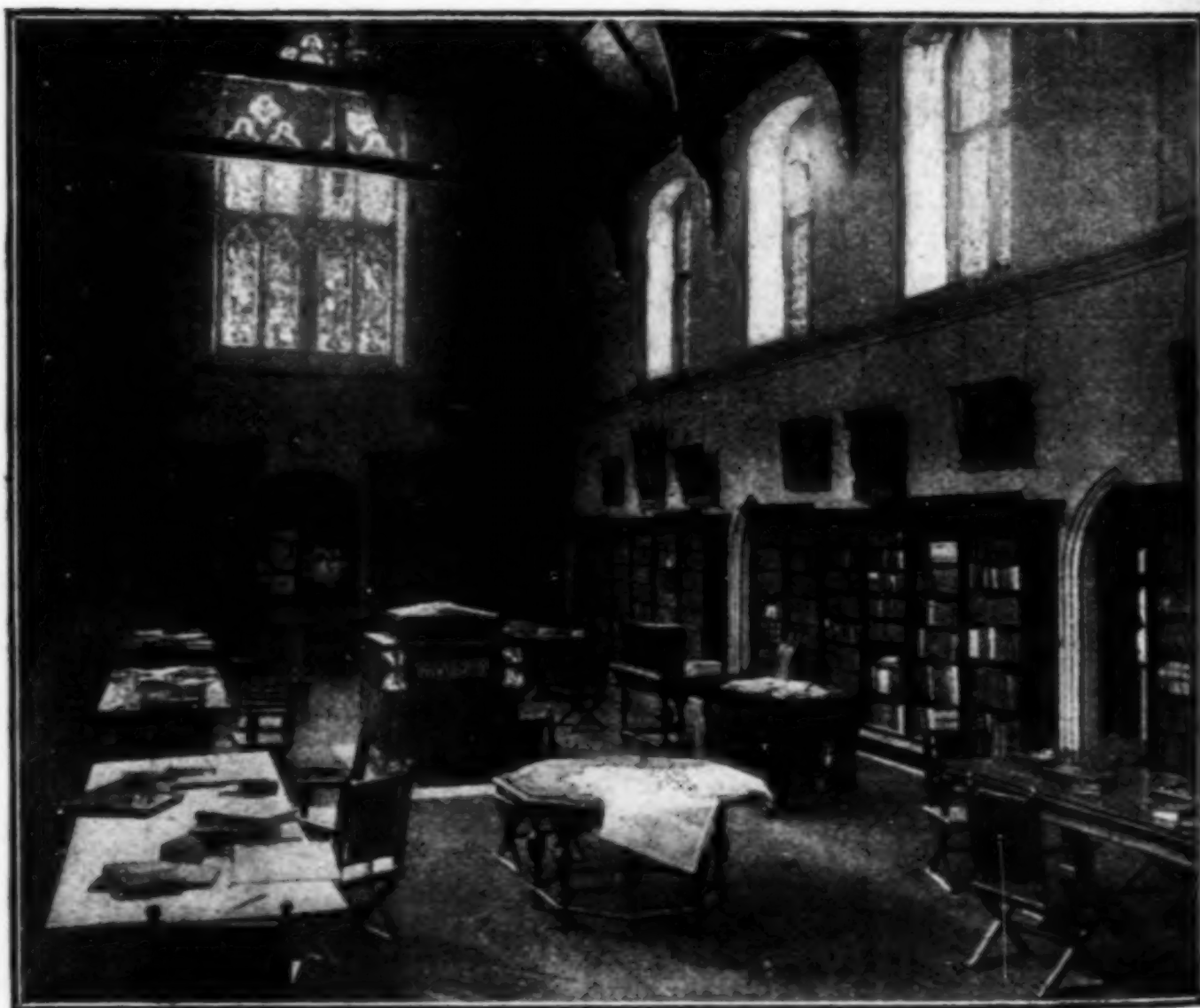
ditions of monks' cells, and a ghost-like smell; and even "Middle Briars" had an evil fame after dark, for a prior and five monks were supposed to have been buried there; "Big School" on "hill" with its large celled room, is no more. But here I must stop, for sentiment will not fill a school, and while many are bewailing the loss of the old school in London, others are rejoicing over the fine new one, and its beautiful surroundings.



DINNER (VERITÉS).

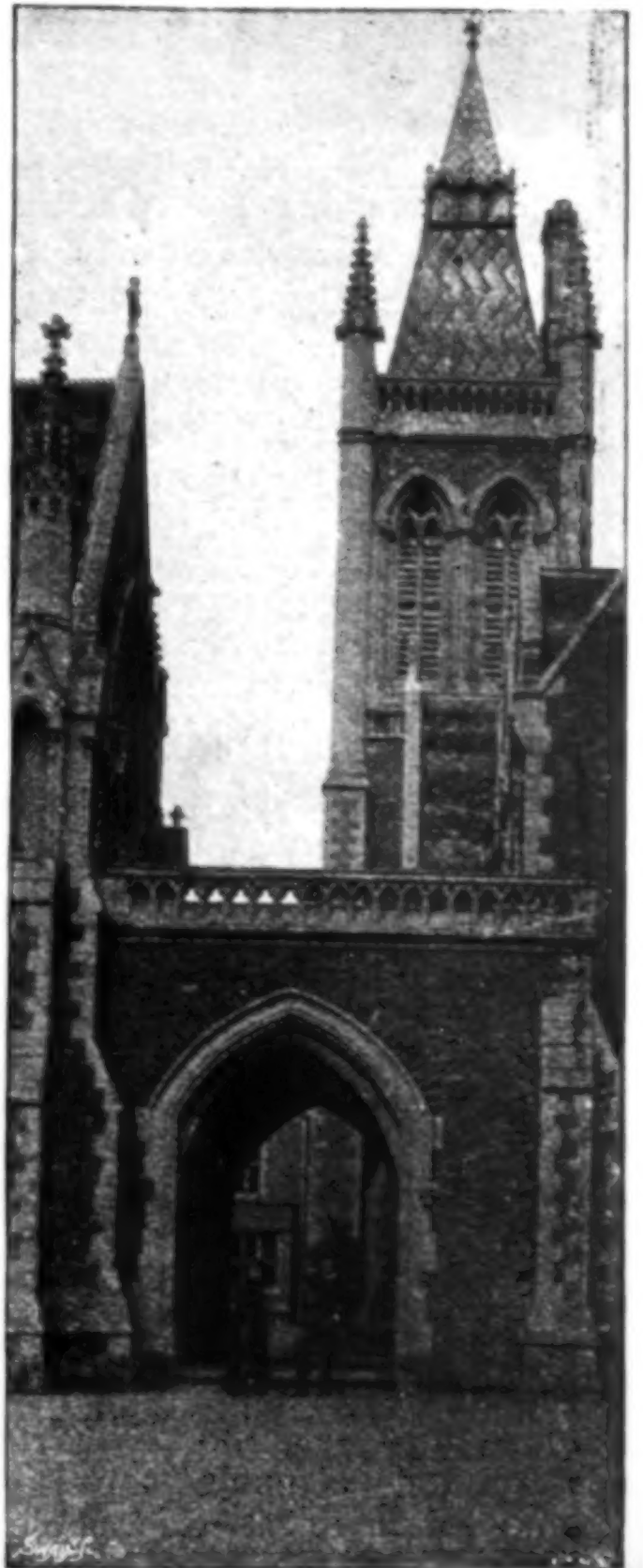
at 11 o'clock, unless leave is asked for an extension of time. Only those who have seen the old pensioners can imagine the extent of Sutton's munificent gift, and how carefully the trust has been carried out.

As the Carthusians visit the haunts of their youth, they must certainly say to themselves the glory has gone for ever, for there now stands the new buildings of the Merchant Taylors' School, with destructions



SCHOOL LIBRARY AT GODALMING.

Godalming itself, is one of the prettiest towns in Surrey, about five miles south of Guildford, and well-known to cyclists, who generally manage to pick out the most charming parts of the country. Being one of that fraternity myself, I soon made myself comfortable with my old friend, Mr. Taylor, proprietor of the "Angel Hotel," a place well-remembered by the Cycling Campers in the days of the Southern Counties Camp at Godalming. The "Angel" is always a homely hotel, and I am very pleased to say that the attachment between the men of the wheel and the "Angel," Godalming, together with the support from visitors to the Charterhouse School, has compelled Mr. Taylor to greatly enlarge his premises, which he has done, carrying out the old style of architecture of the main building. It was a delightful morning when I set out from the "Angel" to walk to the school, or rather to visit Charterhouse. Taking the turning to the old church, I walked about three parts of a mile towards the Hog's Back, when I reached the summit of the hill where the new buildings are situated. On the right, as you ascend the hill, you see large boarding-houses, some upwards of two hundred yards apart, while others are on the left, where is also the school, the roadway lying in a valley; the two hills communicate by way of a bridge, built with the school, from which is taken one of our



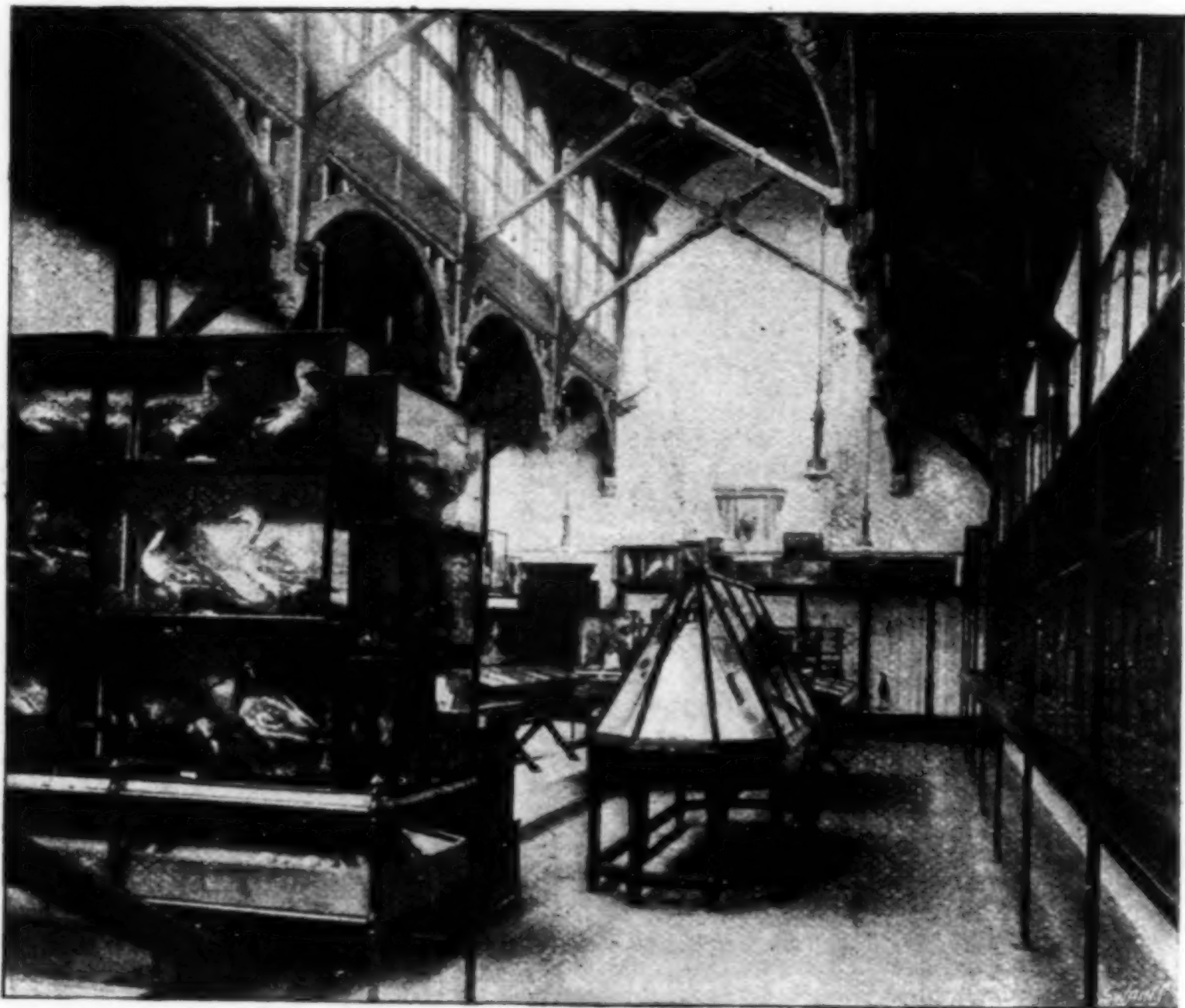
CORRIDOR LEADING TO FOUNDER'S SQUARE, WHERE OLD NAMES ARE PLACED.



TABLETS WITH NAMES OF OLD CARTHUSIANS.

illustrations, looking towards Godalming. When once on the school green, there is a magnificent view all round you, such as Hind Head and the Hog's Back, Leith Hill and Box Hill, which must compare favourably with the view one gets in the City of London. Between these, in the valley of the Wey below, are the red roofs of the quaint but picturesque town of Godalming. I was certainly much taken with the size of the place; but one thing seemed to strike me that the front of the school was at the back; or the main front, that seen in our frontispiece, showing Founder's Tower, Founder's Square, Headmaster's house and chapel, faces that portion of the hill less frequented.

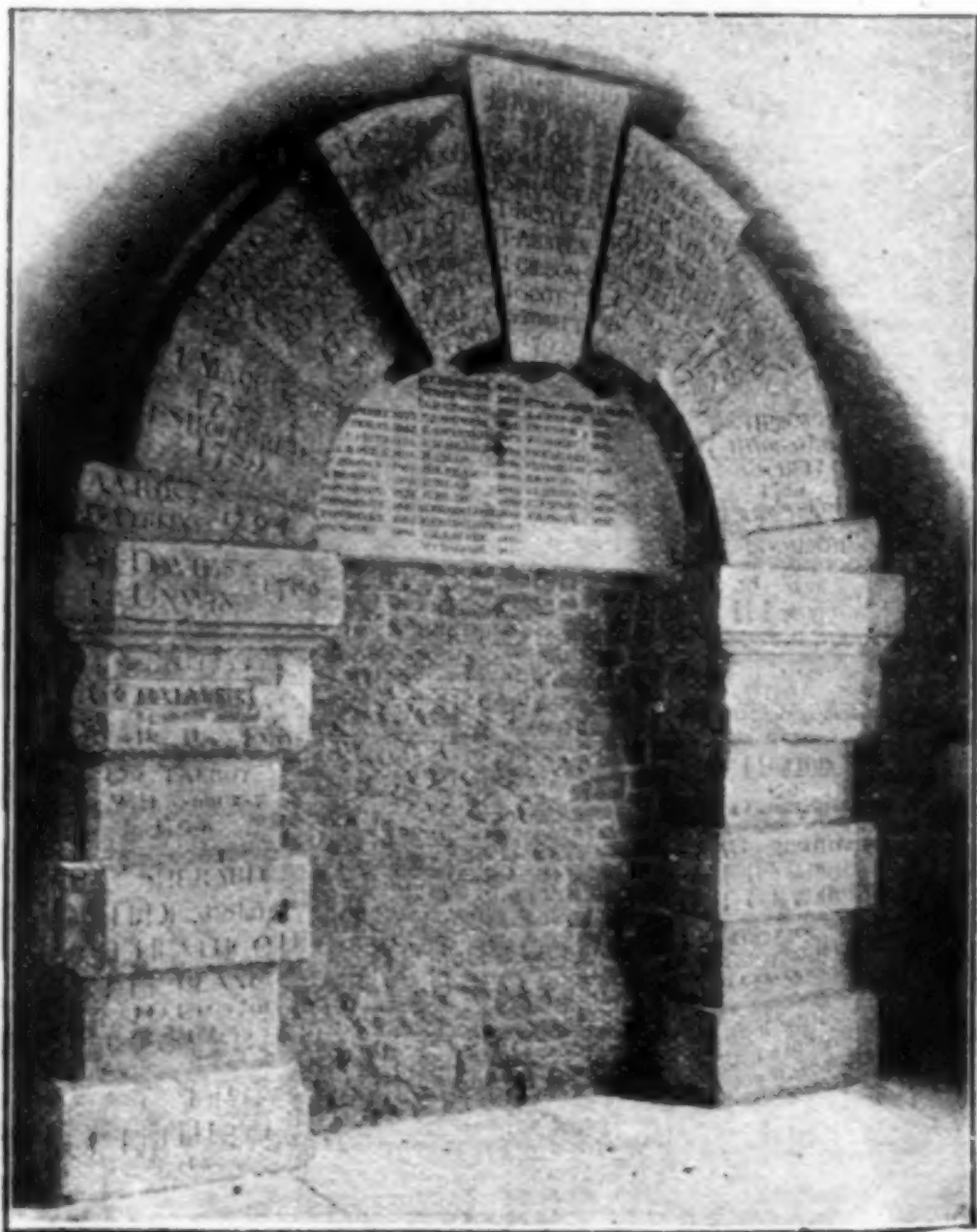




PART OF MUSEUM.

As soon as we glance round, although the buildings look so new, it is seen that the old associations of Charterhouse have been fostered as much as possible, and those at all practicable to remove have been taken to the new school and fixed there, many of the old stones bearing the names of old Carthusians have been built in the walls, in fact, the porch leading at the back of the chapel to Founder's Square, has been kept sacred to these relics, and we find there the old Gown Boys' gate erected in the wall, as it stood for centuries in the City of London. The buildings are a magnificent pile, and will be seen better from the illustrations than from any description I can give. The chapel interior is very pretty, and the great hall is very commanding, at the rear of which is the library, perhaps the most interesting portion of the whole school, together with the museum.

On great occasions the library and great hall are thrown open



GOWN BOYS' ARCH, REMOVED FROM LONDON TO THE NEW SCHOOL.



into one great room, and it is then possible to accommodate a vast audience.

To attempt to give my readers an idea of the interesting collection of relics, both in the library and museum, would require much more space than I have now allotted to me for my scrambled observations on Charterhouse, but it must be said that Old Carthusians must be endeared to these buildings, as they abound with reminiscences of famous Old Boys, whose names will ever remain cherished in the hearts of all Carthusians. The library is exceptionally fine, with a most valuable selection of literature.

The museum is of later build, containing two fine rooms, of which we give one. It abounds with relics, amongst which are pen and ink sketches, and letters written when at Charterhouse, by John Leech, the well-known artist, and a tattered and torn suit of clothes, said to have been the last attire of the great explorer, David Livingstone. When I mention such names as Dr. Manners Sutton, the Earl of Liverpool, Prime Minister of England, Lord Ellenborough, William Makepeace Thackeray, the great novelist, etc. etc., it is at once seen that Charterhouse School boasts of a list of distinguished scholars that compares well with other schools. The following verses are taken from a work of the scholars, called the "Carthusian," in which the writer has cleverly contrived to embrace some of the most notable names:

"Health to all good Carthusians! may full many a one shine  
In honour's list; all in 'the breast's happy sun-  
shine!'  
Still may BARROWS, STEELS, ADDISONS, BLACK-  
STONES *futuri*  
From their ranks arise, *magna exempla daturi*,  
*Respiciant* an ELLENBOROUGH's high legal station,  
A LIVERPOOL guiding the helm of the nation:  
A MANNERS, if e'er into Chancery they wish to come,  
A SUTTON, of Canterbury, the *archi-episcopum*,  
In yet looking back on our list of *primories*,  
Be WESTMORELAND reckoned among the old Tories,  
And, more recent inscribed on the roll of our fame,  
Be WHARNCLIFFE's high talent and unspotted name.  
Next Cam's quondam professor of Greek, and *quis*  
*nescit*,  
The Carthusian MONK did much more than profess it,  
Then one in whose praise none among us will falter  
soon,  
The Judge, Lawyer, Scholar—our schoolfellow,  
ALDERSON."

The boys live with the different masters, but three divisions bearing names that were well-known on the old foundation live with- in the school buildings; these are "Saundersites," "Gown Boys," and "Verites."

The boys have evidently to get up very early, for each morning there is chapel at 7.30, after which comes early morning school for half an hour, followed by a more appreciable half-hour, called break- fast. In the summer months, breakfast is followed by school, from 9.30 to 12.30 with fifteen minutes recreation halfway, and from then to dinner, all make for the cricket nets. School occupies from three to five, after which comes "liberty" for one hour and a half.

In winter, between 12.30 and four o'clock is set aside for the playing-fields, when football is indulged in all over the nume- rous greens, and the school hours are made from four to six. Then comes tea, and as I write I fancy I see those merry- youngsters skip- ping over the bridge to the op- posite side of the valley, bare-head- ed, winter or sum- mer, after that welcome meal.

The evening is devoted to "Banco," well- known to Carthu- sians, but to my



INTERIOR OF ARMOURY

readers I must define it in a modern school term, home-lessons, or preparing for next day's work.

The monitorial system still governs "banco," but, as a rule, I think there is a goodly feeling amongst the boys, therefore upon monitors or their duties I do not think it is necessary to make any comment. "Banco" is followed by prayers at nine, then comes supper and bed for the lower school, but the upper school are allowed to remain a little longer to digest their studies, or their suppers.

My visit to Charterhouse happened to be on the eve of Sports Day, so it may be guessed things were going on pretty lively both with the scholars and masters, together with several of the Old Carthusians. Sports Day is always a red-letter day in the annals of a public school, and the results are looked forward to with the greatest interest. The officials were busy preparing the ground, while others were displaying a beautiful lot of prizes

on the tables in the great hall to be ready on view ere the visitors arrived. I should hardly have anticipated that parents would have turned up in such force as they did on this occasion; but still, one can understand the feelings of some of the fathers who, having years ago contested similar events, were that day proudly and earnestly watching their sons make their boldest effort for honours on the school playing fields.

Races were arranged for all distances

up to one mile, and a series of old English sports, in the shape of sack and obstacle races, caused much fun and amusement. The racing was very excellent, as were also the high jump and pole jump.

The group of prize-winners, with their prizes, show at once the encouragement offered at Charterhouse to the athletic element.

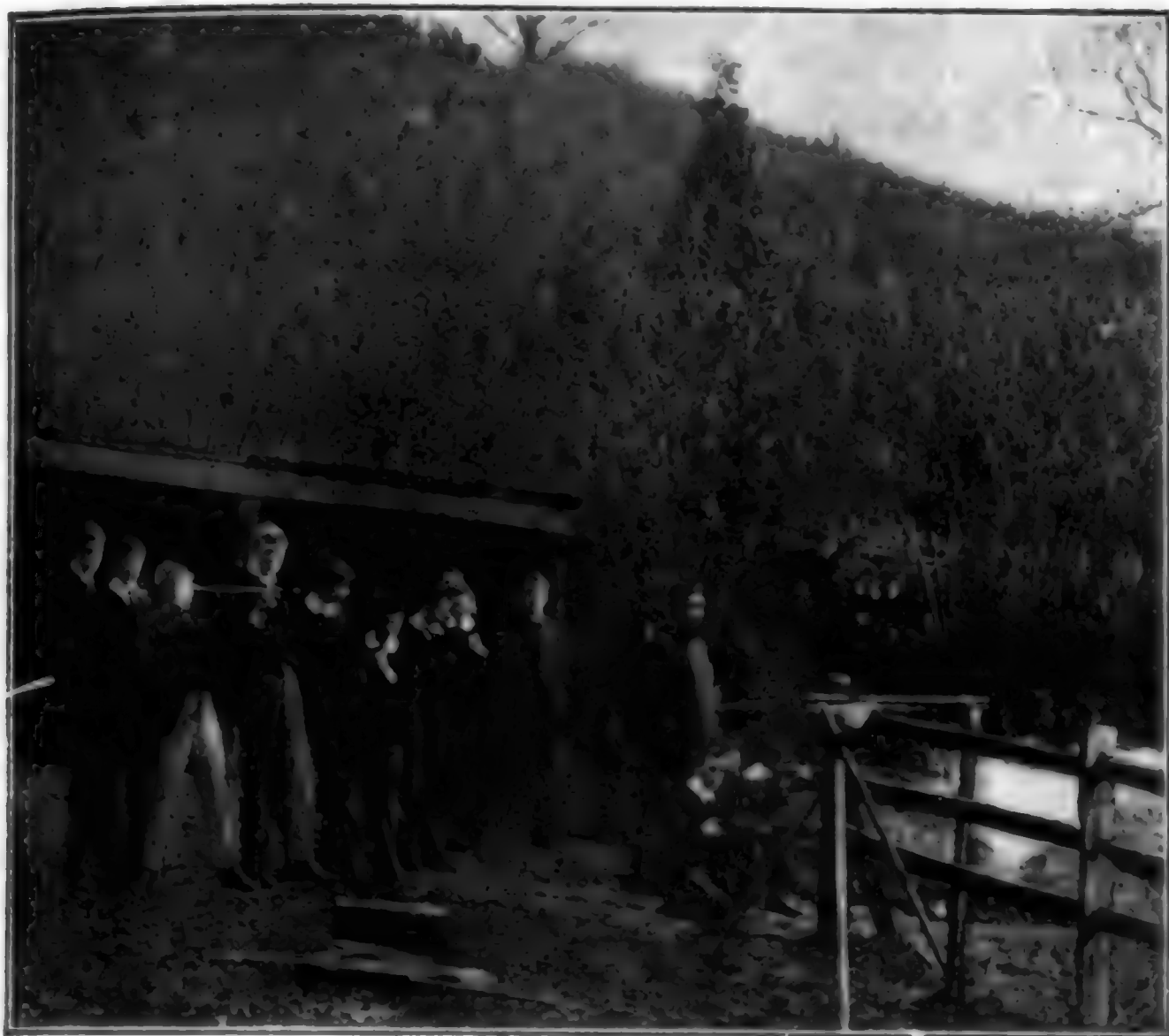


INTERIOR OF SCHOOL CHAPEL AT GODALMING.



FIVES COURTS.





CADETS' RIFLE PRACTICE.

From amongst these I must be excused if I single out Mr. Wreford-Brown, whose name is known as synonymous with grand athlete. As a footballer he has few equals, and as a cricketer he is a thorough all-round man, having done good service for his county, and, it will be remembered, obtained the premier position in the batting statistics of Lord Hawke's team that visited America.

Charterhouse possesses a very good cadet corps, of which all Carthusians are justly

Mrs. Haig Brown presented the prizes, addressing each recipient with kind words of congratulation, amidst the greatest enthusiasm from Carthusians and parents.

Football, of course, is the favourite winter pastime. The game at Charterhouse is played under the Association rules, and, to prove that the school turns out some of the finest exponents of the game only requires a glance at the long list of good players connected with the Old Carthusian Football Club, many of which have played for England, and the majority have represented one or other of the great universities



CLEARING THE HIGH JUMP.



SPORTS DAY AT CHARTERHOUSE.—A GOOD JUMP WITH THE POLE.

proud, and it was only last year they won the Ashborton Shield for the fourth time in succession at Bisle, and the trophy now occupies a most prominent position in the school library.

As will be seen from the illustrations, the racquet courts at the school are excellent, and occupy the spot from which the stone was excavated to build the school.

The court is said to be modelled



after that of "Princes," which is considered one of the best.

Charterhouse is unlike many others in not possessing a gymnasium, but this is certainly a minor matter, as the outdoor exercise in a delightful country must be preferable to any indoor pastime.

On half-holidays the boys are allowed to go and do pretty well where and what they desire, excepting that, beyond the railway arch, they must not go towards the town of Godalming.

Cricket is the summer game, and right good Elevens they can place in the field. On "Green" there is a splendid pavilion, of which many of our good cricket clubs would be proud to boast, and here many pleasant afternoons have been spent on the occasions of visits from rival schools, such as Winchester, Wellington, etc.

At the river the boys have their summer "ducker," and a fine swimming bath is provided at the school for the winter.

My visit ended just as the school were about to take their holidays, and I am pleased they have been favoured with such delightful weather.

W. C. SARGENT.

[Our illustrations are from a splendid series of photographs, taken specially for THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, by Mr. R. W. THOMAS, 121, Cheapside, London, from whom copies of the originals can be obtained.]

The following Schools have already appeared in THE LUDGATE MONTHLY: Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Christ's Hospital, Dulwich and St. Paul's, and back numbers can be obtained through all Booksellers or direct from the office of this magazine.

GROUP OF PRIZE-WINNERS, TAKEN AFTER THE ANNUAL SPORTS.



# "My Chum."

## *A Story of the Diamond Fields.*

By MURIEL LINDSAY.

"**I** WONDER you've never married, Uncle?"

"Do you, my boy, so have a good many people, I fancy;" and the speaker puffed meditatively at his pipe.

They were sitting, uncle and nephew, in a cosy smoking-room, enjoying an after-dinner smoke. It was comfortably, if quietly furnished, many landscapes, chiefly African scenery, hung on the walls, while heavy racks, filled with guns and whips, stood about.

The first speaker was a good-looking man of about five and twenty, with a frank, open face.

Very different was his uncle, Martin Frere. Hair almost white, though he was not yet fifty; a face bronzed by exposure to the sun, with lines that told of suffering and disappointment. His eyes were bright and shining, giving a youthful appearance to the otherwise old face.

Presently he got up, and taking a water-colour sketch from a portfolio, gave it to his nephew.

"That, when you have heard the story—and this—" pulling something out of his pocket-book, "will explain to you why I have never married."

That was the sketch of a wonderfully handsome man. The face, a little feminine in its delicate colouring and absence of hair on mouth and chin; but the mouth was firm yet sweet, and the eyes large and dark.

This was a curl of chestnut hair with a glint of gold running through it, fine and soft as spun silk.

The nephew looked enquiringly at his uncle, who replied sadly:

"That was Philip Darrel, my great chum, who was murdered at Kimberley."

"It's not a long story, lad, and if you care to listen, I'll tell you what no other mortal knows except my mother."

There was silence for a few minutes, and the speaker, after gazing thoughtfully into the fire, began thus:

I was not always as rich as I am now; about five and twenty years ago, I was a medical student in London.

My father was a country doctor, a poor man, who did his best to give his sons a good education, and as I had a taste for medicine, he wished me to follow in his steps.

It was a hard struggle, for my mother was an invalid, and the district was large but poor.



TAKING A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH.

I was in my last year when my father died, worn out, and when we looked into



his affairs, it was found he was considerably in debt. He had insured his life for many thousands, the greater part of which was needed to pay his creditors, leaving barely enough to keep us from starving.

My staying on at College was out of the question, and it was just then that the rush for the diamond mines began, so I, with a youth's sanguineness, thought I had only to go to Kimberley and I should become a millionaire immediately.

Out of our scanty funds I purchased a modest "kit," and took my berth in an emigrant ship, along with other youths as hopeful as myself.

Arriving, I made straight for the camp, and, as ill luck would have it, being young and inexperienced, fell into the hands of a villain.

He took me in completely and, before I had been a month at the camp, I awoke to find myself ruined.

My luck was bad, everything I put my hands to turned out ill, and I was rapidly going to the devil when one stepped in between me and hell.

That one was Philip Darrel.

It was a Saturday night. I had been drinking and gambling heavily with the few coins I had been able to pick up, and, when I rose from the table, I had not a single penny in the world.

I was half mad, and reeled out of the camp, not caring or knowing what would become of me.

There was a small creek at the bottom of the hill that led to the saloon; there had been much rain, and it was full to overflowing.

I stumbled blindly down the hill, missed the bridge, and fell headlong into the water.

To a man in his ordinary senses it would not have been dangerous, but I struck my head against the woodwork, and became unconscious.

When I came to myself I was lying on

the bank, with someone bending over me. By the lantern's light I could see it was a man.

He said but little, helped me to my hut, and bound up my cut with the deftness and tenderness of a woman.

By the morning's light I saw he was a very handsome man, with deep blue, serious eyes.

He told me he was a new chum, just arrived last night, and had been trying to light his lantern when he heard a splash. He took the empty hut next to mine and



DRINKING AND GAMBLING.

we became firm friends."

His name was Philip Darrel. He was alone in the world; his only brother had died a short time before—they came to Africa together—and, being strangers in a far country, we clung to one another.

With him my luck turned, and soon we became known as the Brothers Midas, only in our case it was diamonds, not gold.

I was able to help those at home and place them out of want or care.

Philip was clever and well read; others appreciated him as I did, and gradually the tone of the place rose; the men thought less of gambling and drinking.

His influence was good and he never abused or presumed upon it, but worked quietly and unostentatiously among them.



"That is the secret of success with others," he said: "never let them think that it is you who improve them; let them think it is by their own unaided efforts they rise. Never presume on your influence with people; you may go too far, and the result is disastrous alike to them and you."

Sometime after, an unpleasant incident occurred. I caught the man who fleeced me, flogging a Kaffir.

Now, if there is one thing I hate, it is to see a strong man abusing a weaker, and this man Moore was a cruel bully, and delighted in torturing the wretched blacks.

I sprang upon him, wrenched the whip out of his hand, and gave him the soundest whipping a man ever had.

He was utterly cowed and made no resistance. 'Tis always the same with bullies, once subdued, their courage is gone; they are pitiful hounds.

When I saw he had had enough, I flung him from me, and he lay grovelling and groaning. I turned, and was walking away when he rose and shrieked the vilest curses I ever heard, after me, and bade me look to myself, as he swore to be revenged.

I strode home, and told Philip what I had done. He approved, but looked grave when I told him of Moore's threat, and advised me to keep some weapon about me. Ah! little did I think then, the thrashing I gave Moore would cause Philip's death.

It was one evening, several months after this incident, that Philip and I sat talking in my hut.

Our conversation had taken a serious turn, love, being the theme—a curious subject for diamond seekers. Philip protested

that the love of a woman passed that of a man.

"A woman," he said, "can love in secret, and the object of her affections may never know, while a man must make known his passion; he has rarely the strength to keep it hidden. It may be stronger, more passionate, but I doubt if it is more

enduring, more faithful and patient than woman's."

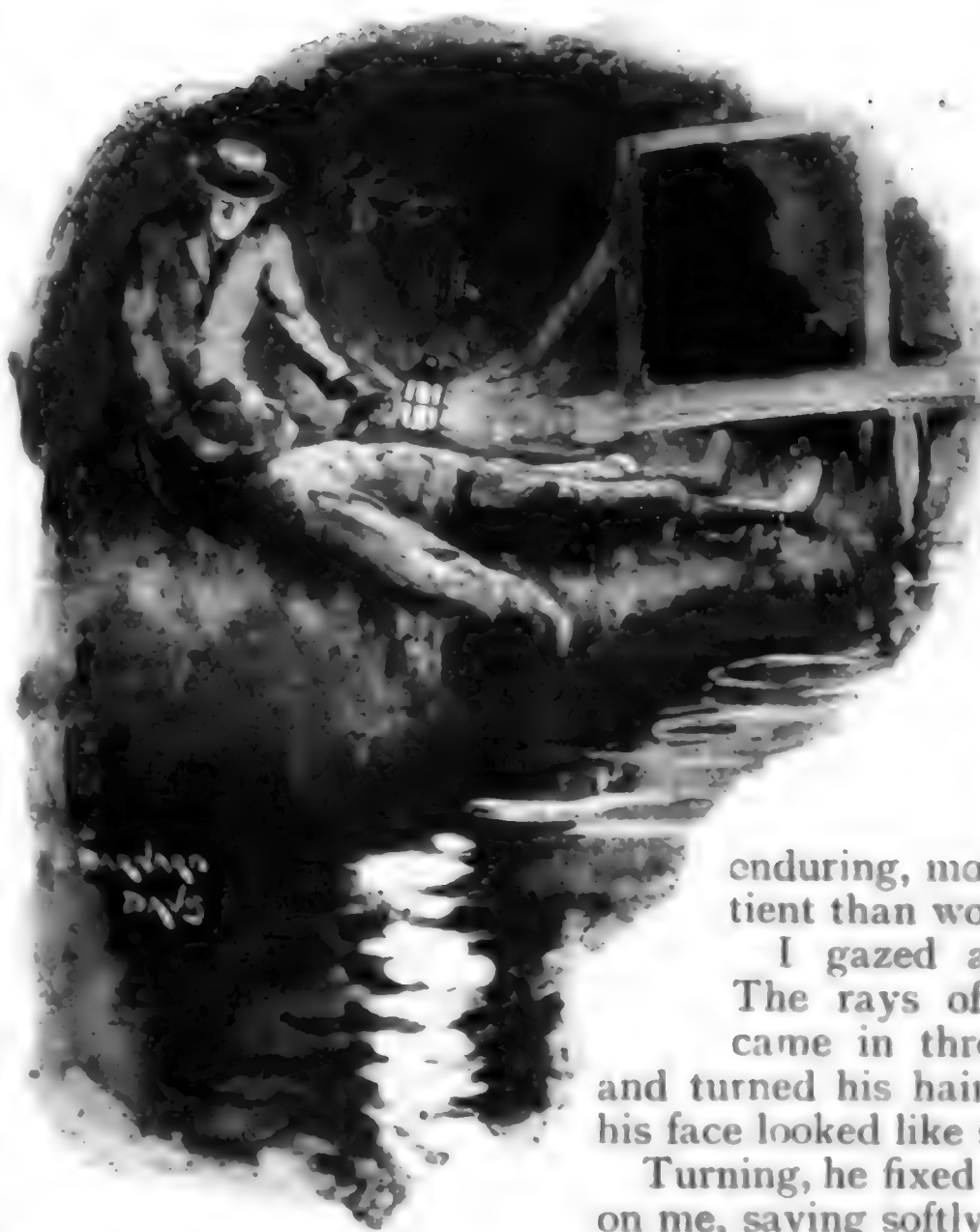
I gazed at him in silence. The rays of the setting sun came in through the doorway and turned his hair to living gold, till his face looked like some saint's.

Turning, he fixed his wonderful eyes on me, saying softly:

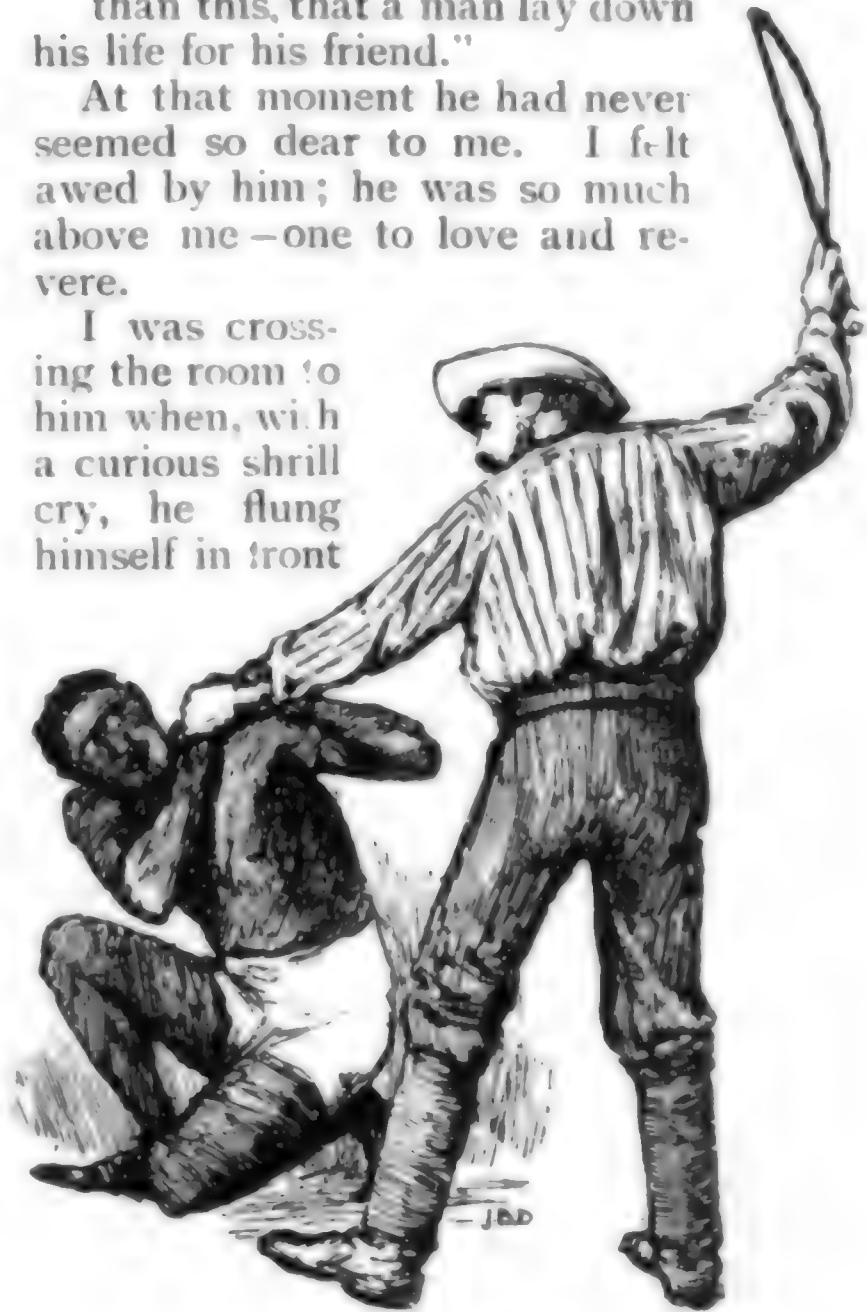
"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

At that moment he had never seemed so dear to me. I felt awed by him; he was so much above me—one to love and revere.

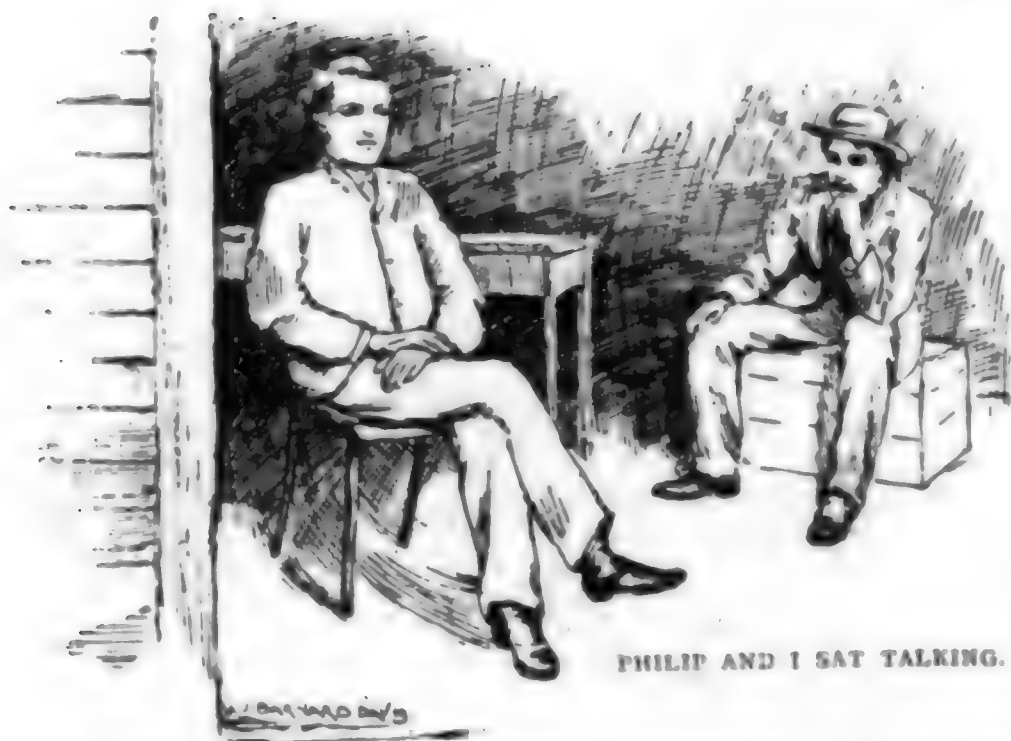
I was crossing the room to him when, with a curious shrill cry, he flung himself in front



I WAS LYING ON THE BANK.



FLOGGING A KAFFIR.



PHILIP AND I SAT TALKING.

of me, and at the same time there came a report and I saw him lying at my feet.

Alarmed by the shot, the miners came flocking out of their huts; and seeing Philip, as they thought, dead, they, with one consent, made for Moore—it was he—who flew for his life: and in a few moments he was hanging to the nearest tree.

I bent over Philip—he was unconscious. My medical knowledge told me his wound was mortal, and I opened his shirt to staunch the bleeding.

As long as I live I shall never forget that moment.

Before me lay a woman!

Philip Darrel was no more, and in his place was Philippa, my love.

I understood then her conversation of that afternoon—she had spoken of herself; and I was to lose her, cut off in the flower of her gracious womanhood and beauty.

She slowly recovered consciousness. I suppose my face must have told her I knew, for she looked at me half defiantly.

I bent and kissed her forehead and the look faded from her face.

“It was all true,” she gasped painfully, growing faint with the effort of speaking. “My brother died, and I saw no harm. I am like him and am tall for a woman, and knew I should be safer so than in my own dress. I am Philippa!”

There was silence for a few minutes; my heart was too full to speak.

“Do not—despise me,” she murmured, lifting her heavy eyes to mine.

“Despise you,” I cried brokenly. “Oh, Philippa, my poor darling, I love you!”

A glad, radiant light broke over her face.

“You love me,” she said wistfully; “I am happy,” and, half rising, flung her arms round me, and kissed and held me close.

Then her arms relaxed and she fell back dead.

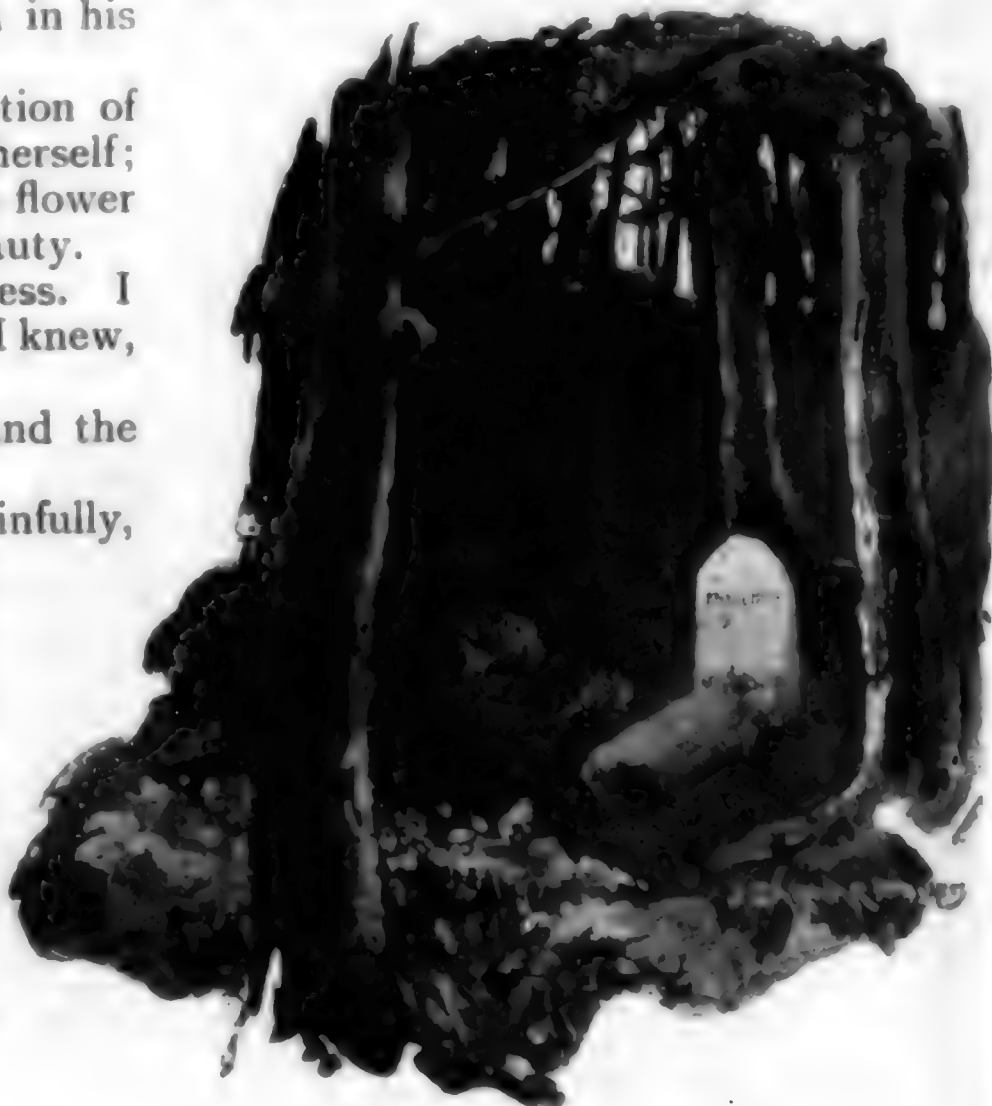
We buried her in a little forest some distance off under sweet-scented pines. A white stone, with “Philippa,” marks where she lies. I kept her secret; none knew that she was not what she

represented herself to be.

After this, the place became hateful to me, and the news coming that an old relative had died intestate and I was wanted as next of kin hastened me home. Philippa had left all her money to me, and this and the new fortune made me rich for life.

But of what good was it to me now? The only thing I coveted was lost to me, and riches could not take its place.

The two men shook hands silently, for it was a time when words are superfluous and silence best.





# *The Experiences of Loveday Brooke,* *Lady Detective.*

By C. L. PIRKIS, Author of "*Lady Lovelace*," &c. &c.

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## DRAWN DAGGERS.

"I ADMIT that the dagger business is something of a puzzle to me, but as for the lost necklace—well, I should have thought a child would have understood that," said Mr. Dyer irritably. "When a young lady loses a valuable article of jewellery and wishes to hush the matter up, the explanation is obvious."

"Sometimes," answered Miss Brooke calmly, "the explanation that is obvious is the one to be rejected, not accepted."

Off and on these two had been, so to speak, "jangling" a good deal that morning. Perhaps the fact was in part to be attributed to the biting east wind which had set Loveday's eyes watering with the gritty dust, as she had made her way to Lynch Court, and which was, at the present moment, sending the smoke, in aggravating gusts, down the chimney into Mr. Dyer's face. Thus it was, however. On the various topics that had chanced to come up for discussion that morning between Mr. Dyer and his colleague, they had each taken up, as if by design, diametrically opposite points of view.

His temper altogether gave way now.

"If," he said, bringing his hand down with emphasis on his writing-table, "you lay it down as a principle that the obvious is to be rejected in favour of the abstruse, you'll soon find yourself launched in the predicament of having to prove that two apples added to two other apples do not make four. But there, if you don't choose to see things from my point of view, that is no reason why you should lose your temper!"

"Mr. Hawke wishes to see you, sir," said a clerk, at that moment entering the room.

It was a fortunate diversion. Whatever

might be the differences of opinion in which these two might indulge in private, they were careful never to parade those differences before their clients.

Mr. Dyer's irritability vanished in a moment.

"Show the gentleman in," he said to the clerk. Then he turned to Loveday. "This is the Rev. Anthony Hawke, the gentleman at whose house I told you that Miss Monroe is staying temporarily. He is a clergyman of the Church of England, but gave up his living some twenty years ago when he married a wealthy lady. Miss Monroe has been sent over to his guardianship from Pekin by her father, Sir George Monroe, in order to get her out of the way of a troublesome and undesirable suitor."

The last sentence was added in a low and hurried tone, for Mr. Hawke was at that moment entering the room.

He was a man close upon sixty years of age, white-haired, clean shaven, with a full, round face, to which a small nose imparted a somewhat infantine expression. His manner of greeting was urbane but slightly flurried and nervous. He gave Loveday the impression of being an easy-going, happy-tempered man who, for the moment, was unusually disturbed and perplexed.

He glanced uneasily at Loveday. Mr. Dyer hastened to explain that this was the lady by whose aid he hoped to get to the bottom of the matter now under consideration.

"In that case there can be no objection to my showing you this," said Mr. Hawke; "it came by post this morning. You see my enemy still pursues me."

As he spoke he took from his pocket a



big, square envelope, from which he drew a large-sized sheet of paper.

On this sheet of paper were roughly drawn, in ink, two daggers, about six inches in length, with remarkably pointed blades.

Mr. Dyer looked at the sketch with interest.

"We will compare this drawing and its envelope with those you previously received," he said, opening a drawer of his writing-table and taking thence a precisely similar envelope. On the sheet of paper, however, that this envelope enclosed, there was drawn one dagger only.

He placed both envelopes and their enclosures side by side, and in silence compared them. Then, without a word, he handed them to Miss Brooke, who, taking a glass from her pocket, subjected them to a similar careful and minute scrutiny.

Both envelopes were of precisely the same make, and were each addressed to Mr. Hawke's London address in a round, school-boyish, copy-book sort of hand—the hand so easy to write and so difficult to bring home to any writer on account of its want of individuality. Each envelope likewise bore a Cork and a London postmark.

The sheet of paper, however, that the first envelope enclosed bore the sketch of one dagger only.

Loveday laid down her glass.

"The envelopes," she said, "have, undoubtedly, been addressed by the same person, but these last two daggers have not been drawn by the hand that drew the first. Dagger number one was, evidently, drawn by a timid, uncertain and in-artistic hand—see how the lines wave and how they have been patched here and there. The

person who drew the other daggers, I should say, could do better work: the outline, though rugged, is bold and free. I should like to take these sketches home with me and compare them again at my leisure."

"Ah, I felt sure what your opinion would be!" said Mr. Dyer complacently.

Mr. Hawke seemed much disturbed.

"Good gracious!" he ejaculated; "you don't mean to say I have two enemies pursuing me in this fashion! What does it mean? Can it be—is it possible, do you think, that these things have been sent to me by the members of some Secret Society in Ireland—under error, of course—mistaking me for someone else? They can't be meant for me; I have never, in my whole life, been mixed up with any political agitation of any sort."

Mr. Dyer shook his head. "Members of secret societies generally make pretty sure of their ground before they send out missives of this kind," he said. "I have never heard of such an error being made. I think, too, we mustn't build any theories on the Irish post-mark: the letters may

have been posted in Cork for the whole and sole purpose of drawing off attention from some other quarter."

"Will you mind telling me a little about the loss of the necklace?" here said Loveday, bringing the conversation suddenly round from the daggers to the diamonds.

"I think," interposed Mr. Dyer, turning towards her, "that the episode of the drawn daggers—drawn in a double sense—should be treated entirely on its own merits, considered as a thing apart from the loss of the necklace. I am inclined to believe that when we have gone a little further into



HAD BEEN JANGLING A GOOD DEAL.

the matter we shall find that each circumstance belongs to a different group of facts. After all, it is possible that these daggers may have been sent by way of a joke—a rather foolish one, I admit—by some harum-scarum fellow bent on causing a sensation."

Mr. Hawke's face brightened. "Ah! now, do you think so—really think so?" he ejaculated. "It would lift such a load from my mind if you could bring the thing home, in this way, to some practical joker. There are a lot of such fellows knocking about the world. Why, now I come to think of it, my nephew, Jack, who is a good deal with us just now, and is not quite so steady a fellow as I should like him to be, must have a good many such scamps among his acquaintances."

"A good many such scamps among his acquaintances," echoed Loveday; "that certainly gives plausibility to Mr. Dyer's supposition. At the same time, I think we are bound to look at the other side of the case, and admit the possibility of these daggers being sent in right-down sober earnest by persons concerned in the robbery, with the intention of intimidating you and preventing full investigation of the matter. If this be so, it will not signify which thread we take up and follow. If we find the sender of the daggers we are safe to come upon the thief; or, if we follow up and find the thief, the sender of the daggers will not be far off."

Mr. Hawke's face fell once more.

"It's an uncomfortable position to be in," he said slowly. "I suppose, whoever they are, they will do the regulation thing, and next time will send an instalment of three daggers, in which case I may consider myself a doomed man. It did not occur to me before, but I remember now that I did not receive the first dagger until after I had spoken very strongly to Mrs. Hawke, before the servants, about my wish to set the police to work. I told her I felt bound, in honour to Sir George, to do so, as the necklace had been lost under my roof."

"Did Mrs. Hawke object to your calling



"I HOPE YOU UNDER-  
STAND"

in the aid of the police?" asked Loveday.

"Yes, most strongly. She entirely supported Miss Monroe in her wish to take no steps in the matter. Indeed, I should not have come round as I did last night to Mr. Dyer, if my wife had not been suddenly summoned from home by the serious illness of her sister. At least," he corrected himself with a little attempt at self-assertion, "my coming to him might have been a little delayed. I hope you understand, Mr. Dyer; I do not mean to imply that I am not master in my own house."

"Oh, quite so, quite so," responded Mr. Dyer. "Did Mrs. Hawke or Miss Monroe give any reasons for not wishing you to move in the matter?"

"All told, I should think they gave about a hundred reasons—I can't remember them all. For one thing, Miss Monroe said it might necessitate her appearing in the police courts, a thing she would not consent to do; and

she certainly did not consider the necklace was worth the fuss I was making over it. And that necklace, sir, has been valued at over nine hundred pounds, and has come down to the young lady from her mother."

"And Mrs. Hawke?"

"Mrs. Hawke supported Miss Monroe in her views in her presence. But privately to me afterwards, she gave other reasons for not wishing the police called in. Girls, she said, were always careless with their jewellery, she might have lost the necklace in Pekin, and never have brought it to England at all."

"Quite so," said Mr. Dyer. "I think I understood you to say that no one had seen the necklace since Miss Monroe's arrival in England. Also, I believe it was she who first discovered it to be missing?"

"Yes. Sir George, when he wrote apprising me of his daughter's visit, added a postscript to his letter, saying that his daughter was bringing her necklace with her and that he would feel greatly obliged if I would have it deposited with as little delay as possible at my bankers', where it could be easily got at if required. I spoke to Miss Monroe about doing this two or three times, but she did not seem at all in-



clined to comply with her father's wishes. Then my wife took the matter in hand—Mrs. Hawke, I must tell you, has a very firm, resolute manner—she told Miss Monroe plainly that she would not have the responsibility of those diamonds in the house, and insisted that there and then they should be sent off to the bankers. Upon this Miss Monroe went up to her room, and presently returned, saying that her necklace had disappeared. She herself, she said, had placed it in her jewel-case and the jewel-case in her wardrobe, when her boxes were unpacked. The

Miss Monroe allowed her to land and remain there in charge of an agent of the P. and O. Company till an outward bound packet could take her back to China. It seems the poor woman thought she was going to die, and was in a terrible state of mind because she hadn't brought her coffin with her. I dare say you know the terror these Chinese have of being buried in foreign soil. After her departure, Miss Monroe engaged one of the steerage passengers to act as her maid for the remainder of the voyage."

"Did Miss Monroe make the long journey from Pekin accompanied only by this native woman?"

"No; friends escorted her to Hong Kong—by far the roughest part of the journey. From Hong Kong she came on in *The Colombo*, accompanied only by her maid. I wrote and told her father I would meet her at the docks in London; the young lady, however, preferred landing at Plymouth, and telegraphed to me from there that she was coming on by rail to Waterloo, where, if I liked, I might meet her."

"She seems to be a young lady of independent habits. Was she brought up and educated in China?"

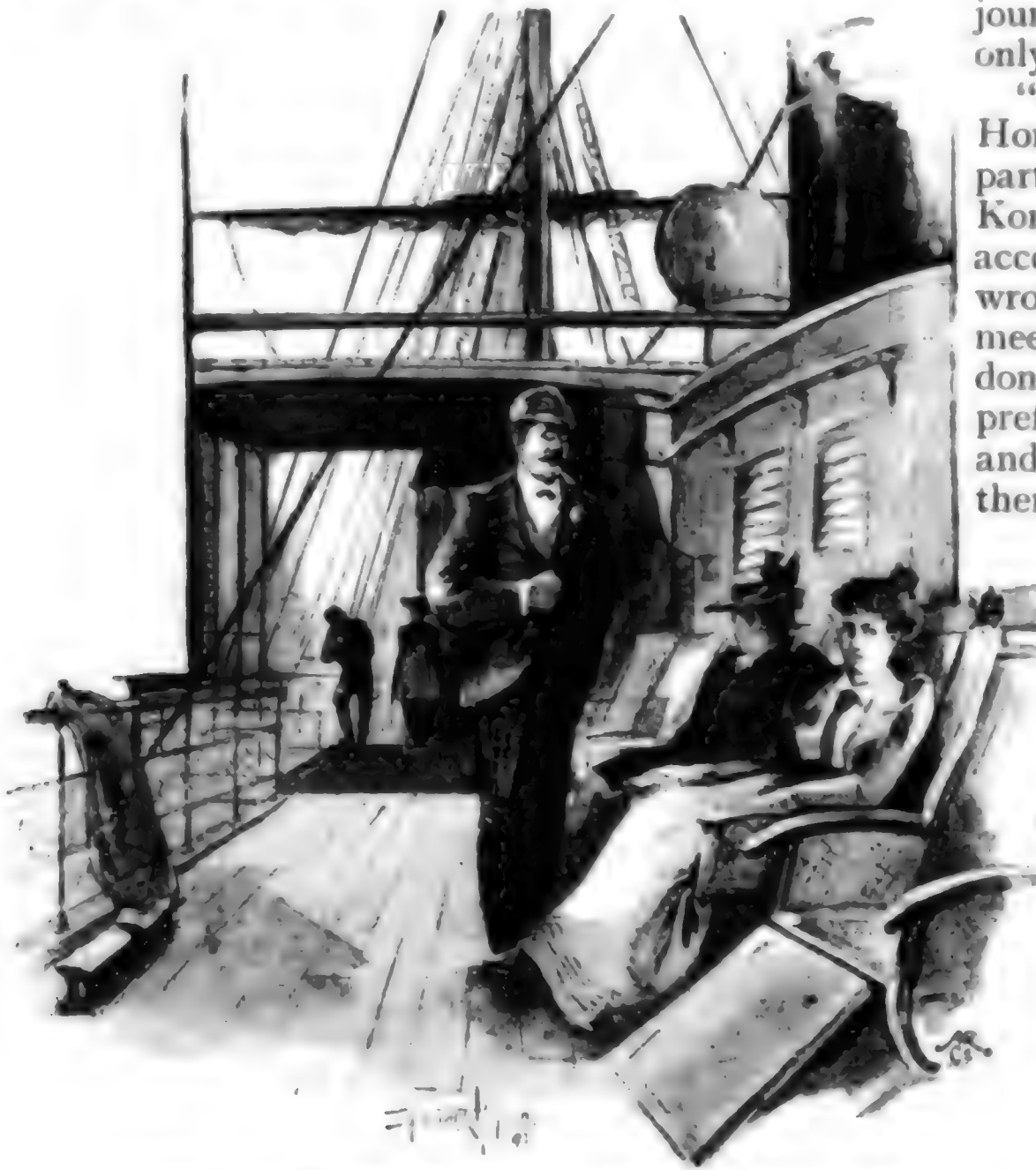
"Yes; by a succession of French and American governesses. After her mother's death, when she was little more than a baby, Sir George could not make up his mind to part with her, as she was his only child."

"I suppose you and Sir George Monroe are old friends?"

"Yes; he and I were great chums before he went out to China—now about twenty years ago—and it was only natural, when he wished to get his daughter out of the way of young Danvers's impertinent attentions, that he should ask me to take charge of her till he could claim his retiring pension and set up his tent in England."

"What was the chief objection to Mr. Danvers's attentions?"

"Well, he is only a boy of one-and-twenty, and has no money into the bar-



"SHE CAME IN 'THE COLOMBO,' ACCOMPANIED BY HER MAID."

jewel-case was in the wardrobe right enough, and no other article of jewellery appeared to have been disturbed, but the little padded niche in which the necklace had been deposited was empty. My wife and her maid went upstairs immediately, and searched every corner of the room, but, I'm sorry to say, without any result."

"Miss Monroe, I suppose, has her own maid?"

"No, she has not. The maid—an elderly native woman—who left Pekin with her, suffered so terribly from seasickness that, when they reached Malta,

gain. He has been sent out to Peking by his father to study the language, in order to qualify for a billet in the customs, and it may be a dozen years before he is in a position to keep a wife. Now, Miss Monroe is an heiress—will come into her mother's large fortune when she is of age—and Sir George, naturally, would like her to make a good match."

"I suppose Miss Monroe came to England very reluctantly?"

"I imagine so. No doubt it was a great wrench for her to leave her home and friends in that sudden fashion and come to us, who are, one and all, utter strangers to her. She is very quiet, very shy and reserved. She goes nowhere, sees no one. When some old China friends of her father's called to see her the other day, she immediately found she had a headache and went to bed. I think, on the whole, she gets on better with my nephew than with anyone else."

"Will you kindly tell me of how many persons your household consists at the present moment?"

"At the present moment we are one more than usual, for my nephew, Jack, is home with his regiment from India, and is staying with us. As a rule, my household consists of my wife and myself, butler, cook, housemaid and my wife's maid, who just now is doing double duty as Miss Monroe's maid also."

Mr. Dyer looked at his watch.

"I have an important engagement in ten minutes' time," he said, "so I must leave you and Miss Brooke to arrange details as to how and when she is to begin her work inside your house, for, of course, in a case of this sort we must, in the first instance at any rate, concentrate attention within your four walls."

"The less delay the better," said Loveday. "I should like to attack the mystery at once—this afternoon."

Mr. Hawke thought for a moment.

"According to present arrangements," he said, with a little hesitation, "Mrs. Hawke will return next Friday, that is the day after to-morrow, so I can only ask you to remain in the house till the morning of that day. I'm sure you will understand that there might be some—some little awkwardness in —"

"Oh, quite so," interrupted Loveday. "I don't see at present that there will be any necessity for me to sleep in the house at all. How would it be for me to assume the part of a lady house decorator in the employment of a West-end firm, and sent by them to survey your house and advise upon its re-decoration? All I should have to do, would be to walk about your rooms with my head on one side, and a pencil and note-book in my hand. I should interfere with no one, your family life would go on as usual, and I could make my work as short or as long as necessity might dictate."

Mr. Hawke had no objection to offer to



"CUT THE CARDS AGAIN, PLEASE."



this. He had, however, a request to make as he rose to depart, and he made it a little nervously.

"If," he said, "by any chance there should come a telegram from Mrs. Hawke, saying she will return by an earlier train, I suppose—I hope, that is, you will make some excuse, and—and not get me into hot water, I mean."

To this, Loveday answered a little evasively that she trusted no such telegram would be forthcoming, but that, in any case, he might rely upon her discretion.

Four o'clock was striking from a neighbouring church clock as Loveday lifted the old-fashioned brass knocker of Mr. Hawke's house in Tavistock Square. An elderly butler admitted her and showed her into the drawing-room on the first floor. A single glance round showed Loveday that if her rôle had been real instead of assumed, she would have found plenty of scope for her talents. Although the house was in all respects comfortably furnished, it bore unmistakably the impress of those early Victorian days when æsthetic surroundings were not deemed a necessity of existence; an impress which people past middle age, and growing increasingly indifferent to the accessories of life, are frequently careless to remove.

"Young life here is evidently an excrescence, not part of the home; a troop of daughters turned into this room would speedily set going a different condition of things," thought Loveday, taking stock of the faded white and gold wall paper, the chairs covered with lilies and roses in cross-stitch, and the knick-knacks of a past generation that were scattered about on tables and mantelpiece.

A yellow damask curtain, half-festooned, divided the back drawing-room from the front in which she was seated. From the other side of this curtain there came to her

the sound of voices—those of a man and a girl.

"Cut the cards again, please," said the man's voice. "Thank you. There you are again—the queen of hearts, surrounded with diamonds, and turning her back on a knave. Miss Monroe, you can't do better than make that fortune come true. Turn your back on the man who let you go without a word and —"

"Hush!" interrupted the girl with a little laugh; "I heard the next room door open—I'm sure someone came in."

The girl's laugh seemed to Loveday utterly destitute of that echo of heart-ache that in the circumstances might have been expected.

At this moment Mr. Hawke entered the room, and almost simultaneously the two young people came from the other side of the yellow curtain and crossed towards the door.

Loveday took a survey of them as they passed.

The young man—evidently "my nephew, Jack"—was a good-looking young fellow, with dark eyes and hair. The girl was small, slight and fair. She was perceptibly less at home with Jack's uncle than she was with Jack, for her manner changed and grew formal and reserved as she came face to face with him.

"We're going downstairs to have a game of billiards," said Jack, addressing Mr. Hawke, and throwing a look of curiosity at Loveday.

"Jack," said the old gentleman, "what would you say if I told you I was going to have the house re-decorated from top to bottom, and that this lady had come to advise on the matter?"

This was the nearest (and most Anglicised) approach to a fabrication that Mr. Hawke would allow to pass his lips.

"Well," answered Jack promptly, "I should say, 'not before its time.' That would cover a good deal."



LOVEDAY TOOK A SURVEY OF THEM AS THEY PASSED.

Then the two young people departed in company.

Loveday went straight to her work.

"I'll begin my surveying at the top of the house, and at once, if you please," she said. "Will you kindly tell one of your maids to show me through the bed-rooms? If it is possible, let that maid be the one who waits on Miss Monroe and Mrs. Hawke."

The maid who responded to Mr. Hawke's summons was in perfect harmony with the general appearance of the house. In addition, however, to being elderly and faded, she was also remarkably sour-visaged, and carried herself as if she thought that Mr. Hawke had taken a great liberty in thus commanding her attendance.

In dignified silence she showed Loveday over the topmost story, where the servants' bed-rooms were situated, and with a somewhat supercilious expression of countenance, watched her making various entries in her note-book.

In dignified silence, also, she led the way down to the second floor, where were the principal bed-rooms of the house.

"This is Miss Monroe's room," she said, as she threw back a door of one of these rooms, and then shut her lips with a snap, as if they were never going to open again.

The room that Loveday entered was, like the rest of the house, furnished in the style that prevailed in the early Victorian period. The bedstead was elaborately curtained with pink lined upholstery; the toilet-table was befrilled with muslin and tarlatan out of all likeness to a table. The one point, however, that chiefly attracted Loveday's attention was the extreme neatness that prevailed throughout the apartment—a neatness, however, that was

carried out with so strict an eye to comfort and convenience that it seemed to proclaim the hand of a first-class maid. Everything in the room was, so to speak, squared to the quarter of an inch, and yet everything that a lady could require in dressing lay ready to hand. The dressing-gown lying on the back of a chair had footstool and slippers beside it. A chair stood in front of the toilet table, and on a small Japanese table to the right of the chair were placed hair-pin box, comb and brush, and hand mirror.

"This room will want money spent upon it," said Loveday, letting her eyes roam critically in all directions. "Nothing but Moorish wood-work will take off the squareness of those corners. But what a maid Miss Monroe must have. I never before saw a room so orderly and, at the same time, so comfortable."

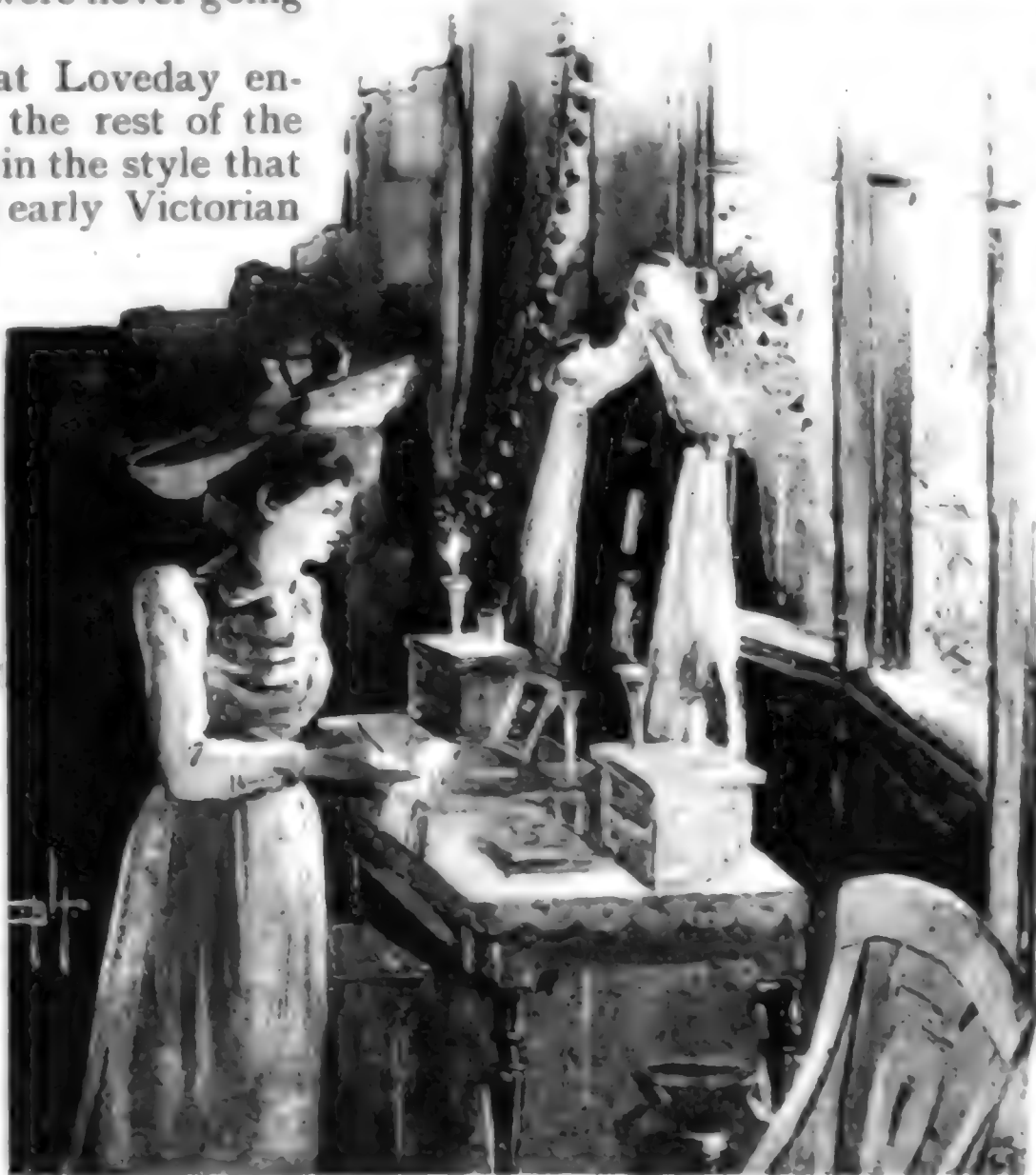
This was so direct an appeal to conversation that the sour-visaged maid felt compelled to open her lips.

"I wait on Miss Monroe, for the present," she said snappishly; "but, to speak the truth, she scarcely requires a maid. I never before in my life had dealings with such a young lady."

"She does so much for herself, you mean—declines much assistance."

"She's like no one else I ever had to do with." (This was said even more snappishly than before.) "She not only won't be helped in dressing, but she arranges her room every day before leaving it, even to placing the chair in front of the looking glass."

"And to opening the lid of the hair-pin box, so that she may have the pins ready to her hand," added Loveday, for a moment bend-



"I NEVER SAW A ROOM SO ORDERLY."



ing over the Japanese table, with its toilet accessories.

Another five minutes were all that Loveday accorded to the inspection of this room. Then, a little to the surprise of the dignified maid, she announced her intention of completing her survey of the bed-rooms some other time, and dismissed her at the drawing-room door, to tell Mr. Hawke that she wished to see him before leaving.

Mr. Hawke, looking much disturbed and with a telegram in his hand, quickly made his appearance.

"From my wife, to say she'll be back to-night. She'll be at Waterloo in about half an hour from now," he said, holding up the brown envelope. "Now, Miss Brooke, what are we to do? I told you how much Mrs. Hawke objected to the investigation of this matter, and she is very—well—firm when she once says a thing, and—and——"

"Set your mind at rest," interrupted Loveday; "I have done all I wished to do within your walls, and the remainder of my investigation can be carried on just as well at Lynch Court or at my own private rooms."

"Done all you wished to do!" echoed Mr. Hawke in amazement; "why, you've not been an hour in the house, and do you mean to tell me you've found out anything about the necklace or the daggers?"

"Don't ask me any questions just yet; I want you to answer one or two instead. Now, can you tell me anything about any letters Miss Monroe may have written or received since she has been in your house?"

"Yes, certainly. Sir George wrote to me very strongly about her correspondence, and begged me to keep a sharp eye on it, so as to nip in the bud any attempt to communicate with Danvers. So far, however, she does not appear to have made any such attempt. She is frankness itself over her correspondence. Every letter that has come addressed to her, she has shown either to me or to my wife, and they have one and all been letters from old

friends of her father's, wishing to make her acquaintance now that she is in England. With regard to letter-writing, I am sorry to say she has a marked and most peculiar objection to it. Every one of the letters she has received, my wife tells me, remain unanswered still. She has never once been seen, since she came to the house, with

a pen in her hand. And if she wrote on the sly, I don't know how she would get her letters posted—she never goes outside the door by herself, and she would have no opportunity of giving them to any of the servants to post except Mrs. Hawke's maid, and she is beyond suspicion in such a matter. She has been well cautioned, and, in addition, is not the sort of person who would assist a young lady in carrying on a clandestine correspondence."

"I should imagine not! I suppose Miss Monroe has been present at the breakfast table each time that you have received your daggers through the post—you told me, I think, that they had come by the first post in the morning?"

"Yes; Miss Monroe is very punctual at meals, and has been present each time.

Naturally, when I received such unpleasant missives, I made some sort of exclamation and then handed the thing round the table for inspection, and Miss Monroe was very much concerned to know who my secret enemy could be."

"No doubt. Now, Mr. Hawke, I have a very special request to make to you, and I hope you will be most exact in carrying it out."

"You may rely upon my doing so to the very letter."

"Thank you. If, then, you should receive by post to-morrow morning one of those big envelopes you already know the look of, and find that it contains a sketch of three, not two, drawn daggers——"

"Good gracious! what makes you think such a thing likely?" exclaimed Mr. Hawke, greatly disturbed. "Why am I to be persecuted in this way? Am I to take it for granted that I am a doomed man?"



IN A STATE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT.

He began to pace the room in a state of great excitement.

"I don't think I would if I were you," answered Loveday calmly. "Pray let me finish. I want you to open the big envelope that may come to you by post to-morrow morning just as you have opened the others—in full view of your family at the breakfast-table—and to hand round the sketch it may contain for inspection to your wife, your nephew and to Miss Monroe. Now, will you promise me to do this?"

"Oh, certainly; I should most likely have done so without any promising. But—but—I'm sure you'll understand that I feel myself to be in a peculiarly uncomfortable position, and I shall feel so very much obliged to you if you'll tell me—that is if you'll enter a little more fully into an explanation."

Loveday looked at her watch. "I should think Mrs. Hawke would be just at this moment arriving at Waterloo; I'm sure you'll be glad to see the last of me. Please come to me at my rooms in Gower Street to-morrow at twelve—here is my card. I shall then be able to enter into fuller explanations I hope. Good-bye."

The old gentleman showed her politely downstairs, and, as he shook hands with her at the front door, again asked, in a most emphatic manner, if she did not consider him to be placed in a "peculiarly unpleasant position."

Those last words at parting were to be the first with which he greeted her on the following morning when he presented himself at her rooms in Gower Street. They were, however, repeated in considerably more agitated a manner.

"Was there ever a man in a more miserable position!" he exclaimed, as he took the chair that Loveday indicated. "I not only received the three daggers for which you prepared me, but I got an additional worry, for which I was totally unprepared. This morning, immediately after breakfast, Miss Monroe walked out of the house all by herself, and no one knows where she has gone. And the girl has never before been outside the door alone. It seems the servants saw her go out, but did not think it necessary to tell either me or Mrs. Hawke, feeling sure we must have been aware of the fact."

"So Mrs. Hawke has returned," said Loveday. "Well, I suppose you will be greatly surprised if I inform you that the young lady, who has so unceremoniously

left your house, is at the present moment to be found at the Charing Cross Hotel, where she has engaged a private room in her real name of Miss Mary O'Grady."

"Eh! What! Private room! Real name O'Grady! I'm all bewildered!"

"It is a little bewildering; let me explain. The young lady whom you received into your house as the daughter of your old friend, was in reality the person engaged by Miss Monroe to fulfil the duties of her maid on board ship, after her native attendant had been landed at Malta. Her real name, as I have told you, is Mary O'Grady, and she has proved herself a valuable coadjutor to Miss Monroe in assisting her to carry out a programme, which she must have arranged with her lover, Mr. Danvers, before she left Pekin."

"Eh! what!" again ejaculated Mr. Hawke; "how do you know all this? Tell me the whole story."

"I will tell you the whole story first, and then explain to you how I came to know it. From what has followed, it seems to me that Miss Monroe must have arranged with Mr. Danvers that he was to leave Pekin within ten days of her so doing, travel by the route by which she came, and land at Plymouth, where he was to receive a note from her, apprising him of her whereabouts. So soon as she was on board ship, Miss Monroe appears to have set her wits to work with great energy; every obstacle to the carrying-out of her programme she appears to have met and conquered. Step number one was to get rid of her native maid, who, perhaps, might have been faithful to her master's interests and have proved troublesome. I have no doubt the poor woman suffered terribly from sea-sickness, as it was her first voyage, and I have equally no doubt that Miss Monroe worked on her fears, and persuaded her to land at Malta, and return to China by the next packet. Step number two was to find a suitable person, who, for a consideration, would be willing to play the part of the Pekin heiress among the heiress's friends in England, while the young lady herself arranged her private affairs to her own liking. That person was quickly found among the steerage passengers of the *Colombo* in Miss Mary O'Grady, who had come on board with her mother at Ceylon, and who, from the glimpse I had of her, must, I should conjecture, have been absent many years from the land of her birth.



You know how cleverly this young lady has played her part in your house—how, without attracting attention to the matter, she has shunned the society of her father's old Chinese friends, who might be likely to involve her in embarrassing conversations; how she has avoided the use of pen and ink lest ——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Hawke; "but, my dear Miss Brooke, wouldn't it be as well for you and me to go at once to the Charing Cross Hotel, and get all the information we can out of her respecting Miss Monroe and her movements—she may be bolting, you know?"

"I do not think she will. She is waiting there patiently for an answer to a telegram she despatched more than two hours ago to her mother, Mrs. O'Grady, at 14, Woburn Place, Cork."

Dear me! dear me! How is it possible for you to know all this?"

"Oh, that last little fact was simply a matter of astuteness on the part of the man whom I have deputed to watch the young lady's movements to-day. Other details, I assure you, in this somewhat intricate case, have been infinitely more difficult to get at. I think I have to thank those 'drawn daggers,' that caused you so much consternation, for having, in the first instance, put me on the right track."

"Ah—h," said Mr. Hawke, drawing a long breath; "now we come to the daggers! I feel sure you are going to set my mind at rest on that score."

"I hope so. Would it surprise you very much to be told that it was I who sent to you those three daggers this morning?"

"You! Is it possible?"

"Yes; they were sent by me, and for a reason that I will presently explain to you. But let me begin at the beginning. Those roughly-drawn sketches, that to you suggested terrifying ideas of blood-shedding and violence, to my mind were open to a more peaceful and commonplace explanation. They appeared to me to suggest the herald's office rather than the armoury; the cross fitchée of the knight's shield rather than the poniard with which the members of secret societies are

supposed to render their recalcitrant brethren familiar. Now, if you will look at these sketches again, you will see what I mean." Here Loveday produced from her writing-table the missives which had so greatly disturbed Mr. Hawke's peace of mind. "To begin with, the blade of the dagger of common life is, as a rule, at least two-thirds of the weapon in length; in this sketch, what you would call the blade, does not exceed the hilt in length. Secondly, please note the absence of guard for the hand. Thirdly, let me draw your attention to the squareness of what you considered the hilt of the weapon, and what, to my mind, suggested the upper portion of a crusader's cross. No hand could grip such a hilt as the one outlined here. After your departure yesterday, I drove to the British Museum, and there consulted a certain valuable work on heraldry, which has more than once done me good service. There I found my surmise substantiated in a surprising manner. Among the illustrations of the various crosses borne on armorial shields, I



"SO SOON AS SHE WAS ON BOARD SHIP."

found one that had been taken by Henri d'Anvers from his own armorial bearings, for his crest when he joined the Crusaders under Edward I., and which has since been handed down as the crest of the Danvers family. This was an important item of information to me. Here was someone in Cork sending to your house, on two several occasions, the crest of the Danvers family; with what object it would be difficult to say, unless it were in some sort a communication to someone in your house. With my mind full of this idea, I left the Museum and drove next to the office of the P. and O. Company, and requested to have given me the list of the passengers who arrived by the *Colombo*. I found this list to be a remarkably small one; I suppose people, if possible, avoid crossing the Bay of Biscay during the Equinoxes. The only passengers who landed at Plymouth besides Miss Monroe, I found, were a certain Mrs. and Miss O'Grady, steerage passengers who had gone on board at Ceylon on their way home from Australia. Their name, together with their landing at Plymouth, suggested the possibility that Cork might be their destination. After this I asked to see the list of the passengers who arrived by the packet following the *Colombo*, telling the clerk who attended to me that I was on the look-out for the arrival of a friend. In that second list of arrivals I quickly found my friend—William Wentworth Danvers by name."

"No! The effrontery! How dared he! In his own name, too!"

"Well, you see, a plausible pretext for leaving Pekin could easily be invented by him—the death of a relative, the illness of a father or mother. And Sir George, though he might dislike the idea of the young man going to England so soon after his daughter's departure, and may, perhaps, write to you by the next mail on the matter, was utterly powerless to prevent his so doing. This young man, like Miss Monroe and the O'Gradys, also landed at Plymouth. I had only arrived so far in my investigation when I went to your house yesterday afternoon. By chance, as I waited a few minutes in your drawing-room, another important item of information was acquired. A fragment of conversation between your nephew and the supposed Miss Monroe fell upon my ear, and one word spoken by the young lady convinced me of her nationality.

That one word was the monosyllable 'Hush.'"

"No! You surprise me!"

"Have you never noted the difference between the 'hush' of an Englishman and that of an Irishman? The former begins his 'hush' with a distinct aspirate, the latter with as distinct a W. That W is a mark of his nationality which he never loses. The unmitigated 'whist' may lapse into a 'whish' when he is transplanted to another soil, and the 'whish' may in course of time pass into a 'whush,' but to the distinct aspirate of the English 'hush,' he never attains. Now Miss O'Grady's was as pronounced a 'whush' as it was possible for the lips of a Hibernian to utter."

"And from that you concluded that Mary O'Grady was playing the part of Miss Monroe in my house?"

"Not immediately. My suspicions were excited, certainly; and when I went up to her room, in company with Mrs. Hawke's maid, those suspicions were confirmed. The orderliness of that room was something remarkable. Now, there is the orderliness of a lady in the arrangement of her room, and the orderliness of a maid, and the two things, believe me, are widely different. A lady, who has no maid, and who has the gift of orderliness, will put things away when done with, and so leave her room a picture of neatness. I don't think, however, it would for a moment occur to her to put things so as to be conveniently ready for her to use the next time she dresses in that room. This would be what a maid, accustomed to arrange a room for her mistress's use, would do mechanically. Now the neatness I found in the supposed Miss Monroe's room was the neatness of a maid—not of a lady, and I was assured by Mrs. Hawke's maid that it was a neatness accomplished by her own hands. As I stood there, looking at that room, the whole conspiracy—if I may so call it—little by little pieced itself together, and became plain to me. Possibilities quickly grew into probabilities, and these probabilities once admitted, brought other suppositions in their train. Now, supposing that Miss Monroe and Mary O'Grady had agreed to change places, the Pekin heiress, for the time being, occupying Mary O'Grady's place in the humble home at Cork and vice versa, what means of communicating with each other had they arranged? How was Mary O'Grady to know when she might



lay aside her assumed rôle and go back to her mother's house. There was no denying the necessity for such communication; the difficulties in its way must have been equally obvious to the two girls. Now, I think we must admit that we must credit these young women with having hit upon a very clever way of meeting those difficulties. An anonymous and startling missive sent to you would be bound to be mentioned in the house, and in this way a code of signals might be set up between them that could not direct suspicion to them. In this connection, the Danvers crest, which it is possible that they mistook for a dagger, suggested itself naturally, for no doubt Miss Monroe had many impressions of it on her lover's letters. As I thought over these things, it occurred to me that possibly dagger (or cross) number one was sent to notify the safe arrival of Miss Monroe and Mrs. O'Grady at Cork. The two daggers or crosses you subsequently received were sent on the day of Mr. Danvers's arrival at Plymouth, and were, I should say, sketched by his hand. Now, was it not within the bounds of likelihood that Miss Monroe's marriage to this young man, and the consequent release of Mary O'Grady from the onerous part she was playing, might be notified to her by the sending of three such crosses or daggers to you. The idea no sooner occurred to me than I determined to act upon it, forestall the sending of this latest communication, and watch the result. Accordingly, after I left your house yesterday, I had a sketch made of three daggers or crosses exactly similar to those you had already received, and had it posted to you so that you would get it by the first post. I told off one of our staff at Lynch Court to watch your house, and gave him special directions to follow and report on Miss O'Grady's movements throughout the day. The results I anticipated quickly came to pass. About half-past nine this morning the man sent a telegram to me saying that he had followed Miss O'Grady from your house to the Charing Cross Hotel, and furthermore had ascertained that she had since despatched a telegram, which (possibly by following the hotel servant who carried it to the telegraph office), he had overheard was addressed to Mrs. O'Grady, at Woburn Place, Cork. Since I received this information an altogether remarkable cross-firing of tele-

grams has been going backwards and forwards along the wires to Cork."

"A cross-firing of telegrams! I do not understand."

"In this way. So soon as I knew Mrs. O'Grady's address I telegraphed to her, in her daughter's name, desiring her to address her reply to 115a Gower Street, not to Charing Cross Hotel. About three-quarters of an hour afterwards I received in reply this telegram, which I am sure you will read with interest."

Here Loveday handed a telegram—one



"A CROSS-FIRING OF TELEGRAMS."

of several that lay on her writing-table—to Mr. Hawke.

He opened it and read aloud as follows:

"Am puzzled. Why such hurry? Wedding took place this morning. You will receive signal as agreed to-morrow. Better return to Tavistock Square for the night."

"The wedding took place this morning," repeated Mr. Hawke blankly. "My poor old friend! It will break his heart."

"Now that the thing is done past recall we must hope he will make the best of it."

said Loveday. "In reply to this telegram," she went on, "I sent another, asking as to the movements of the bride and bridegroom, and got in reply this:"

Here she read aloud as follows:

"They will be at Plymouth to-morrow night; at Charing Cross Hotel the next day, as agreed."

"So, Mr. Hawke," she added, "if you wish to see your old friend's daughter and tell her what you think of the part she has played, all you will have to do will be to watch the arrival of the Plymouth trains."

"Miss O'Grady has called to see a lady and gentleman," said a maid at that moment entering.

"Miss O'Grady!" repeated Mr. Hawke in astonishment.

"Ah, yes, I telegraphed to her, just before you came in, to come here to meet a lady and gentleman, and she, no doubt thinking that she would find here the newly-married pair, has, you see, lost no time in complying with my request. Show the lady in."

"It's all so intricate—so bewildering," said Mr. Hawke, as he lay back in his chair. "I can scarcely get it all into my head."

His bewilderment, however, was nothing compared with that of Miss O'Grady, when she entered the room and found herself face to face with her late guardian, instead of the radiant bride and bridegroom whom she had expected to meet.

She stood silent in the middle of the room, looking the picture of astonishment and distress.

Mr. Hawke also seemed a little at a loss for words, so Loveday took the initiative.

"Please sit down," she said, placing a chair for the girl. "Mr. Hawke and I

have sent for you in order to ask you a few questions. Before doing so, however, let me tell you that the whole of your conspiracy with Miss Monroe has been brought to light, and the best thing you can do, if you want your share in it treated leniently, will be to answer our questions as fully and truthfully as possible."

The girl burst into tears. "It was all Miss Monroe's fault from beginning to end," she sobbed. "Mother didn't want to do it—I didn't want to—to go into a gentleman's house and pretend to be what I was not. And we didn't want her hundred pounds——"

Here sobs checked her speech.

"Oh," said Loveday contemptuously, "so you were to have a hundred pounds for your share in this fraud, were you?"

"We didn't want to take it," said the girl, between hysterical bursts of tears; "but Miss Monroe said if we didn't help her someone else would, and so I agreed to——"

"I think," interrupted Loveday, "that you can tell us very little that we do not already know about what you agreed to do. What we want you to tell us is what has been done with Miss Monroe's diamond necklace—who has possession of it now?"

The girl's sobs and tears redoubled. "I've had nothing to do with the necklace—it has never been in my possession," she sobbed. "Miss Monroe gave it to Mr.

Danvers two or three months before she left Pekin, and he sent it on to some people he knew in Hong Kong, diamond merchants, who lent him money on it. Decastro, Miss Monroe said, was the name of these people."

"Decastro, diamond merchant, Hong Kong. I should think that would be sufficient ad-



"IT'S ALL SO INTRICATE—SO BEWILDERING," SAID MR. HAWKE.



dress," said Loveday, entering it in a ledger; "and I suppose Mr. Danvers retained part of that money for his own use and travelling expenses, and handed the remainder to Miss Monroe to enable her to bribe such creatures as you and your mother, to practise a fraud that ought to land both of you in jail."

The girl grew deadly white. "Oh, don't do that—don't send us to prison!" she implored, clasping her hands together. "We haven't touched a penny of Miss Monroe's money yet, and we don't want to touch a penny, if you'll only let us off! Oh, pray, pray, pray be merciful!"

Loveday looked at Mr. Hawke.

He rose from his chair. "I think the best thing you can do," he said, "will be to get back home to your mother at Cork as quickly as possible, and advise her never to play such a risky game again. Have you any money in your purse? No—well then here's some for you, and lose no time in getting home. It

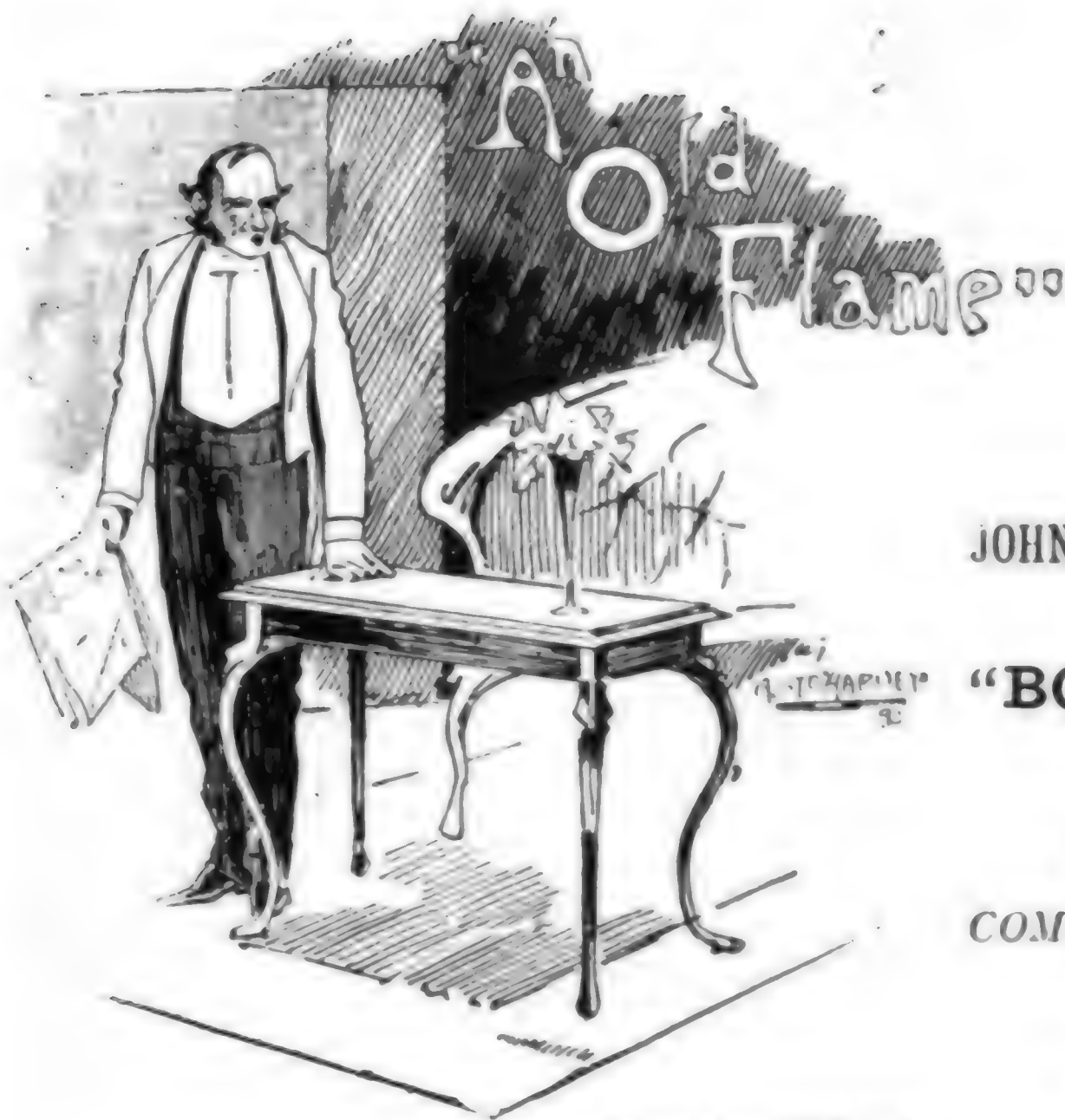
will be best for Miss Monroe—Mrs. Danvers I mean—to come to my house and claim her own property there. At any rate, there it will remain until she does so."

As the girl, with incoherent expressions of gratitude, left the room, he turned to Loveday.

"I should like to have consulted Mrs. Hawke before arranging matters in this way," he said a little hesitatingly; "but still, I don't see that I could have done otherwise."

"I feel sure Mrs. Hawke will approve what you have done when she hears all the circumstance of the case," said Loveday.

"And," continued the old clergyman, "when I write to Sir George, as, of course, I must immediately, I shall advise him to make the best of a bad bargain, now that the thing is done. 'Past cure should be past care;' eh, Miss Brooke? And, think! what a narrow escape my nephew, Jack, has had!"



BY  
JOHN MADDISON MORTON,  
AUTHOR OF  
"BOX AND COX,"  
etc.

AN ORIGINAL  
COMEDIETTA, IN ONE  
ACT.

(See Note at end.)

#### CHARACTERS.

LAUNCELOT BANKS, FRANK BIDWELL (*Bachelors*). GRIMES (*Servant*).  
MRS. WAVERLEY (*a Widow*), and ROSE SYDNEY.

SCENE.—MRS. WAVERLEY'S *Villa at Hampstead*.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.—R. H. means *Right Hand*; L. H. *Left Hand*; R. D. *Right Door*;  
L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*;  
F. *the Flat*; D. F. *Door in Flat*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*;  
L. C. *Left of Centre*.

SCENE.—A handsomely-furnished apartment in the town house of MRS. WAVERLEY; door at back in C.; another door L. H.: window at R. C.; fireplace at R.; table, sofa, chairs, etc., small table near sofa. MRS. WAVERLEY discovered seated at work-table employed in embroidery. GRIMES, in old-fashioned livery, standing near table, reading a newspaper.

MRS. WAVERLEY. Grimes! (GRIMES takes no notice.) Grimes! (Louder; turns and sees GRIMES, then smiling.) My good Grimes, when you've quite done with the paper—

GRIMES (hastily putting down paper). Beg pardon, ma'am —

Mrs. W. Tell me, have you carried out my instructions?

GRIMES. About the second floor? Oh, yes, ma'am—everything's quite ready. I took care of that, ma'am; but what is

there I would not do for your cousin, Mr. Launcelot?

Mrs. W. Then, you know him?

GRIMES. Of course I do! Just before you were engaged to my old master, Mr. Waverley, more than four years ago, wasn't Mr. Launcelot always in the house: every day and pretty nearly all day? Such a nice young man, too! Not a bit of pride about him—and so sociable, too! so unlike old master.

Mrs. W. (sighing). True!

GRIMES. Always shut up by himself along with his beetles and butterflies and cockroaches and daddy-longlegs-es.

Mrs. W. He was a naturalist.

GRIMES. Oh! I never could make out what his line of business was. He goes clean away and nobody hears any more of him—and now, up he pops again: just like



a jack in the box. I only hope he'll come back a little more cheerful than when he went away; he did look bad, and no mistake. Never ate anything—always mooning about all by himself, as if he had got something on his mind—some love affair, p'rhaps?

Mrs. W. (*with slight emotion*). Love affair! Nonsense!

GRIMES. Why not, ma'am? I suppose it's like the measles—must have it once, all of us, men and women.

Mrs. W. Exactly! Now, my good Grimes, one more visit upstairs and see that everything



"AND NOW IT IS PAST TWELVE."

is quite ready for my Cousin Launcelot, and be sure you let me know the moment he arrives.

GRIMES. All right, ma'am.

[Exit GRIMES at door C.]

Mrs. W. "Some love affair." (*Sighing*.) Yes, my good Grimes, it was indeed a love affair! Poor Cousin Launcelot—how he must have suffered! And yet how could I possibly know that he loved me, if he didn't tell me? And when he did confess that he worshipped the very

ground I trod on, and declared the devouring flame that consumed him—it was too late—I had engaged myself to Mr. Waverley; not that I was what is called in love with him—but I was flattered by the attention of a man so eminent in the scientific world. I was told it would be such an honour to become the wife of the distinguished President of the Etymetiological something or other Society. Not that I understood much about natural history; and, if there was one thing I disliked more than another it was a

daddy-long-legs. When I became a widow I certainly thought Cousin Launcelot would have written to offer me his congratulations—I mean his condolences; but no; weeks, months passed away, when yesterday the long-expected letter reached me. I am really afraid to say how often I've read it? (*Taking a letter from her dress and reading*.) "Yesterday I set foot on English soil after an absence of four years; my first visit will be to you, expect me at eleven o'clock to-morrow——" (*looking up at clock*) and now it is past twelve. (*Reading again*.) "I

should be glad to consult you on a project of the highest importance to myself, and towards the success of which I hope I may confidently rely on your remembrance of our past to contribute." My remembrance of our past! Surely he can mean but one thing—"that the devouring flame that consumed him" hasn't quite burnt out; that it wants but one thing, a tiny spark, to set it in a blaze again! Dear Cousin Launcelot—don't be afraid—I'm sure I'll do all I can to supply the spark! Hark! (*Noises of voices, etc., heard outside*.)

(Enter GRIMES at C., running.)

GRIMES. Master Launcelot's come, ma'am! I've just brought his big travelling trunk to the top of the stairs, and—(*here loud noise as of something falling*) there it goes down to the bottom again. (*Running up, meets LAUNCELOT BANKS, who enters in rough travelling costume, etc., almost knocking GRIMES over*.)

LAUNCELOT. Don't apologise—I'm all right! (*Seeing Mrs. W.*) Ah! my dear Cousin Emily! (*Running to her, and holding out both his hands*.)

Mrs. W. My dear Cousin Launcelot! (*Placing both her hands in his*.)

LAUNCELOT (*pointing to letter she still*

holds in her hands). I'm glad to see my visit hasn't taken you by surprise. You received my letter?

Mrs. W. Oh, yes! And eagerly devoured its contents.

LAUNCELOT. Indeed!

Mrs. W. Yes. (*Recollecting herself.*) That is—no, I mean I skimmed it through and was just about to—to—— (*Aside*) I don't know what I'm talking about.

LAUNCELOT. And now, cousin, having gone through the usual preliminaries, etc., suppose we have a little surprise and serious conversation?

Mrs. W. (*aside*). Now it's coming! I must say he doesn't lose much time about it. (*Aloud and seriously.*) Well, cousin! (*Timidly and looking down.*)

LAUNCELOT. Can you give me something to eat?

Mrs. W. (*annoyed and aside*). Something to eat! What business has he to want something to eat! (*Aloud and very coldly.*) I'm very sorry, but I've only just breakfasted.

LAUNCELOT. No more have I; still I say, can you give me something to eat?

Mrs. W. (*very distantly*). I'll enquire. (*Calling.*) Grimes!

LAUNCELOT. What's that? Grimes? did you say Grimes? (*Seeing GRIMES coming forward.*) Eh! yes! it is! Grimes, my old boy! how are you? (*Shaking GRIMES's hand very violently.*) Didn't know you a bit! such a change in four years! you look sixty at the very least; quite a wreck! never mind, cheer up old boy; you may live through the winter yet!

Mrs. W. (*aside*). About as unfeeling a speech as I ever heard. (*Aloud.*) My cousin, Mr. Banks, requires a little refreshment.

LAUNCELOT. Excuse me, I didn't say a little.

GRIMES. Well, ma'am, we've got some cold shoulder of lamb.

LAUNCELOT. And a capital thing too! give us your cold shoulder. (*Calling to GRIMES as he's going out at C.*) And, Grimes, don't forget the pickles!

Mrs. W. (*aside and in a tone of disgust*). Pickles! after an absence of four long years. Pickles! (*Making a wry face.*)

GRIMES (*aside as he goes up*). Well, he seems to have got his appetite again! I may as well bring up the lobster salad as well—and the damson tart—and the custards—in short, the whole lot.

[Exit at C.

LAUNCELOT (*looking at the small work-table*). Dear me, surely I know that little work-table again! Yes, it's the very one you used to have, and the same reel of cotton, too, I do believe!

Mrs. W. (*very demurely*). No. I've used that long ago.

LAUNCELOT. Well, it's very like it.

Mrs. W. (*aside*). If he's got nothing better to talk about than reels of cotton. (*Impatiently.*)

LAUNCELOT. And now, my dear cousin, to a more serious subject.

Mrs. W. (*satirically*). More serious than—cold shoulder of lamb and pickles.

LAUNCELOT. Infinitely! Can you let me have a little money? You may well look astonished. The fact is, I've got such a lot of commissions to execute from my Australian friends—by-the bye, you didn't know I'd been to Australia?—of course not, how should you?—amongst the rest a handsome present for a young fellow from the girl he's going to marry—no—I mean from the young fellow he's going—no—never mind.

Mrs. W. I needn't say that my cheque-book is quite at your service. (*Aside.*) I'm afraid he's been what's called running over the constable.

LAUNCELOT. Thank you. (*Taking her hand and shaking it.*) It's so like you. Then I may hope that you've quite forgiven me?

Mrs. W. Forgiven you?

LAUNCELOT. Yes, for my sudden and abrupt departure—you remember—and that passionate, I might almost say, insane farewell letter to you?

Mrs. W. (*with affected indifference*). Did you? Yes! I remember now—something about worshipping the—something or other I trod upon—wasn't it? (*Smiling.*)

LAUNCELOT (*aside*). I should think it was, rather! (*Aloud.*) I was quite serious when I wrote it.

Mrs. W. What? About the devouring—something or other “that consumed you”—dear, dear, how uncomfortable you must have felt—ha, ha! but I'm glad to see it didn't!

LAUNCELOT (*annoyed*). No! not quite! but as near as a toucher. (*Mrs. W. laughs.*) (*Aside.*) I wish you wouldn't giggle! (*Aloud, and assuming an injured tone.*) I repeat I was perfectly serious. I was infatuated enough to think that I might dispute the possession of your hand with the late lamented W. And yet, what possible chance could I have had?



Mrs. W. (*smiling*). Not the least little bit in the world!

LAUNCELOT (*aside*). That's candid, at all events! (*Aloud*.) It was then that, in utter despair, I threw myself on board a vessel for Australia.

Mrs. W. (*with pretended anxiety*). I hope you didn't hurt yourself?

LAUNCELOT (*sharply*). No! My sufferings were all internal. (*Laying his hand on his stomach—then hurriedly on his heart.*) In due time I arrived at Melbourne, after a long and stormy passage.

Mrs. W. (*sympathetically*). Were you—poorly—

LAUNCELOT (*still more sharply*). No! Once landed, I lost no time, but at once threw myself—

Mrs. W. Again? You seem to have been always throwing yourself into something or other.

LAUNCELOT (*shouting*). Into business! Fortune favoured me. I soon doubled—trebled—quadrupled my capital. In short, I've returned a rich man. And now, my dear cousin, between ourselves, don't you think it time I thought seriously about taking a—partner?

Mrs. W. (*with affected indifference*). In business?

LAUNCELOT. No. In life. (*With intention*) In other words, that I was settled.

Mrs. W. And done for? (*Pathetically*.)

LAUNCELOT. Done for? Not a bit of it. I mean—married. Yes, I see you agree with me; and like a dear, kind, affectionate cousin, you won't mind looking about for a wife for me, will you?

Mrs. W. (*with a slight scream*). A what? (*Aside*.) Dear, dear, what a dreadful mistake I've made! (*Aloud and with effort*.) Of course I shall be delighted—although hunting about for wives for young men is rather out of my line.

LAUNCELOT. Yes; but luckily I've got others on the look out for me as well.

Mrs. W. You seem to have agents all over the country.

LAUNCELOT. One especially—a dear old friend and schoolfellow whose services I engaged more than six months ago. Never was a better fellow than Frank Bidwell.

Mrs. W. Bidwell? I knew a gentleman of that name: an auctioneer, I think.

LAUNCELOT. That's he! By-the-bye, cousin, I took the liberty of dropping a note to him into the post at Portsmouth,



MRS. W. "I HOPE YOU DIDN'T HURT YOURSELF."

yesterday, asking him to meet me here this morning.

Mrs. W. I shall be very happy to see your friend and—agent.

LAUNCELOT. You see, I'm naturally anxious to learn the result of his operations.

Mrs. W. (*smiling*). In the matrimonial market? Of course you are.

LAUNCELOT. He knew he needn't be too exacting in the selection of the lady, so long as she is pretty and young, and accomplished and good-tempered, in short—

Mrs. W. Perfection, eh?

LAUNCELOT. Yes. And then as soon as the happy event comes off, of course you'll come and live with your new cousin; so that's all settled.

Mrs. W. Not quite. What if I were to marry again?

LAUNCELOT (*staring at her*). Marry again? You! What a very odd idea! Why on earth should you marry again? Besides, think what a bad compliment it would be to the memory of the late lamented W.

Mrs. W. Well, cousin, in the event of

Mr. Bidwell's failing to find you a wife to your taste —

LAUNCELOT. May I rely on you? Perhaps you may have one in your eye already?

Mrs. W. (*smiling*). Perhaps I may; but my co-operation in the matter is strictly conditional. I must act alone—no one must interfere with me.

LAUNCELOT. Not even my friend, Frank?

Mrs. W. Not even your friend, Frank.

LAUNCELOT. But remember, he's been on the look-out for me for the last six months.

Mrs. W. You know my conditions.

LAUNCELOT. Very well. (*Aside.*) I'll explain the matter to Frank.

(*Enter GRIMES at C.*)

GRIMES (*announcing*). Mr. Bidwell, ma'am.

LAUNCELOT. All right. I'll come to him. (*About to go.*)

Mrs. W. No! Show Mr. Bidwell up. (*GRIMES goes to the door and calls.*) You're to come up, sir, please!

(*FRANK BIDWELL enters at C.*)

FRANK. My dear Mrs. Waverley, I have to apologise for this unusually early visit.

Mrs. W. No apology. You are naturally anxious to see your old friend and schoolfellow again.

FRANK. Exactly. (*Seeing LAUNCELOT.*) And there he is! My dear Launcelot, glad to see you in Old England once again! (*Shaking LAUNCELOT'S hand very cordially—then aside to him.*) I haven't forgotten your commission; been on the look-out ever since—have got the very article for you—at least I think I have; a regular clipper—at least I think she is.

LAUNCELOT (*aside to him*). Hush!

FRANK (*to Mrs. W.*). By-the-bye, I've discovered lately that a lady friend of mine was once an intimate acquaintance of yours—a Mrs. Colonel Sydney.

Mrs. W. A widow lady, with an only daughter, whom I remember as quite a girl?

FRANK. Exactly; an only daughter, (*Nudging LAUNCELOT.*) (*Aside.*) Miss Rose Sydney, who has now blossomed into a most charming, attractive and fascinating person. (*Nudging LAUNCELOT again.*) A lot that any man would be glad to bid for. Well, finding they intended to pay you a visit this morning, I offered my escort, and they are now in the drawing-room.

Mrs. W. I'll join them at once. You'll not run away, Mr. Bidwell?

[*Exit Dior L. H.*]

FRANK. Well, old fellow. I've managed that little affair rather cleverly, eh? Didn't your heart begin to flutter when I spoke of the charming Rose, eh?

LAUNCELOT. Why should it?

FRANK. Why should it? Confound it, didn't you commission me, six months ago, to look out a wife for you? Haven't I got seventeen of 'em already—as per catalogue, (*Feeling in his pockets one after the other.*) I've left it at home—and now I bring three more; a widow—fair, fat and forty; her angelic daughter, to say nothing of Auntie Dorothy.

LAUNCELOT. Auntie Dorothy! who's she?

FRANK. A middle-aged bachelor—I mean spinster—with lots of money, and not at all ill-looking—at least she wouldn't be if she didn't squint. However, you'll be introduced to all three of 'em presently, and then you can pick and choose for yourself; and now I'm off. (*Going.*)

LAUNCELOT. Stop, my dear Frank; I've something of the utmost importance to tell you.

FRANK. Then it must wait till I come back. Business must be attended to. I've got to knock down an Elizabethan mansion at twelve—two hundred and fifty thousand bricks at one, and —

LAUNCELOT. Well, but.

FRANK. Can't stop; scon be back, in the meantime lay close siege to the lovely Rose, and she's yours — yours, you lucky dog!

[*Hurries out at C.*]

LAUNCELOT. What the deuce am I to do now? Here's Cousin Emily look-



ENTER FRANK BIDWELL.



ing out for a wife for me on one side; Frank, with seventeen of 'em, on the other—seventeen?—twenty, by jove, including Auntie Dorothy. Well, after all, there can't be any harm in my having a peep at this divinity of Frank's—the lovely fascinating Rose, as he calls her. That won't compromise me.

(*Re-enter Mrs. WAVERLEY at L. H.*)

Mrs. W. Here I am again, cousin.

LAUNCELOT (*peeping off at door, L. H.*). And without your lady friends, I see.

Mrs. W. Are you particularly anxious to see them?

LAUNCELOT (*with pretended indifference*). Oh, dear no! not at all. (*Coming down.*)

Mrs. W. (*aside*). Fib the first.

LAUNCELOT. You find them nice, agreeable people, I hope?

Mrs. W. Yes; one especially—an aunt, I believe—a Miss Dorothy.

LAUNCELOT. The one with the squint! (*Aloud.*) And the other?

Mrs. W. (*carelessly*). The mother?

LAUNCELOT. No; the other.

Mrs. W. Oh, the daughter! Mr. Bidwell's beauty ideal—the charming, fascinating Rose. (*Indifferently.*) Tolerably pretty: a little, harmless, insipid, average boarding school miss—nothing to say for herself.

(*Here ROSE SYDNEY peeps in at door, L. H.*)

ROSE. May I come in? (*Running in, then suddenly stops on seeing LAUNCELOT.*) You're not alone! Oh! I am so sorry.

Mrs. W. Don't run away, Miss Rose.

LAUNCELOT. No, pray don't run away, Miss Rose.

Rose. I'm afraid I'm in the way.

LAUNCELOT. Miss Rose Sydney can never be in the way. (*Bowing.*)

ROSE. Oh, sir, you're very complimentary, I'm sure. (*Making a formal curtsy.*)

LAUNCELOT (*aside to Mrs. W.*). I don't see anything particularly insipid about her; she seems to me to talk, remarkably well. (*Mrs. W. shrugs up her shoulders.*) At any-rate, there's nothing to shrug your shoulders at. (*Mrs. W. assumes a patronising air.*) Much less turn up your nose.

Mrs. W. By-the-bye, cousin, you mustn't forget your commissions for your Australian friends—that wedding present especially.

LAUNCELOT. Ye—s; I chose it as I came here.

Mrs. W. (*aside*). Fib the second! (*Aloud.*) But you didn't pay for it?



ROSE. "I'M AFRAID I'M IN THE WAY."

LAUNCELOT. No; that's soon done. (*Aside to Mrs. W.*) Really, cousin, I must say I think you're rather hard on your young friend—I do, indeed. She has not your style, of course. Who has? Still, I confess there's something about her that—that—in short—if you can find an opportunity to slip in a word in my favour, you will, won't you?

Mrs. W. You may rely on my saying all the good I can of you.

LAUNCELOT. Thank you. Miss Sydney, I take my leave of you with the greatest possible regret. (*Making a Bow, which Rose answers with a ceremonious curtsy.*)

Mrs. W. Yes, yes—of course. (*Putting her arm in his and hurrying him off the stage.*)

LAUNCELOT (*stopping at door and turning again*). I repeat, Miss Sydney —

Mrs. W. Now do go. (*Hastening LAUNCELOT off at C.; Mrs. W. seats herself and takes up work—ROSE on the other side of table.*)

ROSE. What a very polite gentleman your cousin seems.

Mrs. W. (*indifferently*). Yes; polite—all young men are; it costs so little and goes for so much.

ROSE. I thought his manner so kind and agreeable.

Mrs. W. (*smiling*). May I ask how long you have left school?

ROSE. Last half.

Mrs. W. Not longer? That accounts for your feeling flattered by such pretty, unmeaning, empty phrases.

ROSE. He didn't mean what he said?

Mrs. W. He may, for the time—perhaps even till he got half way down the street.

ROSE. But that's very wicked! It's to be hoped all young men are not alike.

Mrs. W. There may be exceptions.

ROSE (*indignantly*). I should hope so, indeed!

Mrs. W. Have you known Mr. Bidwell long?

ROSE. He came to our breaking-up last Christmas. It was such fun!

Mrs. W. With Mr. Bidwell? (*Smiling*.)

ROSE (*indignantly*). No!

Mrs. W. I respect that young man be-

cause I'm told he's so fond of his mother. (*Sentimentally*) And we know that good sons always make good husbands. (*With intention*.)

ROSE (*aside*). That's what brother Bob would call a wrinkle. I'll put that down. (*Aloud*.) I know he's a very clever artist—he made a drawing of me for mamma; but as she didn't much like it and I did—I took it.

Mrs. W. (*with pretended surprise*). What? without his knowledge? Oh, you naughty, giddy, impudent child! (*Playfully*.) I should like to see it, if not too much trouble to fetch it.

ROSE. Oh, no trouble at all! I've got it! (*Taking a small case from her pocket*.)

Mrs. W. So you carry it about with you, eh? (*Smiling*.)

ROSE. Yes, always—I mean—quite by accident, of course!

Mrs. W. (*taking and opening the case*).

Yes, there is a likeness—but, my dear child, what made you look at the poor man with such a pair of wide, staring, goggle eyes? (*Imitating*.) When you sit for your portrait, you should put on this sort of a look. (*Putting on a timid, bashful look, dropping her eyes, etc.*)

ROSE. Oh, you mean so! (*Imitating Mrs. W.*)

Mrs. W. That's better! Now, if I were in your place, I should ask Mr. Bidwell just to alter the eyes a little. (*Returning miniature to ROSE*.)

ROSE. I will. I'll have these two taken out and two fresh ones put in; but, perhaps, I mayn't see him again—

Mrs. W. Surely you wouldn't run after the man?

ROSE. Yes, I would. I mean—no!—of course I wouldn't.

Mrs. W. He won't be long away. Doesn't



ROSE "BUT THAT'S VERY WICKED"



he know that you are here? (*With intention.*) Hark!—I thought so—here he is!—don't run away.

ROSE. I wasn't going. (*Very quietly.*)

Mrs. W. Don't agitate yourself! Don't let him see you blush!

ROSE. I'm not blushing.

Mrs. W. Yes, you are.

ROSE. I'm sure I'm not. (*Aside.*) I feel I'm getting as red in the face as a peony.

(*Enter BIDWELL, C.*)

FRANK. What can have become of Launcelot? (*To Mrs. W.*) A thousand pardons; I quite expected to find Launcelot here.

Mrs. W. Oh! You expected to find Launcelot here. You're quite sure it was Launcelot? (*Smiling satirically, and then aside to BIDWELL.*) Fie, fie! Mr. Bidwell.

FRANK (*astonished*). Fie, fie! (*Aside*) What can she mean by "Fie, fie!"

Mrs. W. (*still aside*). I know all—all.

FRANK (*aside*). She says she knows all!

Mrs. W. (*with assumed seriousness*). Can you find no better occupation than playing with the affections of an innocent, artless child?

FRANK (*aside*). Playing with a child? She can't mean brother Jack's young'un, because she's a boy.

Mrs. W. But I will protect her, sir! I will be a second mother to her, sir! You hear, sir?

FRANK. Yes, ma'am, I hear. But I haven't the most distant particle of a notion what you're talking about.

Mrs. W. (*satirically*). Indeed! Look there, sir—(*pointing to ROSE, who is standing at table, twisting a piece of wool round her finger*)—at your innocent victim, sir. That downcast eye, that agitation—that emotion she in vain endeavours to conceal.

FRANK. She seems to me to be playing at scratch-cradle.

Mrs. W. Pshaw! In a word, I feel it my duty to withdraw her from your seductive influence until you have explained your intentions to her mamma.

FRANK (*staggered*). My mamma? I mean her mamma. You don't, you can't mean to say that you—I mean she—I should say I—— (*Aside, and looking at ROSE.*) Poor little soul! and have I been trifling with its affections. (*Hastily advancing to ROSE.*) Miss Sydney—Miss Rose—may I flatter myself that ——

ROSE. I'm told you haven't flattered

me, sir. They say there's something wrong about my eyes.

FRANK. I think they are very beautiful eyes

ROSE. I mean my other eyes. In the portrait you painted of me there, you've made them staring open, like this. (*Imitating.*) Instead of this sort of expression (*Putting on the bashful, timid look. Aside to Mrs. W.*) Is that what you mean? (*Aloud to FRANK.*) But you shall judge for yourself—there! (*Giving him the portrait.*)

Mrs. W. Thoughtless, imprudent girl!

ROSE. What's the matter now?

Mrs. W. Give a gentleman your portrait! Almost a stranger! What will he think?

ROSE. It's only to have my eyes altered.

Mrs. W. Not a word more, miss. You must come with me. I can't allow such strange conduct—I can't, indeed! (*Urging ROSE up stage, who tries in vain to speak.*)

[ROSE exit L. H.]

Mrs. W. (*stopping at door, and turning to BIDWELL*). Of course Mr. Bidwell will return that portrait?

FRANK. To the lady who gave it to Mr. Bidwell. Mr. Bidwell will to no one else.

Mrs. W. Surely the man doesn't mean to keep it?

FRANK. Yes, ma'am, the man does. Here—on his heart! (*Striking his right side.*) I mean here. (*Striking his left.*)

Mrs. W. Then, sir, I can only say again, and emphatically, fie, fie, fie! (*Aside.*) We're getting on very well.

[Exit L. H.]

FRANK. Here's a pretty state of affairs! I'm commissioned by my old friend, Launcelot Banks, to find a wife for him. I succeed in finding an article suitable in every way, when lo and behold, the article in question falls a victim to my superior attractions. I can't help it. I can't say to the article in question, "Very sorry, ma'am, but I'm not to be had." Besides, she's so pretty—so excessively pretty—I must see her again. But how? I have it! (*Goes on tiptoe to door, L. H., and peeps into room.*) There she is, seated at the piano! (*A roulade on the piano heard*) Charming! What a touch! (*A verse of a ballad heard sung, BIDWELL expressing his delight by signs, etc.*)

(*Enter LAUNCELOT at C.*)

LAUNCELOT. I've got back at last!

Where the deuce is Frank? (*Seeing him.*) Holloa! what the deuce is he telegraphing about? (*Imitating*) Rather cool of him, I must say—peeping into Cousin Emily's room! (*Hitting table a violent blow with his stick.*)

FRANK (*turning and seeing LAUNCELOT*). Ah! Launcelot—I didn't see you!

LAUNCELOT. No wonder. You seemed to be looking in quite another direction; and very intently, too!

FRANK. Was I?—yes, I—(*aside*) I suppose I'd better tell him—or shall I let him find it out? They say, "When in doubt, toss up;" here goes. (*Tossing up an imaginary coin.*) Heads! I'll tell him! (*Aloud.*) My dear friend—

LAUNCELOT. Wait a minute—my business first. I've just left mamma! (*Nudging FRANK.*)

FRANK. You've just left your mamma?

LAUNCELOT. Her mamma! Rose's mamma. It's all right—she accepts my proposals.

FRANK. You've been proposing to the old lady?

LAUNCELOT. My proposals for her charming daughter—and now the sooner I lay siege to the young lady the better, eh?

FRANK. Wait a bit! (*Grasping LAUNCELOT's hand, and in a solemn tone.*) How are your nerves?

LAUNCELOT (*astonished*). Nerves?

FRANK. My friend, stern duty compels me to unbosom myself. But first, promise me to bear it like a man. I'll be as dumb as an oyster unless you promise to bear it like a man. In a word, since I last saw you—I've—I've met with—with an accident.

LAUNCELOT. Not hurt yourself, I hope?

FRANK. I mean—I've managed—somehow or other—to—fall over head and ears—

LAUNCELOT. Tumbled down stairs?



FRANK. "HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?"

FRANK. No; to fall in love!

LAUNCELOT. In love!

FRANK (*apologetically*). I couldn't help it! 'pon my life I couldn't!

LAUNCELOT. But, confound it, who's the lady?

FRANK. Can't you guess?

LAUNCELOT. Not I. Yes, I can; of course! Aunt Dorothy, the old woman with the squint. I congratulate you. (*Shaking FRANK heartily by the hand.*)

FRANK. No such thing—in a word—

LAUNCELOT. Hush. (*Seeing GRIMES, who enters at C.*)

GRIMES (*going to FRANK*). A letter for you, sir. (*Giving letter.*)

FRANK. For me?

GRIMES. Yes, sir; from missus.

LAUNCELOT (*aside*). What the deuce can Cousin Emily have to write to him about?

GRIMES. Any answer, sir?

FRANK. Yes; say I'm entirely at her disposal.

LAUNCELOT (*aside*). He says he's entirely at her disposal! Confound the fellow! I don't half like this. (*Aloud.*) Might I venture to ask the contents of that rather mysterious slip of paper?

FRANK. Don't be in a hurry; you'll know in time.

LAUNCELOT. Oh! I shall know in time, shall I? Thank you! ha! ha! (*Forcing a laugh.*) So there is a secret, eh?

FRANK. Only one.

LAUNCELOT. Only one—you're sure there's only one? (*Aside.*) Confound his impudence. (*Aloud.*) In a word, Mr. Francis Bidwell—

FRANK. Hush! (*Seeing Mrs. WAVERLEY, who enters at L.H.*)

(FRANK hurries to her—they speak together earnestly.)

LAUNCELOT (*watching him*). What on earth can they be talking about? (*Suddenly.*) Of course, I see it all! It must be Cousin Emily he's fallen in love with. Well, it's



nothing to me—it can be nothing to me ; and yet, somehow or other, it seems a good deal to me ! Under my very nose, too !

FRANK (*joyously to Mrs. WAVERLEY*). You've given me new life ! Then I may hope ?

Mrs. W. At least you need not despair.

FRANK (*seizing Mrs. WAVERLEY'S hand*). A thousand, thousand thanks ! You've made me the happiest auctioneer in the world ! (*Kissing Mrs. W.'s hand again and again ; he runs, capering and dancing, out at C.*)

LAUNCELOT (*watching him in utter astonishment*). The man's a lunatic, a frantic lunatic ! So they think to keep me in the dark, eh ? (*Mrs. WAVERLEY comes forward—he assumes a serious tone and manner.*) Mrs. Waverley !

Mrs. W. (*imitating him*). Mr. Banks !

LAUNCELOT (*after a short pause and assuming a gentler manner*). Cousin Emily !

Mrs. W. Cousin Launcelot !

LAUNCELOT (*aside*). I really think she's improved in the last four years. (*Aloud.*) I wasn't aware you were on such intimate terms with—that person who has just gone skipping out of the room like a lunatic ?

Mrs. W. Mr. Bidwell ? Oh, yes ; he and I are very good friends.

LAUNCELOT. So it seems. I confess I don't see anything particularly attractive about the man myself.

Mrs. W. Perhaps not—but you're not a woman. (*Significantly.*) That makes all the difference.

LAUNCELOT. I dare say it does.

Mrs. W. You see, cousin, being so much alone I naturally appreciate his delicate little attentions.

LAUNCELOT (*aloud*). Confound his delicate little attentions.

Mrs. W. And I'm sure you ought to feel under the deepest obligation to him for finding such a charming wife for you as Miss Rose Sydney.

LAUNCELOT. Charming ! Yes — to a certain extent—but nothing to go into raptures about.

Mrs. W. Why just now you were in ecstasies about her, and implored me to say everything I could in your favour—which I have done.

LAUNCELOT. You needn't have been in such a violent hurry about it—unless you think the sooner I'm married the sooner you'll follow my example.

Mrs. W. (*smiling*). Well, why not ?

LAUNCELOT (*angrily*). Why not ?—because—I say because —.

Mrs. W. (*smiling again*). Well ?

LAUNCELOT. We're so differently situated. You see that your position is that you—I say that you—don't you see ? whereas my position is this—that I—I say that I . . . you see what I mean, don't you ?

Mrs. W. (*smiling*). Not very clearly. And if that is all you can say against my marrying —

LAUNCELOT. But it isn't. As your nearest—your only relation, I shall oppose it, tooth and nail—you hear—tooth and nail !



GRIMES. "A LETTER FOR YOU, SIR."

Mrs. W. Ha, ha ! By-the-bye, you said you were rather in want of funds—you'll find what you require in this pocket-book. (*Presenting pocket-book.*)

LAUNCELOT (*in a grandiloquent tone*). Never !

Mrs. W. How ? you refuse ? Between friends, too !

LAUNCELOT. Friends ! (*More tenderly.*) Only friends, Emily ?

Mrs. W. (*coldly*). Such was your proposal.

LAUNCELOT. Yes ; but only so long as no other could boast a nearer, dearer claim.

Mrs. W. My feelings exactly ; but now

that you are about to marry—but pshaw! you're unreasonable, Cousin Launcelot—there can be no jealousy without love! You have ceased to think of me, and yet you object to anyone else doing so! You're very, very unreasonable. So good-bye, cousin; I'll soon return with your charming bride elect, and then I'll leave you together. Ta-ta! (*Waves her hand to BANKS and exit L. H.*)

LAUNCELOT (*shouting*). No, no! Stop Emily — Cousin Emily — dear Cousin Emily! It's no use. Does she think I'll accept her money? Not I! She may give it to her Bidwell! he's just the fellow to jump at it! (*Tearing open pocket-book.*) Hey day! what's this? (*Taking out a letter much soiled and rumpled.*) A letter?—surely I can't be mistaken. (*Looking at letter.*) It's mine! written four years ago. Yes, I remember every line. (*Reading letter.*) "I cannot see you become another's—farewell—should you ever become free, think of him who, though absent, will never cease to love you!" And now she is free—can she still care for me?—why has she preserved this letter? Idiot, dolt that I am—can I have lost her by my own folly!—worse, a hundred times worse, than folly. Ah! she's here!



"YES, I REMEMBER EVERY LINE."

(*Enter Mrs. WAVERLEY at L. H.—ROSE following.*)

Mrs. W. Come in, my dear child.

LAUNCELOT (*aside*). She's not alone—she's brought her "dear child" with her! Poor, unsuspecting, innocent little victim! I'm sorry for her—I am, indeed! She'd suit Bidwell to a T.

Mrs. W. Rose, dear, my cousin, Mr. Launcelot Banks, solicits the favour of an interview. (*ROSE makes a formal curtesy.*)

LAUNCELOT (*after two or three nervous bows—aside*). I have half a mind to take to my heels and run clean out of the house.

ROSE (*aside to Mrs. W.*). But I don't want him to say anything to me: you know I prefer somebody else—you told me I did.

LAUNCELOT (*to ROSE*). Miss—I'm sure—I — (*Aside.*) It's no use, I can't do it! (*To Mrs. W.*) Emily, dear Emily—hear me—I beg—I entreat—I implore!

ROSE (*aside*). Well, if this is his usual style of conversation, I've had enough of it. (*Retires up.*)

LAUNCELOT (*earnestly*). Emily! you must hear me—I have been mad—forgive—forget all save that I love you still. (*Taking out letter and reading with emotion.*) "Should you ever become free, think of him who will never cease to love you"—who has never ceased to love you—who loves you more than ever—Emily—cousin—may I hope? (*Mrs. WAVERLEY turns her head away, holding out her hand, which LAUNCELOT seizes and kisses.*)

ROSE (*seeing them*). What's going on now, I wonder? I think it's time I interfered.

Mrs. W. You forget, Launcelot. (*Pointing to ROSE.*) Is it not now too late?

ROSE (*overhearing and coming down*). Yes, it is too late! a great deal too late! You should have spoken before, young man. I'm very sorry for you—but I don't like you and I do like somebody else—in short, you had better look out for another wife, for I can't, won't marry you! there!

LAUNCELOT. You won't! Quite sure? Then come to my arms, you dear, kind, good, jolly little girl, you. (*Throwing his arms round ROSE.*)

(*Enter BIDWELL at C.*)

BIDWELL (*seeing them*). Holloa! what do I see? (*Rushes forward and tries to drag LAUNCELOT away by the coat-tail.*)

LAUNCELOT. It's all right, Frank, my boy.



FRANK. All right! It seems to me to be all wrong, Launcelot, my boy. Mrs. Waverley has, no doubt, informed you that we are rivals. You hear, sir! rivals!

ROSE (*aside to FRANK*). That's right; speak out.

Mrs. W. I have, Mr. Bidwell: but surely you will be generous enough to resign your pretensions —

FRANK. Never, madam, never!

ROSE (*aside to FRANK*). I should think not, indeed.

LAUNCELOT. Not if the lady herself restores you your liberty.

ROSE (*aside to FRANK*). No such thing.

LAUNCELOT. Not if she confesses her preference for another?

ROSE (*aside to FRANK*). Oh! what a great big fib.

Mrs. W. Not if another could be found to supply her place? (FRANK shakes his head.)

LAUNCELOT. Equally young? (*Another shake of the head from FRANK*) Charming in person? (*Shake of the head still more violent*) Rich? (FRANK shakes his head in a very determined manner.)

Mrs. W. Not even such a one as— (FRANK still shakes his head)—as Miss Rose Sydney? (FRANK nods his head incessantly.)

FRANK. But—it can't be. (*To LAUNCE-*

LOT.) You don't, you can't mean to say that —

LAUNCELOT. That I resign my pretensions? Do you think I would purchase my happiness at the expense of yours? Never, friend of my youth! Never! (*In a grandiloquent tone.*) So take her, and my blessing into the bargain.

FRANK (*seizing ROSE's hand and kissing it; then to LAUNCELOT*). Noble, magnanimous Launcelot! I never can reward you!

Mrs. W. Perhaps I may find a way. (*Holding out her hand to LAUNCELOT, who takes it and kisses it.*)

(*Enter GRIMES at C., carrying a small parcel.*)

GRIMES (*to LAUNCELOT*). Please, sir, here's a parcel for you just come from Mr. Dazzle, the jeweller's.

LAUNCELOT. I know. The set of jewels I ordered for my Australian friend—here's a chance for you, Frank: a lovely wedding present for your bride elect. There. (*Giving parcel to FRANK.*) That's settled. Stop! here's the bill—and that isn't settled!

Mrs. W. (*To AUDIENCE*):

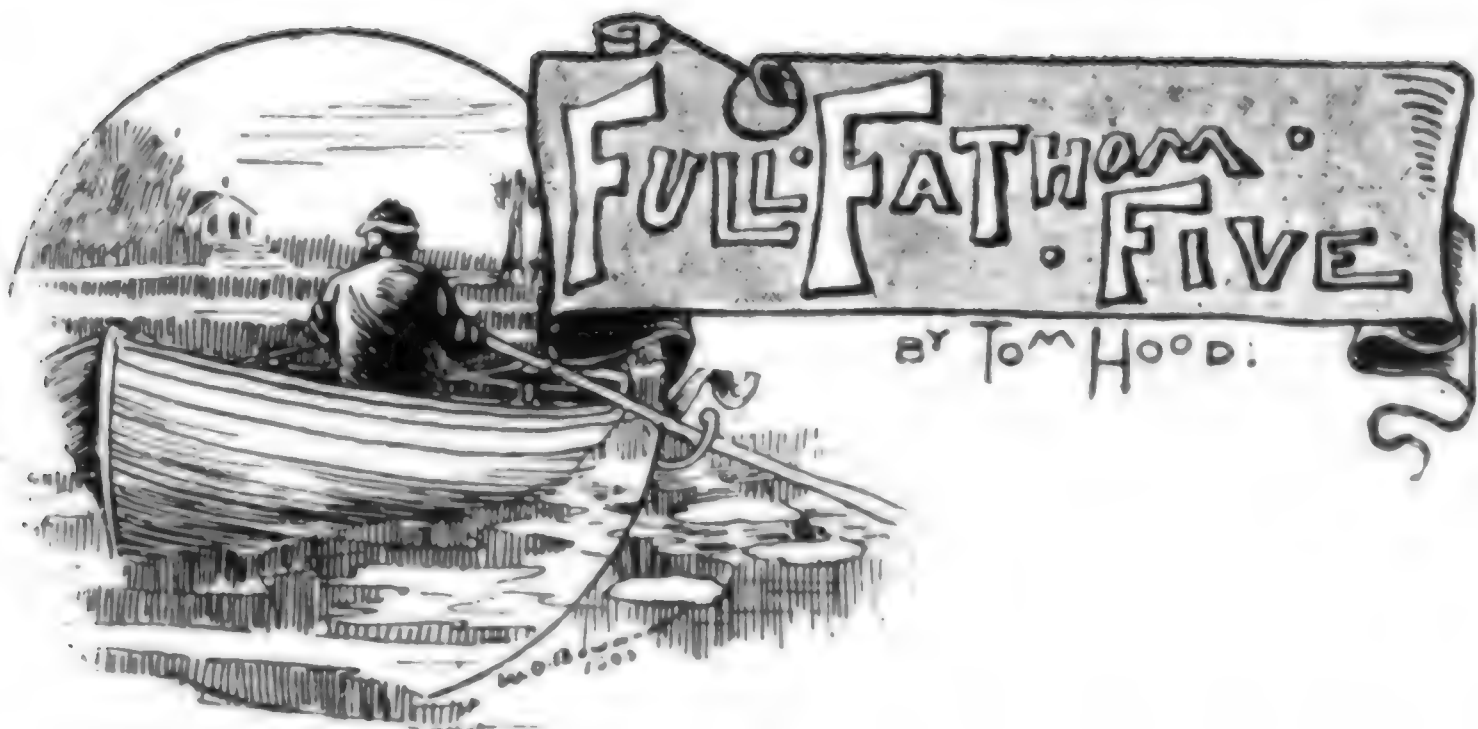
An old flame, as we've tried our best to show,  
Needs but a spark to set it in a glow;  
Forgive our faults—smile on our little play,  
Have but the will—I need not point the way.

(*Imitating applause.*) [CURTAIN



LAUNCELOT. "EMILY! YOU MUST HEAR ME."

[Our readers have permission to act this Play at Private Theatricals and Entertainments where money is not taken.]



#### INTRODUCTION.

**I** WAS staying with an old college chum, who was incumbent of a small village in the Essex marshes, not far from the Thames. Indeed, the ferry, which conveyed those desirous of so much change as is obtainable by crossing from the Essex marshes to the Kentish marshes, took its name from the village, though it was nearly a mile from it, or rather the church, which I suppose one may consider the centre of the village.

This ferry was the property of one John Hurst, a man of about seven-and-forty in reality, but looking older because he was lined and grizzled with hard work and exposure to rough weather. He was the owner of a farm in the village, and a fairly prosperous man. But his wife looked after the farm while he attended to the ferry. It seemed a strange division of labour, for the farm was of fair size and reared many an Essex calf; and the ferry was but little frequented. I very much doubt whether the money it realised was sufficient to pay for the repairs and occasional repainting of the unwieldy craft which Hurst had to tug laboriously from one bank of the river to the other and back again.

The village was terribly dull, and I found it somewhat difficult to find amusement. I had no taste for district visiting or amateur clerical labours, so I did not accompany my chum on his parochial pilgrimages. "Why did I come to such a forsaken spot?" Well, partly for studious reasons, because I was reading for my last examination for my degree, and partly for economical reasons, because I was a little on the wrong side of the book, financially, at Oxford, and was desirous of retrenching in every possible

manner. Knowing this, my old chum had invited me to his humble "diggings." It was not a richly-endowed cure, but he could live on it with fair comfort, and as he said, "what was enough for one was enough for two"—a maxim on which he acted some years later by marrying. I may add that however well the maxim bore the test for a while, it could hardly be expected to be so elastic as to be made to include a rising family.

However, to return to my subject. I found it no slight task to kill time when I had done my day's reading. There was but one place of entertainment in the place—the village alehouse, by title "The Barge Aground." But even supposing it had been quite etiquette for the parson's visitor to frequent the local beershop, I should have been little better off for amusement amongst its frequenters, who never opened their mouths except to admit their beer, and did not say a word until they were drunk; and when they were drunk they only swore slowly, at intervals, just as they used to imbibe their beer.

Under these circumstances, it was not strange that I made Hurst's acquaintance. I used to go down and sit in the boat with him, smoking and chatting. At first he was a little reserved, but by degrees we became great friends, and he told me his history, which I propose to relate to you as he told it to me, merely correcting certain solecisms, and dressing it up in a readable form.

#### THE DIVER'S STORY.

"I was a diver as a young man. I may say I was born a diver, for my father was one before me. You may have heard of him—Bill Hurst was his name—he was



pretty well known in his time, and almost the first that ever went down in the dress without a bell. Even when I started at it there were not many in the business. Father began to train me for it early, and consequently, from habit and experience, I got to be considered a first-rate hand, and got my share of employment.

"But you see diving isn't like other things—it's not as good as fishing even. Of course you can't always be sure of a catch, but fish are always saleable when you *can* catch them. There's a constant demand for the article. But with diving it's different. You can't always expect ships to be sinking with valuables aboard, or that people should be constantly building piers or bridges, or things of that kind. Consequently I wasn't making a fortune at the best of times, while at the worst of 'em I had sometimes to turn my hand to other jobs, such as shipping on board coasters or packet boats for a spell now and then.

"It was at one of these hard times that I had shipped aboard a small schooner that was bound for Liverpool. We were just passing that point there, with the tide against us, when we saw a great big steamer coming round the Bolt, as the point is called. They were keeping a mighty poor look-out on board that boat, for though, when we saw she was coming straight down upon us, we holloed and

rung bells, they didn't take a bit of notice. Our skipper rammed the tiller hard a-port, hoping we should swing off and the steamer only graze our stern. But, unluckily the wind fell dead all of a sudden, just for a minute or two—but quite long enough to settle our fate. The steamer struck the schooner full amidships and cut her in half like so much cheese. I was knocked down by the wreck of our foremast, which broke my leg. I became insensible, but, going down with the vessel, was brought to myself by the cold water, and contrived with difficulty to swim ashore.

"There was a pretty fair crowd collected by the time I reached land, and by somebody's orders a shutter was fetched, and I was carried to the nearest farmhouse, the very one that belongs to me now.

"My leg was set all right, but I took a

fever, and was very bad for some time. The farmer was for sending me off to a hospital; but his daughter—that's my wife—that is—begged of him not to do it. He was a widower, and she was his only child, so she generally got her way in most things and I wasn't sent away. By-and-bye I got a bit better, and was able to creep about the house with a stick, or sit outside in the sun. The farmer was mostly out, looking after his crops and his cattle, except at meal-



"I SHALL COME, NEVER FEAR," I SAID."

times; so Polly and I saw a good deal of one another, and very naturally fell in love.

"It was a very pleasant time for a bit, before I got thoroughly strong and well. But as soon as I began to feel I was getting fit for work again, I began to long to be at it. I felt that I was, in fact, no better than a beggar, and I knew the farmer would be furious to think of my daring to make love to his child, who was reckoned the heiress as well as the beauty of the place.

"Polly was unreasonable, like women mostly are in such matters, and wouldn't hear of my going away. She laughed at the idea of my wishing to work again, and said she was sure her father—if he objected to our loving one another at first—would be safe to give in to her in the end.

"Well, unluckily she soon had an opportunity of finding out that she wasn't quite so powerful over her father as she thought.

"One afternoon the farmer came home unexpectedly to fetch some medicine for one of the cows that had been suddenly taken ill. Polly and I, never dreaming of such a chance, were on the settle by the fire—I with my arm round her waist, and she with her head on my shoulder. It was a very pretty picture, perhaps, for some of those illustrated papers, but I can tell you it didn't suit his taste anyhow.

"Well, there was a pretty row, I can assure you. The old man would have struck me but for Polly. He ordered me out of the house at once, as an ungrateful rogue and vagabond. Then Polly tried her powers of persuasion, for he wouldn't listen to a word from me. At first he wouldn't give much heed to her; but by degrees she got him calmer. At long and at last she got him to sit down and hear what I had to say.

"It wasn't very much beyond that I loved Polly. I could only say I hoped I should get work, and save money, and that sort of thing. He laughed at the idea: 'What could we live on if we married?' Polly jumped up and said she could and would work at needlework, or she'd go into service—anything!—and then she burst out crying, and went into hysterics. That touched the old man a bit, and somehow or another, after a long time, he consented to give me a twelve-months' grace. If I could come back at the end of it with a prospect of earning a



"I SAW THE LONG  
LINE OF  
GAS LAMPS."

fair living, I might have Polly. But she declared that I shouldn't be fit to work

for some months yet, and that the twelve-month should begin from when I was well and strong. So her father said, 'It's autumn now—I'll give him a twelvemonth from Christmas.' And with that, he stalked out of the room to give orders about the cow's medicine.

"Polly and I had a long consultation, and I persuaded her at last that the sooner I started the better was my chance of getting a good position. So she very unwillingly gave way to my going at once. So I packed up my few things in a handkerchief—my bag had been brought ashore from the wreck of the schooner, at low water—and with a couple of pounds in my pocket, which Polly had insisted on my taking of her, if only as a loan, I set out to London.

"'I shall come, never fear,' said I, as I turned from the door.

"'So will Christmas,' said the farmer crustily, as he came in at the gate just as I got to it.

"'So will the Christmas after,' said I; and I strode out with the best appearance of hope and cheerfulness I could muster, until I was out of sight. Then all my pluck left me, and I tramped along drearily enough till at length I saw the long lines of gas lamps, and knew I was in London streets once more.

"They're uncommonly hard and piti-



less things the London streets, as I found them. All that autumn I tried my best to get something by way of employment. But it was all no use. I applied over and over again, but was always met with the same remark—'We want a man with some knowledge of the business,' as if everybody mustn't begin at some time or other. Men can't be born with 'a knowledge of the business,' or put it on ready-made, like a livery.

"Every now and then I was obliged to go back to the old sailing, and ship on board some vessel for a trip, just to get something to live on. How my heart used to ache as the ship, dropping down the river, passed along by this ferry!

"In the spring I shipped on board a trader bound for Wales for copper ore. We had one passenger on board, a friend of the captain's. They were shareholders in several mines, and had done business together for years. The passenger—his name was Turton—was very rich, but very speculative. The captain used often to rate him for such gambling rashness, as he called it.

"'You'll sink all your money some of these days as deep as the doubloons in the ships over there,' said he to Turton one day, as we were sailing along the Cornish coast.

"'What ships?—where?' said the other.

"'Do you see those breakers yonder,' said the captain, 'about half a mile to the windward of the southern point of that low, rocky little island? That's called Galleon Reef, and it is said that a fleet of Spanish treasure-ships were sunk there, to prevent their falling into the hands of our men-of-war that were after them.'

"'Has any of the money ever been found?' asked Turton.



"'IF YOU'RE FOR DIVING, HERE'S YOUR MAN.'

"'Yes, a few pieces now and then. There was a company started once—by some such speculative madcaps as you—but somehow or another it all came to nothing.'

"'Egad! I don't see why it shouldn't be done now-a-days, with all our modern diving inventions.'

"'Oh, if you're for diving,' said the captain, 'here's your man,' and he turned to me. I had come aft to relieve

the man at the wheel. I was a bit of a favourite with the captain for steadiness and sobriety, and he had asked me questions, and I had told him who and what I was.

"'Are you a diver, my man?' said Turton.

"'I believe you—John Hurst is one of the best and most skilful divers we have,' said the captain, who then called for another hand to take the wheel in my place.

"Turton asked me many questions, and often during the rest of the voyage would come to me and talk about the probabilities of recovering the treasure from the Spanish wrecks. He left us at Swansea, where we had to take in our cargo, after landing the freight we had brought out. In due time we returned to London, and, my engagement being up, I left the ship, and forgot all about Mr. Turton and the Spanish galleons.

"One day, however, as I happened to be passing across Tower Hill, I heard someone hailing me. I looked across the street, and saw it was my late captain. I went over to him, when he took out of his pocket a bit cut from the *Times*, containing an advertisement, in which I was requested to communicate at once with T. T. at his offices in Old Broad Street.

"'That's Tom Turton,' said the captain; 'he's going to fish for the treasure-ships. Lose no time in going to him. If he's

fool enough to throw his money into the sea, you may as well get the benefit as any one else.'

"I set off at once as he directed me. I saw Mr. Turton, who showed me the prospectus of a company which he had raised for the purpose of trying to recover the money in the lost treasure-ships. The adventurers were not many in point of number, he told me, but they were all wealthy, and, like himself, they delighted in speculation for its own sake. He wished me to report what would be required to set about the search with.

"In a few days I sent in what I estimated as necessary for the attempt. I proposed to begin in as economical a manner as possible, and with a small staff. A couple of divers would be sufficient to examine the reef, and see what truth there was in the report, and if it proved true, to calculate what amount of money could be got out of the vessels. It would then be easy to send as many additional hands as necessary.

"Mr. Turton declared himself greatly pleased with my scheme, and offered me command of the divers, with very good wages. He said that I should be accompanied by a diver, on whose behalf one of the shareholders had applied to him for a post.

"He told me that in order to carry on the exploration with as little delay and intermission as possible, they had rented the small island situated near the reef, and that they would send out huts to be erected on it for us and the crew, and would forward at the same time an ample supply of all sort of stores and necessities.

"This all seemed very hopeful to me, and I began to think my chance had come at last. I wrote and told Polly so.

"I only discovered one drawback in the affair. It turned out that my partner was a diver of the name of Bleggs; a quarrelsome, ill-conditioned fellow, with not the best of characters. I felt it my duty to tell Mr. Turton this much, but he said it couldn't be helped, for Bleggs's patron was one of the largest and most influential shareholders, and that he wanted Bleggs appointed to the post I

had; and Bleggs would have had it but for Mr. Turton's tact and energy, and the respect the other adventurers felt for him.

"Bleggs knew this; for the first time we met he said something about my luck in having friends at court to get me above the heads of better men. 'Well,' he continued, gruffly, 'it's no odds. We shall see soon who does best for the company—skipper or man; and then, perhaps, a meddling secretary may get a wiggling'—meaning Mr. Turton, who had been honorary secretary, *pro tem*. I didn't wish, in the interests of the adventure, to quarrel with Bleggs; but I gave him to understand that I wouldn't have such language, and that once on Spanish Island, as our location was called, I should expect implicit obedience to orders.

"In due time the island was reached, the stores were landed and the huts built. We had a good-sized steam-launch to take us out to the reef. She was fitted with two powerful air-pumps. Our diving-dresses were of the best and newest pattern. Everything looked well for success. The only thing that presented an obstacle was the frequent occurrence of bad weather. We could only take the launch among the rocks when the sea was pretty smooth, and, indeed, could not have made a descent without great risk when it was very rough.

"Seizing every opportunity, I began the search. We were not long in discovering the remains of the wrecked ships. It was impossible to tell how many vessels there had been, for they had broken up and fallen to pieces, and the winter storms had spread dire havoc among them. Only one hulk, which lay comparatively sheltered between two perpendicular walls of rock, retained any semblance of a ship.

"We explored the ocean-bed carefully. I meant to examine the hulk first, but in a weak moment allowed myself to be dissuaded by Bleggs, who urged that as what we wanted was to learn as quickly as possible if there was gold, we had better examine the ships which the sea had broken up for us, and so save ourselves the trouble of breaking up the hulk.



"BLEGGS KNEW THIS."



"The work was exhausting and fatiguing, and I found to my chagrin that Bleggs surpassed me in strength and endurance. My illness had shaken my constitution, and I suffered very severely from pain in the leg that had been fractured; but I made up my mind to persevere and do my best.

"So far our search had been unsuccessful. At last I observed something that made me suspect that Bleggs was playing me tricks. Happening to make my descent after him somewhat more rapidly

that this stranger always remained at his moorings till after dark. He was not very communicative—indeed he growled at our manoeuvres, saying that we drove the fish away. At the same time I discovered that he was not a native, for he did not speak the local dialect, but what, for want of a better definition, I may call London English.

"My suspicions were aroused at last, when turning round suddenly one day while we were preparing to descend, I saw Bleggs signalling to the solitary fisherman. I said nothing, but determined to investigate without delay.

"All that night I lay awake, thinking over this matter. I rose in the morning with a matured plan. When Bleggs and I had finished our mid-day meal, which was cooked on board the boat, I ordered him to take off his diving-dress, and go to the mainland to fetch some paper, under the pretence that I had none in store and must write my report to Mr. Turton that night. Bleggs did not seem to like the idea, but he was obliged to go. I sent one of the crew with him in our small punt; and as soon as I saw him disappear behind the island I jumped overboard to prosecute my search.

"I made my way to the hulk, and entered it. A very short survey sufficed to show me that it had been visited, and that the contents of its hold had been recently disturbed. Making my way down, I was speedily engaged in clearing the sand and weed, beneath which I soon came upon some large wooden cases, so rotten and decayed that a very few blows of my axe shivered the lid of one, and revealed the contents.

"There lay masses of what, in spite of their being so oxidised and, as it were, fused together by the action of the salt water, I could see were gold and silver coins. The sight at first surprised and delighted me; then came an access of rage at the treachery of Bleggs, who had, it was clear, concealed this treasure from me, and was evidently helping himself to the contents of the chest—somehow, though how I knew not.

"I began to search the hold narrowly for some trace of the manner in which



"MY AXE SHIVERED THE LID OF ONE."

than usual, I found him emerging from the hulk. He assured me afterwards that he had only gone there for mussels, of which he was very fond, and which were very fine on the hulk.

"A day or two afterwards—Bleggs having meantime obtained leave to 'go ashore,' as we called visiting the mainland—I observed that a man was constantly hanging about the reef, fishing in an open boat. It was not a very good fishing-ground, and it was some distance from shore for an open boat; but I noticed

he removed the coin. In a remote corner I came on a bundle of raw hide, and several coils of thin but strong line. Beside these lay a knife which I identified as his, and therefore took possession of as a bit of evidence against him. Then I ascended to the deck again, and looked about me. I could see a place where the bulwarks had evidently been cut away quite lately, and beyond it, in the sand, which had drifted up almost level with the deck, I could see a trail as if heavy bodies had been dragged along. I followed it, and was guided to a nook in the upright wall of rock, wherein I found two large packages, consisting of raw-hide, and evidently full of coins. A line was attached to them. I followed it with my eye as it went up—up towards the surface of the water, as far as I could see. I was just about to pull it, in order to discover whether it was attached to some floating buoy, when I made out through the dim green haze of heaving water a dark object, which I immediately guessed was the boat of the uncommunicative fisherman.

"Well might that morose personage cast line after line into the sea, if this was the sort of catches he made! I saw at once why he stayed out until it grew dark.

It was to haul in his prize unobserved. I determined he should have his labour for nothing this once, at any rate. I would tie his lines to a mass of rock, and let him pull that up! I should want some cord for this purpose, and remembering the coil in the hold of the vessel, I went back to seek it.

"While I was groping my way in the hold I felt a sudden jerk at my signal-line, which, as you are aware, is attached round a

diver's waist. I supposed it must have caught on some projection on the wreck. The next minute I found it must have broken, for it hung loose.

"As I put my hand behind me to the knot of the signal-line, to make sure that this was the case, I experienced a violent push from behind, which flung me down on my face. Before I could recover myself, or even wonder what was amiss, I felt my hands caught in a slip-noose, drawn forcibly together behind, and bound fast by the wrists.

"By this time I had guessed who my assailant was. Bleggs had managed somehow to return very much sooner than he should have done, and had come down and surprised me.

"As soon as he had finished tying my hands, he turned me over on my back, and, putting his foot on my chest, stood looking at me for a minute or two. Even at that moment it struck me how strange we must look—one man looking at the other with triumph and hatred—the other gazing at him in alarm and anxiety, but the countenance of each hidden from the other by the strange expressionless diving helmets.

"He raised me to my feet, when a violent struggle ensued. But he was my master; I was powerless with my hands bound, so he forced me back against an upright support, and lashed me to it.

"I felt a sense of relief, for I knew that although he had cut my signal-rope, my staying down long after he ascended would alarm the men in our boat, and some means would have to be taken to free me.

"There were one or two men among the crew who could dive a little, and there were two



"MADE A MOCKING BOW."



spare dresses on the island, in case of accidents.

" But I had miscalculated my enemy's malice. You may have observed in a diver's helmet two little brass discs, perforated like the rose of a watering-pot. One of these is constantly in use allowing the superfluous or vitiated air to escape. The second is for use in case of the other being clogged or damaged. Both are so arranged that on being turned half-round, they are closed, and shut in the air, whereupon the diver becomes so buoyant that he rises at once to the surface.

"Bleggs came up to me, made a mocking bow as if to take farewell—and then closed both the escape valves of my helmet. All the horror of my situation flashed on me. With every stroke of the air-pump would come a greater pressure of air, which, by its increasing weight, would kill me after the most awful tortures.

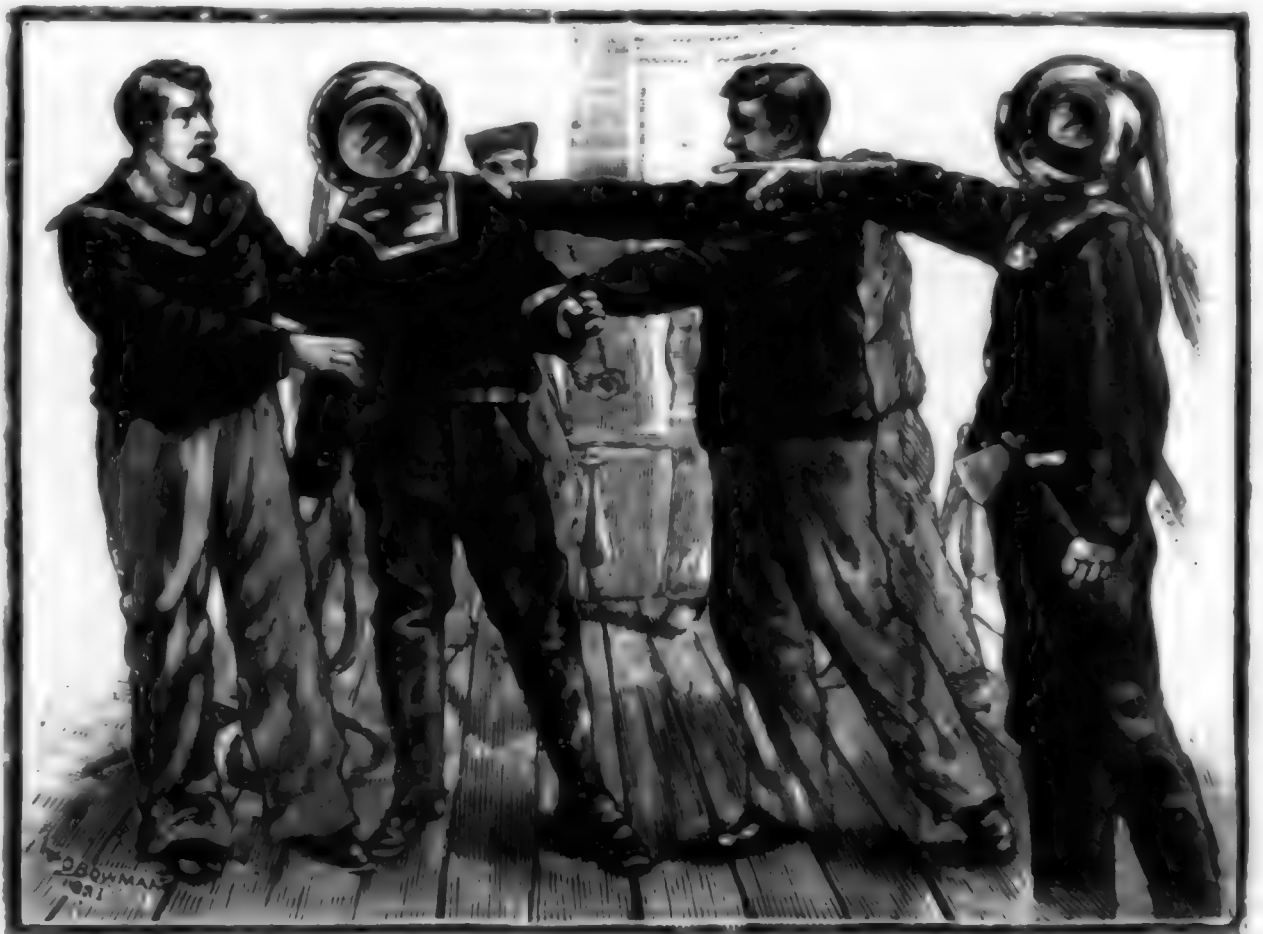
"Before I had recovered from the shock Bleggs had disappeared, and already the strokes of the air-pump seemed to beat on my brain like sledge hammers. I writhed and twisted, and tore at my fastenings with the strength of a desperate, and the fury of a madman. The agony became intense. All of a sudden I felt that I held some hard substance in my hand. It was the knife I had picked up. I had instinctively gripped it hard, even in my struggle with Bleggs. But it was closed. Still the pressure increased; I felt as if my head would burst; my eye-balls seemed filled with fire; my breath was choked; my brain began to swim.

“Now or never, thought I. After some vain struggling, I managed to hold the knife against the timber with the back of one hand, and with the other open its blade. Directly it was open I thrust it into my diving-dress, which, with the pressure of the air, was distended like a balloon. With the bubbling sound that denoted the escape of the air through the hole thus

made came an immediate sense of relief. The hope of escape from such imminent peril gave me new courage and fresh strength, and I speedily released myself from my bonds, and was saved.

“The hole I had made was in the leg of my trousers; I took some of the cord that had bound me, and, after tying it as tight as I could round my leg, above the hole, was able to turn on my regular escape valve and breathe with comparative freedom.

“ In a few moments I had gained the deck, and, closing the valve, was rapidly borne to the surface. I came up just under the quarter, and as I laid my hand on the rope ladder to climb up the side, I heard Bleggs’s voice :



"'SEIZE HIM AND BIND HIM,' SAID I."

“ ‘Governor’s a long time down. Something queer there ; wouldn’t let me stay down—signalled me to go up at once. Found the swag p’rhaps, and wants it for himself ! I wonder when he means coming up ? ’

"'Now!' said I, climbing up and showing myself over the bulwarks. Bleggs fell back as if he had been shot.

“ ‘Seize him, and bind him hand and foot!’ said I to the men, who obeyed me with some wonder and not very readily. Luckily he was too surprised to resist. When I told the story of his villainy the crew were for throwing him overboard, then and there, but this I positively forbade.

"At this moment, looking in the direction of our fisher friend, I saw him preparing to slip his cable and make for shore. I immediately ordered three of the crew into the boat to give chase. They caught him after a smart race.

"To make a long story short, we traced the stolen treasure to this man's hut on the opposite side of the island to ours, and he and Bleggs were taken before the nearest magistrate, and the whole case laid before him.

"Then I learnt the manner of Bleggs's rapid return. Apparently guessing my suspicions, he had gone to the island instead of the mainland—had broken into the stores and found the paper. This he showed to the man who was with him, saying he fancied he had seen some and that I must have overlooked it, and so, of course, there was no need to go on shore.

"The magistrate discharged Bleggs's accomplice. The treasure ships were not our property, and the man was not in our employ, so there was no case against him.

"But with Bleggs it was quite another affair, said the justice; though it was unnecessary to go into that part of the question, as he should commit him for trial on the charge of attempting to murder.

"As he said this my overpent feelings gave way, and turning round giddily as if in search of support, I fell all in a heap on the floor.

"From that time there was a long blank until I came to myself and found I was lying in a bed, attended by a nurse, who seemed very glad to find I was sensible—as well she might, poor woman, for I had been raving with brain-fever. But I was forbidden to talk, and, indeed, scarcely cared to do so, I was so weak.

"My recovery was very, very slow. At last, when I was strong enough, they told me that I had been laid up for a long time, during which my enemy had been kept in prison, until, growing weary

of confinement, he had confessed all to Mr. Turton, and, being allowed to plead guilty, had been transported.

"I asked what time of the year it was, for I saw through my bed-room window that the branches of the trees were bare. I was told it was October.

"Then came back to me the bitter thought that the year was nearly run out, and I was as badly off as at the commencement of it. I saw I had lost all chance of winning Polly. Nay, my long silence might have led her to think me faithless.

"The worry and disappointment brought on a relapse, and for another month I lay at death's door, and it was another three weeks ere I could muster strength to rise from my bed.

"Then I wrote to Mr. Turton to ask him for the wages that were due at the time of my illness, and to thank him for his kindness in providing me, as I learnt he had done, with nursing and medical attendance.

In a couple of days I received a letter from him, enclosing me a cheque for a thousand pounds, with the thanks of the company for my fidelity and vigilance in their interests. They had raised an immense quantity of treasure.

"I need hardly say how grateful I was, or how soon I gained health and strength then. I made my way up to town as soon as I could, and went straight to Polly.

"It was the day before Christmas Day, and she was putting up the holly. I saw her through the window, so I slipped in quietly by the back door, and crept up and caught her in my arms. It was a foolish trick, for she just gave me one look and then fainted dead off.

"But no harm came of it, and—well, sir, the thousand pounds satisfied the farmer, and we were married. And a better wife a man couldn't have."

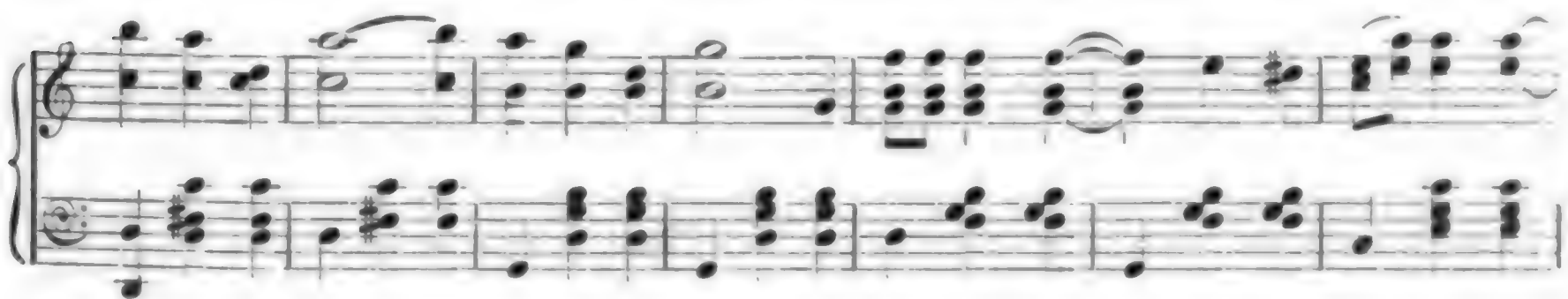
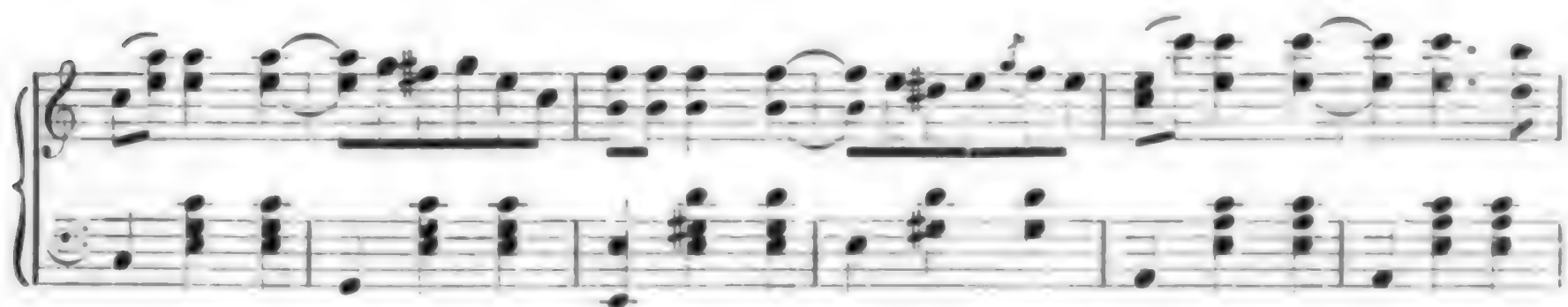
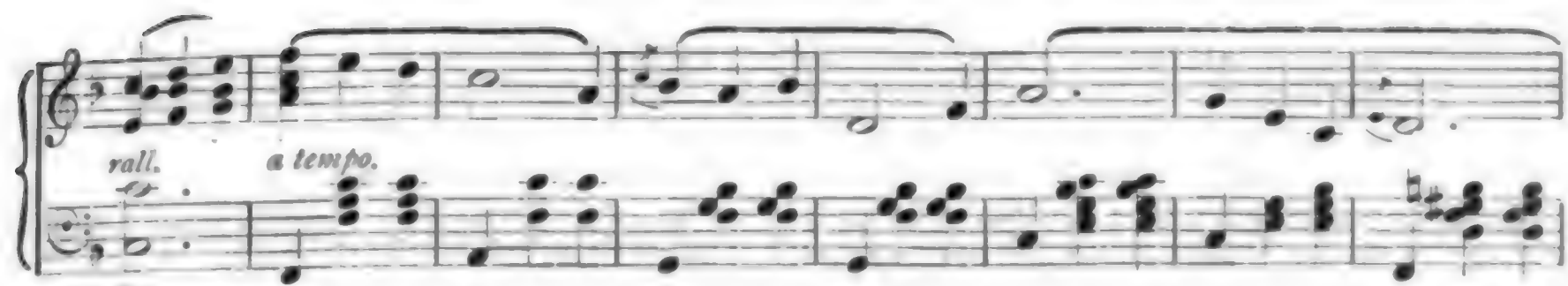






*Dedicated by special permission to H.R.H. Princess May.*







No. 2.

musical score for No. 2, featuring piano and forte dynamics.

The score is written for piano and consists of seven systems of music. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system includes dynamic markings: *ff* (fortissimo), *fz* (forzando), *fz* (forzando), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and repeat signs.

# MAY BLOOM WALTZ.

169

1st time.

2nd time.

D.C.S.

Coda.

Ped. \*

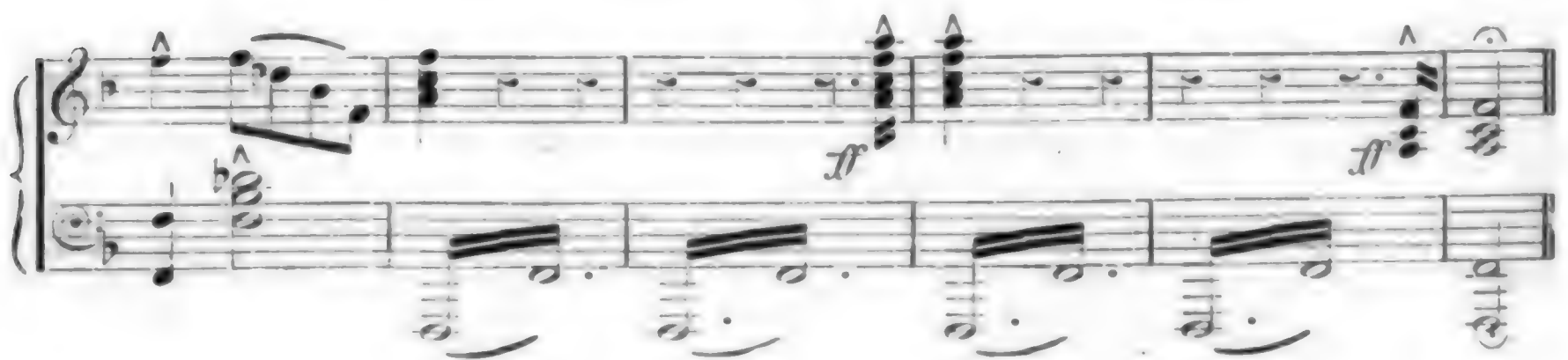
Cadenza ad lib.

tr

Ped. \*

a tempo.





# THE CAVE OF ASSARSE.

## *A Legend of the Erne.*

By CALDWELL LIPSETT.

THE following tale is a story of my grandfather's youth, which I will strive to tell in the exact words in which I have often heard it related by his lips. He always used to begin:—

It was in the days when I was young and curly, and I remember well one of those glorious summer afternoons, which Ireland so seldom boasts in this degenerate age. There were four of us in the boat, floating on that best of salmon throws, well known to lovers of the gentle art, between the bridge of Ballyshannon and the falls of Red Hugh, or Assarse.

I was idly whipping the stream with my flies; it was too bright for fishing—too hot for any other exertion. The boatman dipped his sculls in the water from time to time to keep us in our place. My other two companions were lying full length in the bottom of the boat, smoking: they were brothers, Hugh and Philip O'Donnell by name, and though Irish by birth, deriving, indeed, descent from O'Donnell of the Bloody Hand, were English by education and feeling; so that they rather looked down upon me as an artless aboriginal. But when it came to casting a salmon fly or shooting a snipe, they were glad enough of my advice and assistance.

"I wonder," said Hugh lazily, "what would happen to the old boat if Pat were to lose his sculls or anything happened now?"

"Better not try," said Philip; "once we got

regularly sucked into the stream above the falls, we would find it a hard job to get out again, and there wouldn't be much left of this rotten old tub if she went over; what do you say, Alick?"

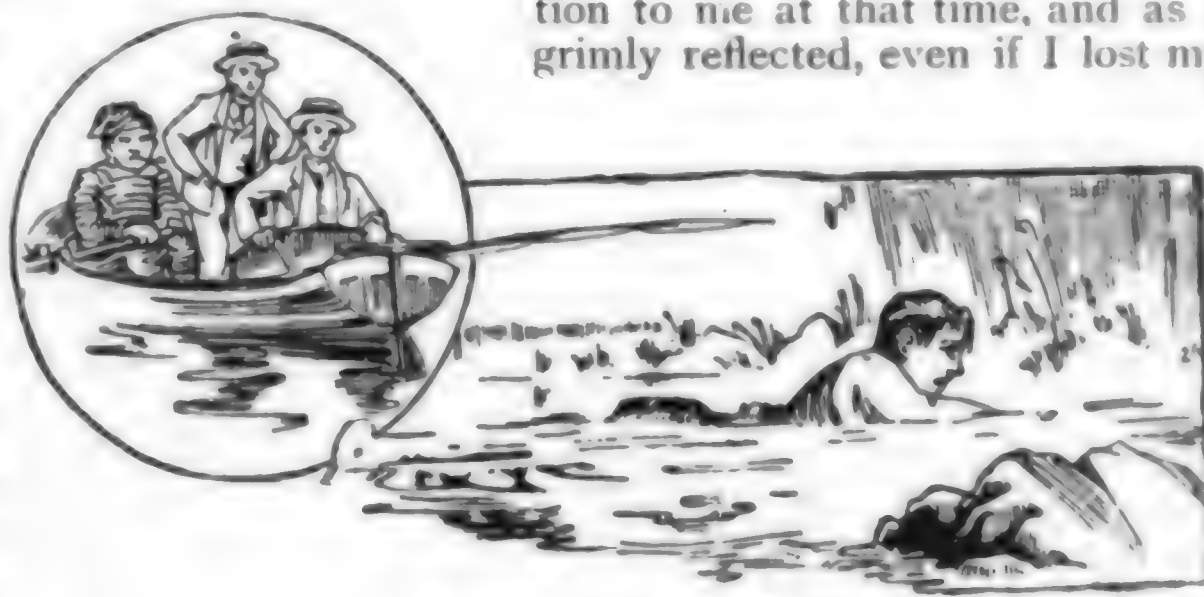
"Well," I replied, "I don't suppose a boat could shoot the falls with safety, but it is possible for a man to do so, if he knows what he is about, and has luck."

"Rubbish," cried Hugh; "don't tell me that. Why, there is a good twelve foot drop, even at half tide, as it is now; it's ten to one against a man getting to the bottom at all, with life in him, and if he did, he'd never come up again."

"I think I ought to know better," I said hotly, "for two of my brothers have swum it already; and what man has done, man can do."

"Oh, of course that alters the case; but I should like to see it done with my own eyes. I'll bet you twenty to one in guineas that you don't do it now—it's just the day for a dip."

"Done," said I at once, for his sneers had raised my blood. Besides, twenty guineas were no small consideration to me at that time, and as I grimly reflected, even if I lost my



PLUNGED INTO THE RIVER.



bet, I shouldn't have to pay it, since I should never come back alive.

In a moment I had thrown off my coat and boots and plunged into the river; for what I was going to do had better be done without hesitation.

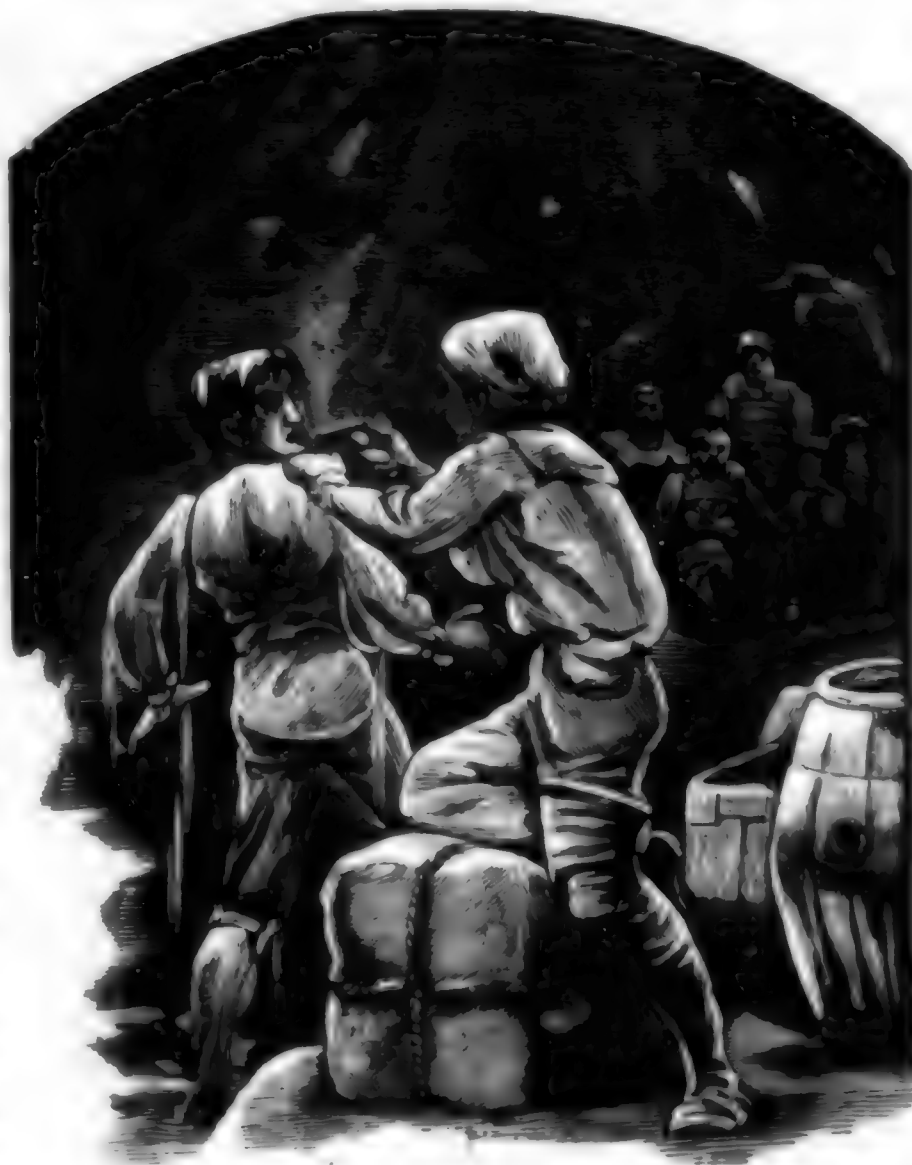
Immediately, in fact, as the shock and the cool gurgle of the water about my ears and hair allayed the fever of my blood, I began to regret what I had undertaken. But it was too late to retreat, so I swam with a slow, steady breast-stroke, down the centre of the stream.

The force of the current, gentle at first, grew gradually stronger and stronger, and the roar of the falling water louder, as "the winding banks of Erne" flashed ever more rapidly past. During those few moments I felt none of the activity of mind, nothing of that condensed emotion I have heard ascribed to the imminent approach of danger: I only remember dreamily counting the number of salmon I could see leaping in front of me.

Before I came to the broken water of the rapids, I turned on my back, and approached them feet first. Soon the foaming torrent bubbled around me upon every side, and the flakes of froth blinded my sight. I kept myself in the deepest part as far as possible, fending myself off upon either side. Once I was caught in an eddy, and swept round, but I thrust myself off the rock with my hand, cutting my palm to the bone.

Now I was through the rapids, and approached the sloping ledges or shelves of rock before the falls. Down the centre I went, still feet first, and as I shot the third ledge I felt a jagged point of rock part my hair at the back and cut my scalp, just drawing blood; none other had penetrated the skin of my body so far, though my clothes were torn to ribbons.

The thunder of the falls became deafen-



"STAND WHERE YOU ARE."

ing as I approached their brink. It stunned my senses. I was swept resistlessly down the last smooth dark slide of all, the black mass of water combed slowly beneath me, then held its breath before taking the final plunge. I, too, breathed deep, filling my lungs to the utmost: one moment being in mid-air, the next the river dissolved in foam beneath me: I was buried under the falls, and tons of water were boiling down on top of me.

Immediately I struck down for the bottom, and swam

along it, away from the roar behind me with all my strength. Soon my breath began to fail; I let it out gradually in gasps, and did not rise to the surface till all was gone.

When I reached the top the first breath was delicious; but instead of rising in the glare of the sunlight, I was in semi-darkness, and the air was cool and moist.

For a moment I thought my senses had deserted me; but then I heard the sound of voices, and saw a group of men lying on the floor of what I now perceived to be a rocky cavern.

I stepped from the water with the intention of asking them where I was. As I did so, I felt a hand clapped on my shoulder, and a harsh voice said, "Stand where you are, or I'll blow your head off."

This was a rough and unexpected welcome to dry land, but as the command was enforced by the pointing of a pistol barrel full in my face, I obeyed it without question, and stood still. But that did not suit my captor either, for he dragged me violently into the midst of the men I had seen, who were playing cards.

"Hullo, skipper, who have you got there?" said one of the men.

"Some young spy I found hanging around. I'll have that Morgan's life: he's got drunk again, I'll bet, and left the

passage open, and this young devil has got in and hid himself in the water to watch us."

"I'm not a spy," said I indignantly, "and I don't know what you mean. I only got here by accident, and my name's Alick McCarthy: some of you ought to know me, as I suppose you belong to the ship in the Pool."

"Troth the cub spakes the truth there," said one of the men; "he's young masther McCarthy right enough, an' no mistake."

"I don't care who he is, Dennis," answered the skipper; "he knows too much for our good and his own, and he'll never go back to tell it."

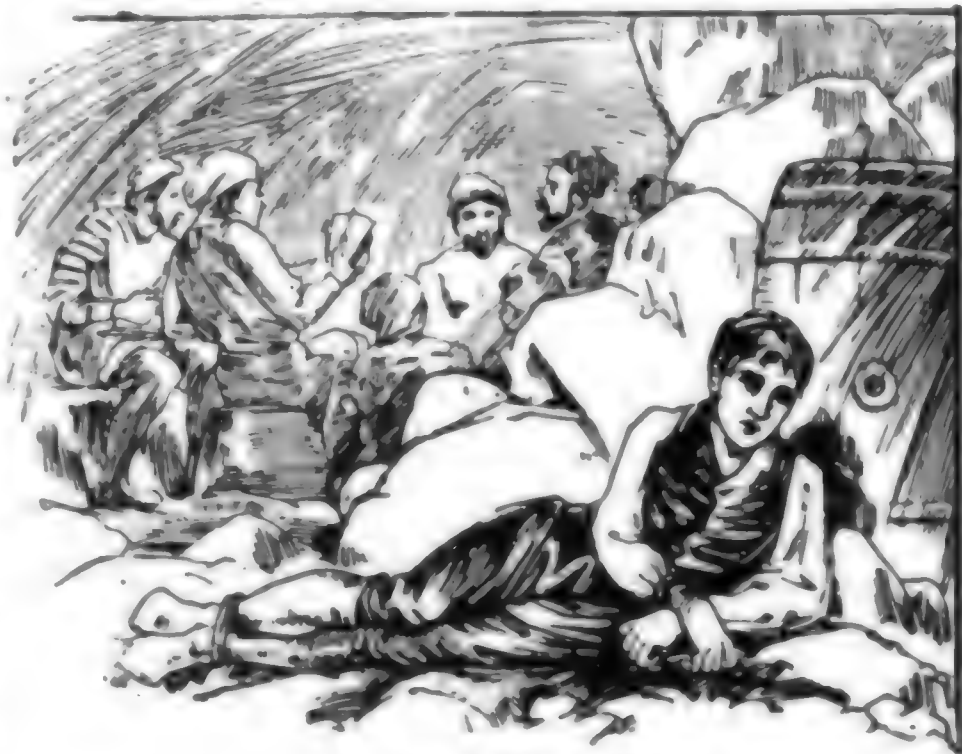
Up to that moment I had not recognised the desperate character of the men into whose hands I had fallen, but the grim tone of these words enlightened me. I had been on the point of telling them I had got there by an entrance underneath the water, but now I saw this information would not render them any more friendly to me. It was evidently my possession of their secret that annoyed them; it mattered little how I had come by it, and I might be throwing away my best chance of escape: so I determined to put the best face I could upon the matter.

"Look here," I said, "as I told you, it was only by accident I got here, and I don't want to do you any harm. If you let me go, I'll swear not to tell anyone about this place, or if you like, I don't mind joining your ship. I've always wanted to see the world."

At this suggestion of mine, they left two of their number to hold me, while the rest withdrew a little and began to whisper among themselves. One of them, the man called Dennis, appeared to be pleading on my behalf, while the "skipper" was against me. I could hear an occasional sentence in his growling tones, "enough to share the plunder already"—"can't trust him"—"dead men tell no tales"—"best throw him in the Pool to-

night." When they came back again, I could only judge that the decision had gone against me by the roughness with which I was flung down and my hands and feet were tied together; then I was thrown into a corner, and the men went back to their game.

Lying there, I had plenty of time to reflect upon my surroundings and the nature of the scrape I had got myself into. At that time we were at war with France and the United States, and our sequestered town was occasionally used by privateers to put in for provisions and repairs. The vessel now in the Pool below the falls was our most frequent visitor, and had the worst name of them all. It was whispered that with her privateering, she mixed a good deal of



I WAS THROWN INTO A CORNER.

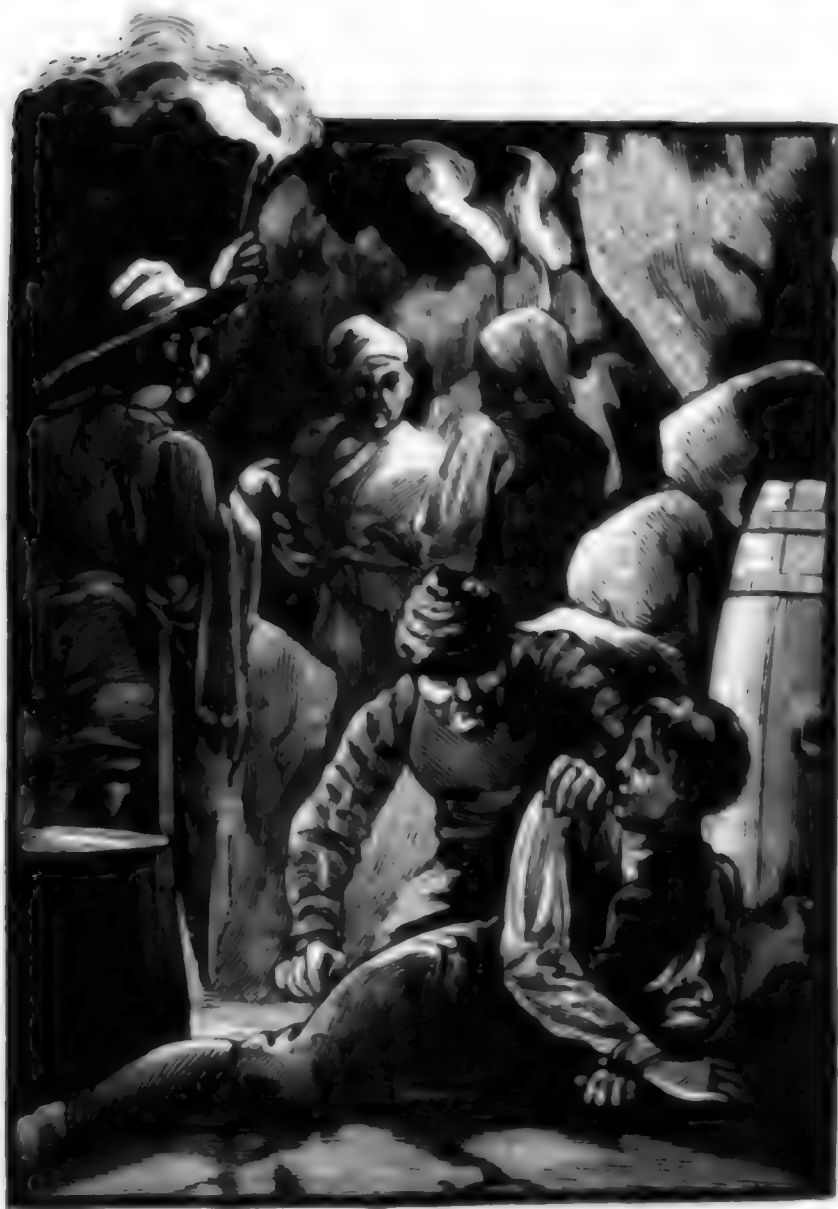
smuggling and not a little piracy. Her captain was a notorious ruffian, the Dirk Hatteraick of our Irish coast; her crew were a collection of desperadoes from all nations, including Spaniards, Americans and negroes, with a few of our own townspeople, amongst whom was Dennis, to whom they doubtless owed the knowledge of their

hiding-place.

The cave was piled with bales and goods of all description, evidently of considerable value. In one corner was a stand of arms; beside the gamblers there was placed a keg of whiskey from which they drank from time to time. I remembered now that there were some half-forgotten legends floating about the countryside of the existence of an underground passage from the old Abbey of Assarse, a mile or so away, to the river, which had been used by the monks in olden times to escape the raids of their enemies. These popular tales, it now appeared, had more truth than was generally ascribed to them.

As evening drew on, the light in the cavern, which proceeded from crevices in the rock overhead, began to fail, and a fire was lighted. Then, too, I remembered





A MAN WAS SHAKING ME.

rumours of voices being heard, and lights seen on the "Fairies' Mound," as the headland above us was called, where "the good people" were wont to dance at night, men said, and no good Christian would lay his foot for love or money after dusk.

Presently the sailors began their evening meal. My friend Dennis was bringing me something to eat, but some ruffian said to him "No, no, don't waste good food on him; an empty stomach's as good as a full one for the journey he's going." This grim pleasantry was received with a shout of laughter, and I was left hungry, with rage in my heart. No thing that had hitherto happened angered me so much as this disappointment: I cursed them by all my gods, but they only admired my command of language; then I believe I went mad for a time; I foamed at the mouth, I bit and tore at my bands and struggled to get free, but sailors know how to tie a knot, so I could make nothing of it, and presently, exhausted by my efforts, in spite of the peril overhanging me, I fell asleep and earned a temporary rest from my anxieties.

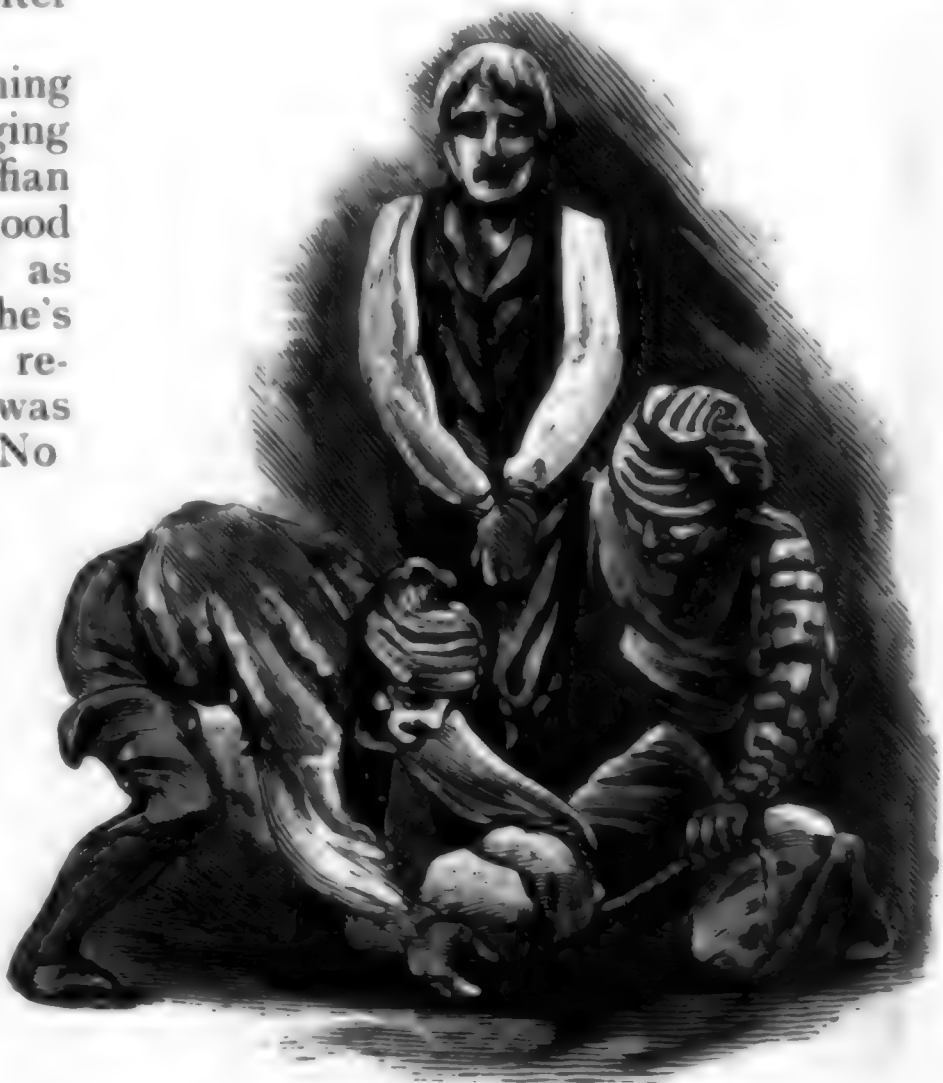
When I awoke a man was shaking me, and it was pitch dark, except for the light of several torches carried by members of the band. They cut the ropes which bound my legs, placed me in their midst, and entered a passage leading from one end of the cave, which gradually got narrower and lower, until we had to walk in single file, and finally creep on our hands and knees.

We must have gone nearly a mile before we reached the end. Then the two foremost lifted a large stone, which proved to be a tombstone, and we stood in the old churchyard, where, in the words of William Allingham, the poet of the place—

"Grey, grey, is Abbey Assarse."

At that time, however, the words were not yet written, and it was too dark to see anything of the building but a black mass, looming in front of us, so that there were not a few falls over the gravestones before we reached the road. Along this it was nearly two miles back to the headland above the pool, as the road took a wide detour, while the passage was perfectly straight. I knew, from the conversation I had overheard, that the part of the cliff immediately above the cave, was our destination.

When we reached the spot, there was a short delay, while a couple of the sailors fetched a large stone, which they proceeded



THEY PROCEEDED TO TIE TO MY FEET.

to tie to my feet. This filled the measure of my rage: to be drowned like a dog, with a stone about its neck! While I was lying in the cave, I had once or twice been thrilled with what was to come, but now that the moment had arrived, all other feelings were swallowed up in wrath. I longed to be free; not to escape death, but that I might be able to wreak my vengeance upon these fiends. Death itself, would taste sweet in my mouth, if only I had them to share my fate with me; and I swore in my heart, that, if by any chance I did escape, I would never rest till I had destroyed my enemies, one and all; for their heartless cruelty had made me as ruthless as themselves.

Meanwhile, two of them lifted me by the feet and shoulders, to cast me from the cliff. "This night's as dark as the mouth of hell," growled one; "you want to see where the ground ends and the air begins; best keep back a bit from the edge, or we'll be going over ourselves."

At the last moment Dennis befriended me again; he cut the rope binding my wrists, saying, "Poor devil, he may as well have his hands free at last." It was then too late to object. The words one, two, three, were given: at the third swing, I gathered myself up, and kicked one man in the stomach, while I struck at the other with my fists. There was a curse, and I was flying through the air; then an upright post rose out of the darkness, and struck me in the chest; I clung to it with might and main, and my leg with the weight attached swung round; there was a jerk that I thought would tear my hips from their sockets, but the stone slipped from its holding, and I heard it fall with a splash in the river.

"You blundering idiots," I heard a voice above me say, "couldn't you sling him better than that? I heard him strike the mast of the schooner."

"Aye, aye, skipper," replied another, "but he glanced off it, right enough. Didn't you hear the splash? And that's

an end to the cub: couldn't the young whelp kick, too, to be sure; if he hadn't struggled like that at the last he wouldn't have gone anywhere near the ship."

"Come along back," said a third, "an' don't stan' bletherin' there. You owe me my revenge."

Yes, I thought, I did owe them their revenge, and now, indeed, they would have it, before I was done with them. For a time, I was too shaken to move, but I had already a plan in my head, and there was no time to waste; so, with some difficulty, I freed my legs from their bonds and descended the rigging, in which I was entangled. I found, as I suspected, that it

was the privateer herself which had been the instrument of my salvation, and she was lying close under the cliff, to the top of which her masts nearly reached. No one was on board.

Hastily I slipped over the side, and swam to the part of the cliff, where the cave ought to be. I dived again and again, till I found the entrance, and in another moment I stood for the second time, on its sandy floor; but this time, alone.

In the corner, near the stand of arms, I found a small keg of gunpowder, which I substituted for the keg of whiskey; then knocked a hole in it and laid a thick train of powder to the water's edge, and took my place in the water

with a pistol in my hand.

Scarcely were my arrangements complete, when my enemies returned by the underground passage, laughing and talking. They sat down in a group round the keg. One of them put out his hand to take a drink: I flashed the pistol, and saw a line of flame run along the ground: the rock shook, and I dived for the entrance with all my strength.

Even beneath the water the sound of the explosion was deafening, and as I reached the surface outside, a huge slab of rock detached itself from the face of the cliff, and fell behind me in the river; the surge that it raised, carried me right across to



STRUCK ME IN THE CHEST.



the opposite shore, and dashed me against the bank with stunning force. But what cared I for bruises then? I had wreaked my vengeance on my persecutors.

Little more remains to be told. The crew of the privateer never returned, and the mystery



THEY SAT DOWN IN A GROUP ROUND THE KEG.

of their disappearance was never fathomed. Their vessel was sold after a time to pay harbour dues, and their wealth became mine. That night's explosion blocked the underground passage to the churchyard, and the mud brought down by the river from Lough Erne has long since choked the water entrance to the Cave of Assarse.

So ended my grandfather's slightly truculent narrative, coloured, I suspect, to some extent by his imagination and the frequency with which he had told it; but as it was a fact that he had acquired his fortune in some unknown manner, we were content to accept his own account of the mystery.



Grahame of Claverhouse—so famous for his ferocity and daring, his occasional generosity and romantic courage—was ordered to hunt down the wandering Covenanters in lane and field, in meadow and on hill side, with two troops of horse.

Claverhouse—for such is the name by which he is best known—having discovered that a “conventicle” was to be held in the neighbourhood of Drumclog Moor, repaired thither with his troops of Dragoons, and his own troop of independent horse. He found the Nonconformists armed, in great numbers, and evidently bent on a resolute resistance; but his orders being imperative, he led his men to the attack. The encounter can be best described in the quaint language used by Claverhouse himself in his report of the action to the Earl of Linlithgow, the commander-in-chief of the Royal forces in Scotland:

“Glasgow, Sun. the 1, 1679.

**T**HE commotion in Scotland which followed the restoration of Charles the Second, and originated in the bitter hostility of the Presbyterians against the triumphant Prelacy, occasioned the formation, in the spring of 1678, of three troops of dragoons to assist in the stern repression of the Nonconformists. These were severally commanded by Lieutenant-General Thomas Dalziel, Lord Charles Murray, and Mr. Francis Stuart—the latter a private of the Life Guards and grandson of the Earl of Bothwell whose name is so fatally associated with that of the Scotch Queen Mary. The assassination of Archbishop Sharp (May 3, 1679), still further inflamed the Government against the recusant Presbyterians, and

“MY LORD,—Upon Saturday’s night, when my Lord Rosse came into this place, I marched out, and because of the insolvency that had been done the nights before at Ruglen, I went thither and inquired for the names. So soon as I got them, I sent out our party to sease on them, and found not only three of those rogues, but also an intercomend minister, called King. We had them at Streven about six in the morning yesterday, and resolving to convey them to this, I thought that we might make a little tour to see if we could fall upon a conventicle; which we did, little to our advantage; for when we came in sight of them, we found them drawn up in battell, upon a most advantageous ground, to which there was no coming but through mosses and lakes. They



were not preaching, and had got away all their women and shildring. They consisted of four battalions of foot, and all well armed with fusils and pitchforks, and three squadrons of horse. We sent both partys to skirmish, they of foot and we of dragoons; they run for it, and sent down a battalion of foot against them; we sent three score of dragoons, who made them run again shamefully; but in the end, they perceiving that we had the better of them in skirmish, they resolved a general engagement, and immediately advanced with their foot, the horse following; they came throught the lotche; the greatest body of men all made up against my troope; we keepest our fyre till they were within ten pace of us; they recaived our fyre, and advanced to shok—the first they gave us brought down the Cornet, Mr. Crayford and Captain Bleith; besides that, with a pitchfork, they made such an opening in my rone horse's belly, that his guts hung out half an elle, and yet he carried me haf an myl, which so discouraged our men that they sustained not the shok, but fell into disorder. There horse took the occasion of this, and pursued so hotly that we had no tym to rally. I saved the standard, but lost on the place about eight or ten men, besides wounded; but the dragoons lost many mor. They are not come easily af on the other side, for I sawe severall of them fal befor we cam to the shok. I mad the best retraite the confusion of our people would suffer, and I am now laying with my Lord Rosse. The town of Streven drew up as we were making our retrait, and thought of a pass to cut us off, but we took courage and fell to them and made them run, leaving a dousain on the place. What these rouges will dou yet I know not; but the contry was flocking to them from all hands. This may be counted the beginning of the Rebellion, in my opinion.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most humble servant

"J. GRAHAM



CLAVERTHOUSE

"My Lord, I am so wearied and so sleepy, that I have wryten this very confusedly."

The success of this affair gave a fresh impetus to the insurrection, and so magnified its proportions that the Duke of Monmouth was despatched to take command of the army. He was possessed of great military skill, but he relied a good deal on his undoubted popularity with the common people. That he was a popular man is testified in the well-known lines of Dryden:—

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to please;  
His motions all accompanied with grace,  
And Paradise was opened in his face!"

The force which gathered round his Standard was certainly sufficient to crush a half-armed and undisciplined peasantry; it included the Scots troop of Life Guards, three troops of Scots Horse, three troops of Scots dragoons (now the "Greys"), one troop of English Horse, four troops of the English Royal Dragoons, the Scots Foot Guards, the Earl of Mar's Regiment and several corps of militia. The Covenanters, except that they possessed undaunted courage, were in no way fitted to



OFFICER'S DRESS,  
UNDER CLAVERTHOUSE

contend with such a formidable army, and one so strong in cavalry, which is always particularly effective against the undisciplined mob. They were, moreover, divided among themselves, and anything like organisation was never attempted.

They were fortunate in one respect, their position had been well selected. The unfordable Clyde rolled in their front, and Bothwell Bridge, a long and narrow tract, was strongly barricaded and fortified with a considerable amount of engineering skill. It was a spot that a hundred well-trained soldiers might have held against an army; it was a Thermopylæ, where stout hearts and strong arms would be of more service than actual numerical strength.

When the Royal army appeared, the insurgents numbered about four thousand men, but even this comparatively small force was divided into factions in consequence of the conflict of authority that existed. They decided to send a deputation to the Duke of Monmouth, and to lay before him a list of their grievances. Much to the indignation and amazement of his lieutenants, the grim Dalziel and the hot-blooded Claverhouse, the Duke decided to receive the insurgent envoys. With his usual courtesy, he assured them that he could make no terms with them unless they agreed to lay down their arms and surrender. When they had thus done homage to the Royal authority, he promised he would use his interest with the King on their behalf. He agreed to wait one hour for their answer. The deputation returned, and a noisy discussion ensued, and the time passed away without any result being attained. The Foot



A PARLEY WITH THE COVENANTERS.

Guards then rushed forward to the river, and one corps deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The

attack was resisted with valour and composure by the rebels, who managed to keep up a constant discharge of musketry upon the assailants, which inflicted severe loss. The Foot Guards were twice ordered to charge, and were twice repulsed. The third attack was led by Monmouth himself, seconded by Dalziel, who, at the head of a body of Lennox Highlanders, rushed forward with their terrible war cry of Loch-Stoy. Sir Walter Scott, in "Old Mortality," thus describes the scene: "The ammunition of the defenders of the Bridge began to fail at this important crisis; messages commanding and imploring succours and supplies were in vain despatched, one after the other, to the main body of the Presbyterian army, which remained inactive drawn up on the open fields in the rear. Fear, consternation and misrule



PRIVATE. UNDER CLAVERHOUSE



had gone abroad among them, and while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully reinforced, there remained none either to command or obey." The Bridge was eventually abandoned, and the Foot Guards, streaming through the long and narrow pass, cleared away its obstructions, which consisted of the heavy beams and trunks of trees with which it had been barricaded, to admit of a clear passage for the cavalry. This being done, the Scots Greys and the Royal Horse charged across, under cover of a heavy cannonade. Claverhouse himself was conspicuous in the charge, and at the head of the cavalry charged the rebels with fearful ardour. We cannot do better than again quote Sir Walter Scott: "Their (the insurgents') devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with all its terrible accompaniments of sight and sound: the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the glancing of the swords, the waving of the plumes, and fierce shouts of the cavaliers. The front ranks hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed; and in less than five minutes the horsemen were mixed with them, cutting and hewing without mercy. The voice of Claverhouse was heard, even above the din of conflict, exclaiming to his soldiers: 'Kill, kill! No quarter! Think on Richard Graham!' The dragoons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of Loudon Hill, required no exhortation to vengeance, as easy as it was complete. Their swords drank deep of slaughter among the unresisting fugitives. Screams for quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented

one general scene of confused slaughter, flight and pursuit."

It would seem to have been about 1701 or 1702 that the regiment was first mounted on white horses, whence it obtained the distinctive appellation by which it has since become so famous—the Scots Greys. In 1702, they were again despatched to Holland, and joined the forces of the great Marlborough. At the Siege of Venloo, Ruremond and Stevenswaert, as well as at the capture of Liège, they did good service; and at the close of the campaign a squadron of their regiment was selected



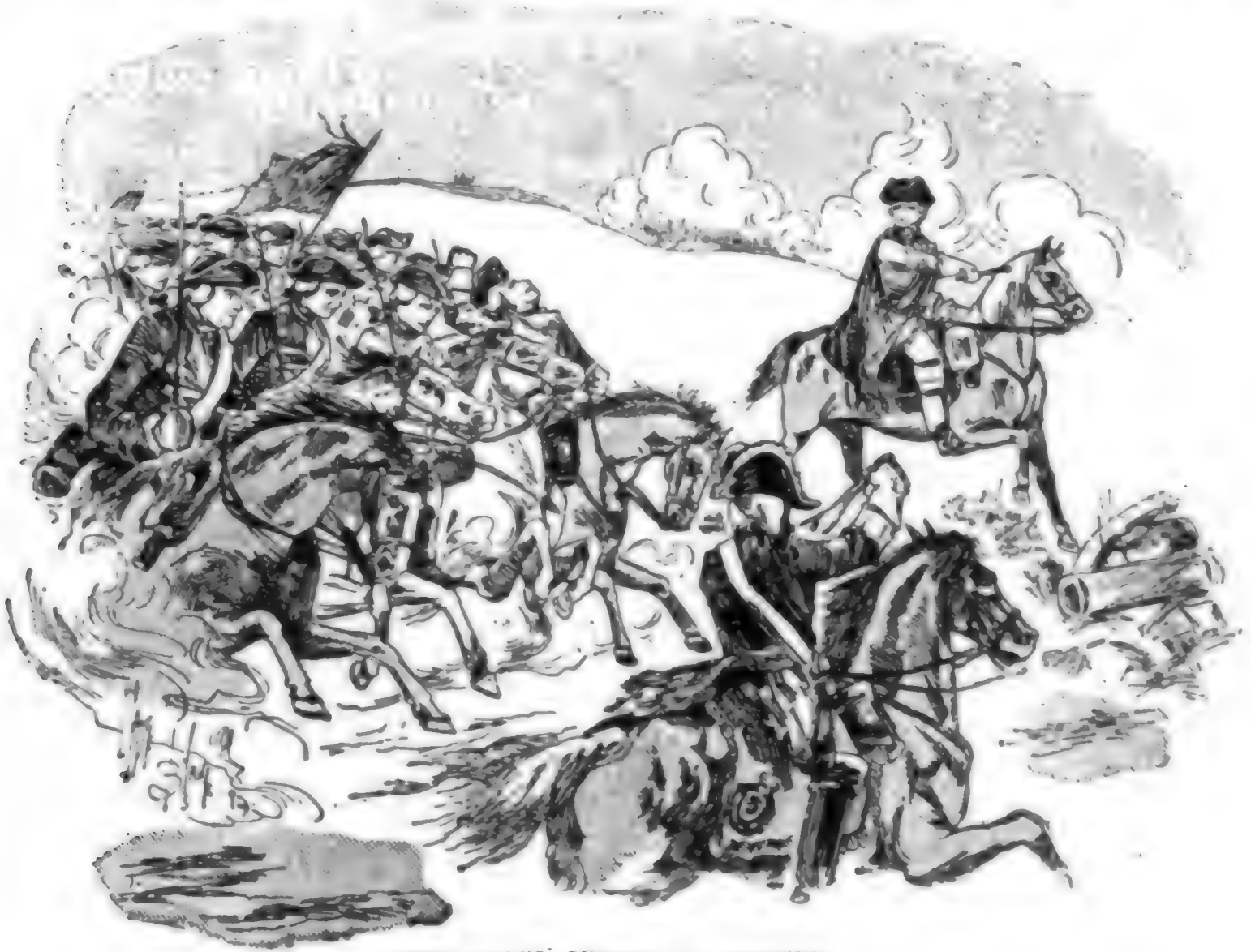
OFFICEP, 1762.

to escort the Commander-in-Chief from Maestricht to the Hague. On this journey an incident occurred which might have ended Marlborough's career as a conqueror. He descended the Meuse in a boat, accompanied by a guard of twenty-five men, and at Ruremond was joined by General Cohorn in a large boat with sixty men and the Scots Greys, who marched along the bank of the river. In the darkness of the night the latter lost their way, and, to make matters worse, the large boat out-distanced the other, and Marlborough was left with his handful of men. In this predicament he was surprised by a French partisan from Guelder, who, with thirty-five men, was lurking among the reeds. They seized the tow-rope, rushed on board, and overpowered the Guard. Although Marlborough's companions had ob-

tained French passes, he himself had not thought it necessary to get one. Preserving his presence of mind, however, he presented his captors with an old French pass in the possession of one of his attendants. The date had expired, the pass was not carefully examined, and, after pillaging the vessel, his captors allowed him to proceed on his way. Had they given a closer look at the pass, the battle of Blenheim would never have been fought. Following in the footsteps of the victorious Marlborough we find the Scots Greys distinguishing themselves at the battle of the Schellenberg, July 2, 1705. At this engagement, they not only fought on

horseback, but at one period of the battle were dismounted, and fought shoulder to shoulder with the infantry. At the Battle of Blenheim (August 13, 1704) the "Greys" earned fresh laurels. The first attack was made upon the village of Blenheim, which the French had strongly palisaded. The "Scots Greys" formed part of the attacking body and inflicted considerable execution on the enemy. The assault was gallantly made and gallantly resisted and the battle raged with varying fortune for several hours. Meanwhile, the engagement had extended along the whole line. A magnificent charge of cavalry,

him. She first entered an infantry regiment and in 1702 the Scots Greys, serving in the campaigns of that and the following year, and receiving a wound in the leg at Schellenberg. After the battle of Blenheim she fell in with her husband, made herself known to him, and passed as his brother until detected after Ramillies. She had escaped unhurt through the hottest of the battle, and the French were rapidly retiring from the disastrous field, when she was struck by a shell from one of the enemy's mortars, which fractured her skull. This wound necessitated her laying up for ten weeks, and during



SCOTS GREYS' CHARGE AT RAMILLIES.

directed by Marlborough in person decided the victory in favour of the allies. During the Siege of Landau the Scots Greys formed part of the covering force, and subsequently went into winter quarters in Dutch Brabant. The Campaign of 1705 was illustrated by the victory of Ramillies (May 23). The Scots Greys were rewarded for their gallantry at this engagement by the capture of the Colours of the French "Regiment du Roi." One of the privates of the Scots Greys, wounded at Ramillies, was a female. Her name was Mrs. Christian Davis. She was an Irishwoman, whose husband having enlisted in the army, had donned man's attire in the hope of more easily following

her illness the surgeon who dressed her wounds discovered her sex. "No sooner had they made this discovery," she observes in her curious narrative, "but they acquainted Brigadier Preston that his pretty dragoon (for so I was always called) was a woman. The news spread far and near, and reaching my Lord John Hay's ears (the colonel of the Greys), he came to see me, as did my former comrades; and my Lord John called my husband. He gave him a full and satisfactory account of our first engagement, marriage and situation, and my lord seemed very well entertained with my history."

This brave Amazon remained with the army until the conclusion of the war, but



never again appeared in male attire; and, instead of shouldering a musket, dispensed wine, brandy and other necessities to the troops. She returned to England after the treaty of Utrecht, and was allowed by Queen Anne a pension of one shilling a day. She died in 1739, and was buried in the graveyard of Chelsea Hospital with full military honours.

In the year 1707 the Act of Parliament was passed which united the crowns of England and Scotland, and henceforth the Royal Scots Dragoons were officially known as the "Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons."

The only occasion in the campaign of 1707, which brought the Greys into contact with the enemy, was on June 21st. A detachment of twenty-five "sabreurs," which had accompanied a foraging party, met on its return with some thirty French musketeers. The latter took up their position and poured a volley into the horsemen, who instantly drew their swords and rode upon them, sabring fourteen and taking the rest prisoners. On July 11, 1708, they shared in the battle of Oudenarde. They also shared in the peril and glory of Malplaquet, August 11, 1709. For their gallantry at the latter engagement, the Scots Greys received the thanks of Marlborough.

Malplaquet was the last great victory of the war. The war having been terminated by the Treaty of Utrecht, the Greys, now numbered as the "2nd Dragoons," returned to England. In 1714 the Jacobite rebellion broke out in Scotland, headed by the Earl of Mar, and at the battle of Sheriffmuir, November 12, 1714, the Scots Greys made some brilliant charges and inflicted terrible slaughter. The rebellion soon died out and the regi-

ment retired to winter quarters in Glasgow and Stirling. It was not until 1742 that our gallant dragoons were again summoned to active service. War having been declared by England against France, Bavaria and Prussia, which had united to effect the submission of the House of Austria, sixteen thousand British troops were ordered to proceed to the Continent; among these were the Scots Greys. The first important battle in the campaign was that of Dettingen, where they displayed great heroism, and were instrumental in the capture of the famous white standard of the French Cuirassiers. On May 11, 1745, was fought the famous battle of Fontenoy, in which action the Greys lost their gallant Colonel (Lieut.-General Campbell) and fifteen men killed, one officer and eleven men wounded. The details of these

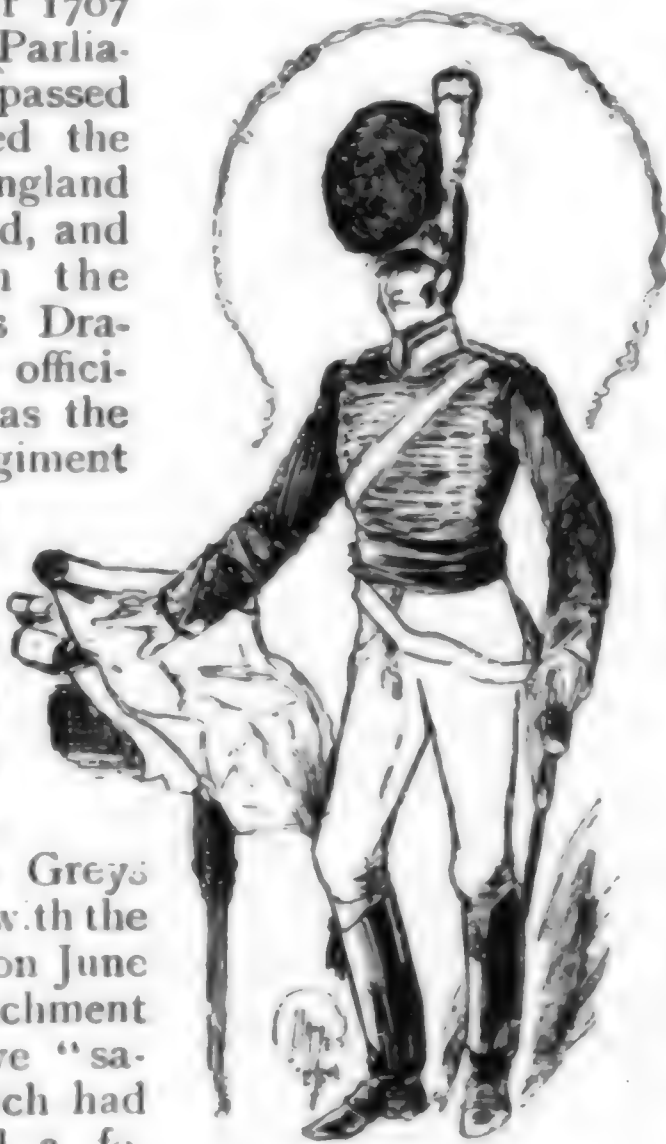
Continental campaigns, in which England so unwisely expended her treasure and the blood of her troops, can have but little interest for the reader, and the programme of the operations of the British during the Seven Years' War is a dreary one. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, signed

on Oct. 17, 1749, concluded the wearisome and unprofitable war, and

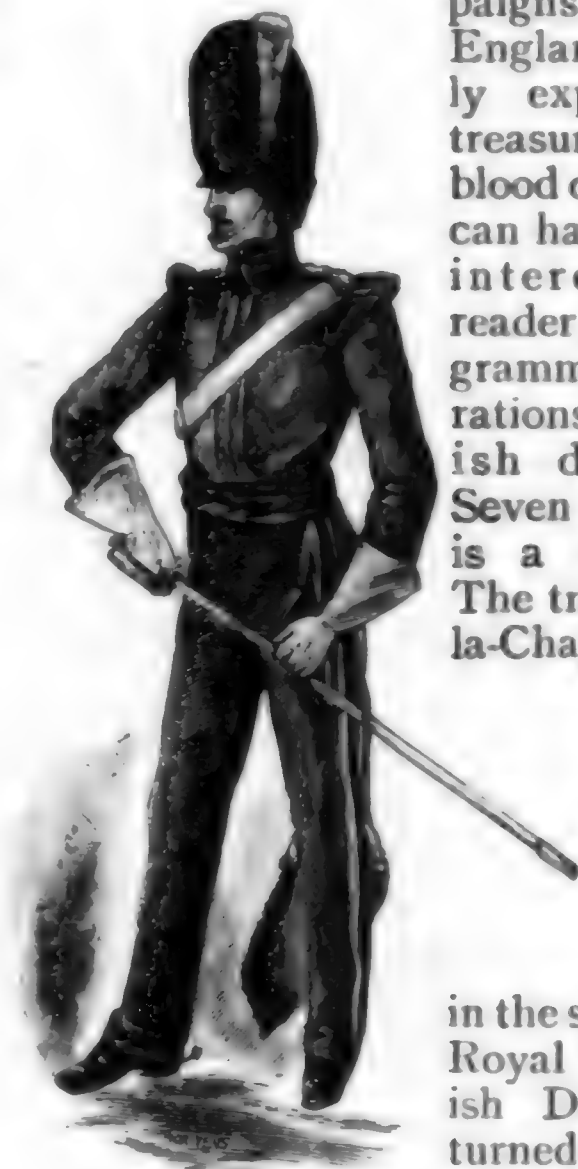
in the same year the Royal North British Dragoons returned to England.

In the eighteenth century a chronic

state of war was maintained between France and England. The two countries were again at blows in 1758, and various descents were made upon the French coast. In June the Greys formed part of a detachment which landed at St. Malo and destroyed its stores and shipping. In August they assisted in the expedition that captured Cherbourg, and afterwards



UNIFORM, 1812.



UNIFORM, 1830-40.

landing in the Bay of St. Lamea, were so grossly mismanaged as to be compelled to re-embark. They afterwards served with the allied army in Westphalia; in Hesse they were present at the Battle of Bergen (April 13, 1759). The Greys left Germany and returned to England in February, 1764, and for many years their services were confined to movements from one part of Great Britain to the other. The great Revolutionary war broke out in 1793. Republican France having invaded Holland, a British and Hanoverian force, under the Duke of York, proceeded to the assistance of the Dutch, and four troops of the Scots Greys were included. They joined the army engaged in the Siege of Valenciennes. That city having fallen, they marched towards the coast, and were employed in covering the Siege of Dunkirk. They afterwards moved to Ghent, and in 1794 were stationed at Beveren. In the following campaign they were actively engaged in skirmishes with the enemy. On May 10, the British army, then in position on the heights of Tournay, was attacked by a superior French force under General Pichegru,



CAPTAIN NOLAN, OF BALACLAVA FAML

which attempted to turn its left. Repulsed in this, they opened a heavy cannonade, and the French columns were then hurled against the British centre. The assault was, however, received with wonderful firmness, and a brigade of cavalry, including the Greys, was directed in turn against the enemy's right flank. Forming in line under a heavy fire, they rode through a densely-planted corn-field, still maintaining their orderly array, and fell upon the enemy with such astonishing vehemence that they drove them into the utmost confusion. The whole army of the British then swept on the disordered ranks and inflicted an irretrievable defeat. Pichegru retired, having lost many men and thirteen pieces of cannon.

The Scots Greys were recalled to England in December, 1795, and remained at the home establishment for many years. Its complement was increased to fifty-one officers, ten quarter-masters fifty-four sergeants, ten trumpeters and a thousand rank



HEAVY CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALACLAVA.



and file, in 1803. In the same year it was marched to Canterbury, as a convenient front from which to act in case the threatened invasion was attempted by Napoleon. It remained there for two years. Two squadrons of this gallant regiment were included in the funeral of Lord Nelson (January 8, 1806). Sir David Dundas was appointed colonel in 1801, and General the Marquis of Lothian in 1813. In April, 1815, it was despatched to reinforce the British army in the Netherlands, under the command of Wellington, and, on its arrival at Denderhautain, was brigaded with the Royals and Enniskillen Dragoons, under Major General Sir William Ponsonby. Early on the morning of the 16th of June the regiment was ordered to advance upon Quatre Bras, and arrived at that post about dusk. The night was passed in an open field near the Charleroi Road. On the following day the British retired upon Waterloo, in order to preserve their communications with Blucher. On the elevated ground in front of Waterloo the army made a stand, and, after some hot firing, prepared to pass the night in the open field, exposed to a heavy rain and barely supplied with forage or provisions. The next day was the memorable 18th of June. The Greys had their full share of the honours of that great victory. Their brigade was posted behind the left centre of the allied line, and came into action about eleven o'clock, when D'Erlon's infantry was retiring in disorder from their futile attacks on Picton's division. The Earl of Uxbridge, who was in command of the cavalry, observed their confusion, and ordered the Greys, Royals and Enniskillens to charge. It was a masterly movement. The Royals appeared to take the lead, while the Scots Greys kept a beautiful line at full speed, and the Irish regiment was equally prompt to get into action. Before this terrible avalanche of steel everything went down. Napoleon's Cuirassiers and Lancers were alike overwhelmed. The Eagles of the 45th and 105th regiments, and upwards of two thousand prisoners were the rewards of this brilliant movement. The Eagle of the 45th was captured by Sergeant Ewart,



FULL DRESS, TIME OF CRIMEA.

of the Greys. The reader will be interested with his own narrative of his exploit. "It was in the first charge that I took the Eagle from the enemy. He and I had a hard contest for it. He thrust for my groin—I parried it off and cut him through the head. After which I was attacked by one of their lancers, who threw his lance at me, but missed the mark by my throwing it off with my sword by my right side. Then I cut him from the chin upwards, which went through his teeth. Next I was attacked by a foot soldier, who, after firing at me, charged me with his bayonet; but he very soon lost the combat, for I parried it, and cut him down through the head; so that finished the contest for the Eagle."

Napoleon himself was moved to admiration by the bravery of this splendid regiment. "What fine troops!" he exclaimed. "What a pity it is that I shall cut them all to pieces!" He did not succeed in doing so, but they suffered heavily, and lost their Commander, Sir William Ponsonby. The Greys afterwards supported an attack made by the 92nd Regiment, which, reduced to scarcely two hundred men, broke into a column of infantry nearly two thousand strong. Bayonet and sabre together captured or destroyed nearly every man. In that last grand charge, which destroyed for ever the hopes of Napoleon, the Greys rode forward, triumphant.

Their services for many years were not of a character to call for description in these pages. But when the Russian war broke out, in 1854, and a British



DRESS, TIME OF CRIMEA.



OFFICER, PRESENT DAY.

army was despatched to the Crimea, the Greys were once more summoned to "boot and saddle," and proved at the Alma and Balaclava that they were worthy successors of the men that fought at Waterloo. The memorable "Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaclava is described by Dr. Russell, the veteran war correspondent of the *Times*, who was an eye-witness of the terrible scene.

"The trumpets rang out through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The open space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarcely enough to let the horses 'gather way,' nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian line brought forward each wing as our cavalry advanced, and threatened to annihilate them as they passed on. Turning a little to the left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rushed on, with a cheer that thrilled every heart. The wild shout of the Enniskilleners rose through the air at the same time. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There

was a crash of steel, and the light play of sword blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappeared in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we saw them emerging with diminished numbers and in broken order, charging against the second line. It was a terrible moment. "God help them; they are all lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man and the thought of many. With unabated fire, the noble hearts dashed to the enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been utterly smashed by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskilleners and Scots were winning their desperate way through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared at the rear of the second mass, when, with visible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 4th Dragoon Guards, riding straight at the right flank of the Russians, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, following close after the Enniskilleners, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as if it were made of pasteboard, and put them to utter route."

The Scots Greys have not been employed on foreign service since the Crimea.



PRIVATE, UNDRRESS, PRESENT DAY.





## CHAPTER I.

### ON THE MERE.

**T**HE great blue mere lay in the blazing July sunshine like a great steel shield—broad-edged, with jagged black shadow like torn crape. Into the shadow drifted a boat. Presently, under its light keel, lilies, golden and white, shivered and swayed and sank. The boat had grounded softly on a floating island of them.

One of the two sitters, a girl, who had been watching for a long while her own fingers twist and untwist the useless rudder-lines lying loosely across her lap, looked up and at her companion. He leaned forward idly still over his idle sculls, absorbed apparently in the contemplation of his stretcher. So the girl said—and Cecil Maltravers had a voice that seemed, as her present listener was wont to declare it did, to perfect the beauty of her face—so this voice said upbraidingly,

"Burgo!"

"Yes," returned the contemplative one, contemplative still.

"Look here!"

Then the great blue eyes came slowly up and looked there, at her, reproachfully, you would have thought. Was their owner bored at being roused from his lazy reverie, or what? He said nothing.

Miss Maltravers tapped her foot on the footboard.

"Don't you see where we're got to?"

Cousin Burgo realised the fact of their being stranded on the lily-island; and then gave utterance to a laconic sentence

to that effect, with his reproachful eyes on the other's face again.

"Then take us out of it, please; we shall never get to the island at this rate, Burgo. And—I'm hungry."

"Oh!" Burgo returned, leaning over his sculls again, "you're hungry; very?" And he kept his eyes on her, too, all the time, with the same expression in them, only stronger. She objected to this style of treatment.

"Very," she said. "Row me across at once, Burgo, please; do you hear?"

She looked and spoke imperiously enough; but she felt rather helpless. She *was* in his power in that boat, for once, you see. She tried not to see it, but that wouldn't do.

Burgo heard his cousin perfectly well; but he had no intention of rowing her across to the island and her luncheon just yet, however hungry she might profess to be. That was not his game at all, as he observed to himself

"Not yet," he said to her.

"Why not?"

"Because we have something more to say to one another, Cecil; and because we can say it better here by ourselves than anywhere else."

"And you mean to keep me here till ——"

"Till this that we have to say is said between us? Yes."

Her foot began tapping the footboard again, and more sharply. She had not meant this, at any rate. She was taken by surprise; and she knew what a cool hand he was. She felt angry with him, angry with herself; but it was not her anger that he was afraid of—not this sort of anger.

"Then this was a—trap?" she asked, dropping back against her cushion, and

speaking more than half in earnest, he could see.

"Trap's not a nice word; say opportunity. It was an opportunity, and I took it—arranged it, if you like. I can't help that, Cecil; you don't give me so many. I arranged this opportunity of telling you—what I have told you. And now——"

Burgo Maltravers paused a little here, and stroked his moustache anxiously with his forefinger. She knew him so well, that she saw the anxiety.

"And now?" she repeated.

This emboldened him.

"And now you must give me my answer, Cecil. You've had time to think of it since you heard my question."

"Do you know what I thought?"

"What?"

"That I wished you hadn't asked me that question."

"So you have been trying to shirk the answer: why?"

"Because——"

Her eyes fell before his; yet if the answer he dreaded had been in them, he would have been able to read it there. But in them it was not.

"Go on," he said quietly; "I'm not going to let you shirk it now."

"Because—don't you think we were very well as we were? And because I can't give you the answer you want."

This wasn't exactly sentence of death; Burgo bore it with decent composure.

"We couldn't have gone on as we were," he said. "At least, you see, I couldn't. Of course, I must take your answer now, whatever it is; but why can't it be what I want, Cecil?"

"Suppose it were; what good would that do us?"

"Try." And his bronzed face brightened.

"No," she said, shaking her head and sighing as she said it. "I've thought of it all, Burgo, often. I thought it would come to this—no, not that it would, that

it *might* come to this between us one day. Not to-day, not to-morrow; one day—vaguely, like that. I tell you so because I must tell you now. Well; and I always saw that, if it did, I should have to tell you, too, that what you wanted couldn't be. That was why I would rather you hadn't asked me just now; that was why I didn't answer you. You see?"

He saw, of course. He had seen a good deal of her kind; and he saw more, perhaps, now than she bargained for.

He put away the crossed sculls that had barred him all this time from her, and he stretched over his long arms and took both her white hands into his brown ones, and drawing her down a little to him,

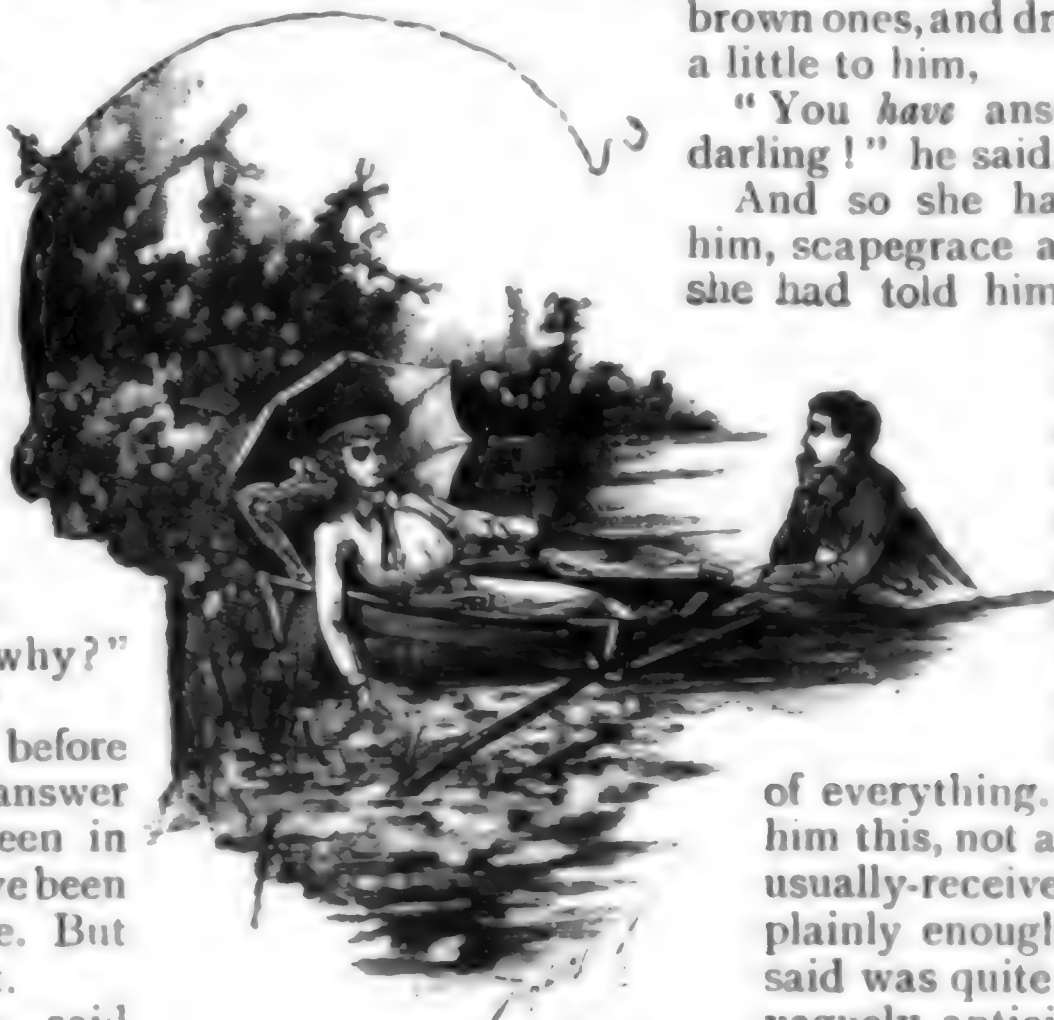
"You *have* answered me, my darling!" he said.

And so she had. She loved him, scapegrace as he was; and she had told him so—told him

that she loved him in spite of all there was, and all that would be said and done against him; in spite of her training and herself; in spite

of everything. She had told him this, not altogether in the usually-received fashion, but plainly enough. All she had said was quite true. She had vaguely anticipated that one day he *might* say that which should alter the pleasant rela-

tionship they lived in; she had determined that, if he did, she would be sorry, and would calmly and quietly point out to him that it could not be, and that there should be an end of it. One day he had said this same vaguely-anticipated thing, and that day she had been taken by surprise; she had had at first no word to answer; she had tried to escape answering at all; he had insisted; and then, indeed, she had made him the little speech, or the beginning of it, which she had resolved to make him under the circumstances. And lo! the end of it all had been that he had taken both her hands into his and drawn her unresistingly down to him, and calling her his darling, had informed her that she *had* answered him.



HER EYES FELL BEFORE HIS.



Answered him, of course, as he wished to be answered, and, as she had arranged, it was quite impossible he ever could be: that was quite evident. He told her so, and she couldn't deny it.

*Donc*—there was no help for it; she loved him.

She admitted that fact, too, presently. There was no help for that either: she had to; he made her, over and over again, this way and that. Burgo had won a great stake—he, daring as he was, had hardly dared hope to win; and he was quite conscious that he was utterly undeserving of what he had won. So, naturally, he required reiterated assurances of the fact. She gave him all he required. After what he had got already from her, he might as well have this also, she thought. Knowing she loved him, he might as well know how much.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked him by-and-bye. They had then been cast away upon the lily-reef for the best part of an hour—an hour neither of them ever forgot.

"Quite," he answered, and confirmed his assertion strongly; indeed, there was not a shade of disquietude on the handsome, bronzed face or in the fearless blue eyes of Burgo Maltravers: he evidently was perfectly satisfied that all was right; not because he didn't know the dangers that menaced him, not because he was too dazed with his sudden happiness to see the grim rocks ahead, the threatening storm-clouds, and their signs of tempest that might bring about shipwreck, but simply because he was gifted with that sublime *insouciance* which is the highest form of self-confidence, an heroic quality. For Cecil, with Cecil, there was nothing that might not be dared and done and overcome. So he smiled tranquilly when she asked him if he was satisfied, and said that assured "Quite."

"I don't mean about—about *me*, you know," Miss Maltravers added.

"Nor I, darling," he interposed.

"Well, no, I don't suppose you did; but you must see, of course, what will happen when this is known—that is directly."

"There will be a howl—a righteous howl, I admit. Don't I know better than they do that I'm pretty nearly as bad as they make me out?"

"Not quite as bad," she said, with a

little anxious smile. "But that is my affair—now."

There shone that in his eyes, as she looked down into them then, that assured her she had said sooth. He was not quite so bad as some would have fain had him be. Whatever he was, it was manifestly, so she had put it, her affair now. Yet the anxiety in her smile didn't lessen.

"You're not afraid, Cecil?"

"No, not of you. But —"

There were so many "buts" in this business.

"But what?" Burgo inquired, attacking the first resolutely.

"Mamma." Now mamma was the worst "but" of all. She came first.

"Aunt Mildred? She won't howl at me."

"She will do worse."

"*Elle en serait capable, cette chère tante!*" he laughed.

"Don't laugh; you don't know. She has a plan of her own."

"For you?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

Burgo's knowledge of his relative naturally suggested the question. He asked it as naturally; but Lady Mildred's daughter had to laugh this time. It described her parent in three words.

"Guess."

"I think I understand; Madame la Marquise," he said after a moment's reflection. "Yes, that's it, isn't it?"

"Yes," she nodded. "Mamma has decided, I believe, on Monsieur de Mornac."

"Who is quite willing to be decided on. Yes, I see. I wonder I didn't think of that before. That is a bore. The Frenchman is a great card, and strengthens her hand against us, that was strong enough before. Well, it can't be helped. We must do battle with the Gaul also. Fortunately he, at least, will fight fair. Meantime, never mind about him."

After a while he got her to look on matters hopefully with his eyes; and then he backed the boat off the lily-reef and



CECIL.

rowed her away across the blazing steel mirror to the island, and her luncheon. Nevertheless, Miss Maltravers' misgivings were rather drugged than dead. They stirred again and again.

"Remember," she said to Burgo, before they landed, at the last moment she could say anything to him unheard; "remember, you will get no quarter—you must give no advantage. My knight must fight for me."

"To the death!" he laughed, the precise meaning of her words not striking him till long afterwards; and then the fight was over.

You may, however, understand what she meant if I tell you a little of the man to whom she spoke.

He was what they who had the nominal care of his precocious youth—they were of the straitest sect of our modern Pharisees, it must be borne in mind—he was what these people called reprobate at a very early age. I don't know that he was, either then or later, much worse than his fellows. He was, however, a more persistent breaker of the great commandment,

THOU SHALT NOT BE FOUND OUT,  
—which is the whole duty of man and woman according to good-natured Saint Society—than they; and he suffered the inevitable penalties. There was a frankness about his wrong-doing, a serene indifference to the prejudices and opinions of fetish-worshippers, that gave the Elect a tremendous handle against him. Having it, of course they used it. Burgo was branded as a black sheep, a ne'er-do-weel, a scapegrace, as I have called him. I am sorry to say that I don't think this branding did him much harm. Your scapegrace in these days is as much a member of a denomination as your Jew, your Turk, and the other classes of offenders one prays for. Burgo lived his own life pleasantly enough amongst his kind. The scapegrace at Eton became a member of the most scientifically-dissipated mess that paternal authority ever sent into Indian banishment, there to break up or purge itself of its contempt. This fraternity did neither, as it happened; it did the State

some service, though, when a certain dark hour came by-and-bye; and, that done, the fraternity dropped back into its old courses, so far as they were compatible with a tropical climate. Burgo had his share in all that was done—rather more, perhaps. Stories of him reached home—of his loves, and his plunging, and his life generally; but all to the same effect: this black sheep was beyond all whitewashing; this brand could not be snatched from the burning; there was no salvation for this sinner.

Old Sir Burgo, K.C.B., who played Sir Anthony to the Captain, pooh-poohed all this at first—less confidently after a while, when his nephew's bills began to turn up with heartbreaking regularity. The old man was getting dangerously angry. He had sent for his other nephew, Glyn Vipont; he had talked openly of rank ingratitude, of altering his will. The Vipont interest did its best to fan this flame. Glyn was well in with the Elect, and the Elect dared penetrate sometimes even to the Towers.

But just then came the news of revolt and retribution. There was mention of the boy, his namesake, when the gallant old corps was spoken of and praised and glorified. The K.C.B.'s soldier-blood warmed as he read. Then Captain Maltravers was mentioned in despatches; was to have the Cross; had been badly wounded. The old man at home felt the proud tear burn his stern old eyes. He forgot his anger against the scapegrace he had loved as his own son; he sent princely batta to Cox's for his necessities; he swore that day at Glyn Vipont before an outwardly-stolid, but inwardly-guffawing, chief butler, who hated Mr. Glyn; he burned the new will at his dressing-room fire before dinner, and drank—and made the much-enduring Glyn drink—to the health and the speedy home-coming of *his heir*.

Glyn Vipont smiled blandly. The wise youth had an admirable command of countenance, and drank damnation to Captain Burgo under his breath. It ~~was~~ irritating to find oneself knocked nearly out of the betting in this way. The Elect,



MAMMA WAS THE WORST  
"BUT" OF ALL.



his friends, were greatly exercised about it.

Burgo came home on leave by-and-bye, and then his enemies grew more hopeful. They felt sure he must break out worse than ever. The old K.C.B. killed the fatted calf for the prodigal and would have forgiven him anything. The prodigal loved his hot-tempered, generous old relative honestly; but he left the toad-eating to Glyn, who had stomach for any amount of it, and enjoyed the diversions of his long-lost London, with only occasional sojournings at the Towers.

Sir Burgo about this period must have confided to his nephew his testamentary dispositions. Burgo was to reign at the Towers by-and-bye. In the meantime he had "done enough for Venice," and was to send in his papers, and go into training for his future sovereignty.

Captain Maltravers sold out of "The Duchess's Own," to please his uncle; but his "training" hardly benefited thereby. Bucolics bored him, and with his usual frankness, he betrayed his boredom unmistakably. He thoroughly appreciated the 'Towers' covert-shooting, though, and could hunt six days a week from it comfortably. Sir Burgo, who had turned his notched old sabre into the expensive ploughshare he drove his hobby to death in, was fain to content himself with such evidence as this of his successor's capacity for his position. But Glyn Vipont, always at that failing right hand at the right moment, noticed now and then how the old man's face would show signs of annoyance and discontentment—anger even. Never when Burgo was by; but with increasing frequency when his cousin was away, in this haunt or that; and the wise youth would think the odds against him were getting shorter.

In this way things had gone on—Burgo living after his fashion, showing his bronzed, handsome face in London ball-rooms, and Paris *salons*, and Continental "hells;" going the pleasant downward



GLYN VIPONT.

road faster and more pleasantly than ever; liked of all men, loved of most women; not yet tired of his life; with nothing particular to turn him and keep him straight if he had tired of it—old Sir Burgo at home moodily nursing nascent wrath—wise Glyn Vipont cool, unscrupulous, cunning, with stronger cards being dealt into his hand every day, biding his time to play them. And then Burgo met his cousin Cecil one afternoon in the Laisen-Strasse at Homburg.

When Glyn Vipont heard of that meeting, and thought of its possible consequences, he went away into a remote spot where he could swear at his ease, and swore hard and steadily for a good while. When the K.C.B. heard of it, he forgave Lady Mildred a long score—and a heavy one he had against that inestimable woman—and felt happier about his nephew than he had done for months.

The same idea had struck both these two. Burgo was reported at Homburg with Miss Maltravers; then at Baden; then at Paris. What more natural than that he should find that his soul clave unto the damsel and be minded to take her to wife?

Such an event would, of course, knock Glyn out of the betting again, and finally; for the prodigal would become a reformed character and settle down at once in the Towers. So Glyn swore and Sir Burgo rejoiced.

But Lady Mildred came back to England and Ellesmere, and brought her daughter with her; but Burgo came not. And there were reports of a certain millionaire French Marquis; and the Marquis appeared in person later.

The K.C.B. and his sister-in-law were not on good terms; the old man couldn't even now make overtures to my lady. He had to wait till his nephew returned, too, for authentic information; and he had to wait a good while. And then Burgo had no information, apparently, to give him, and the other was sorely disappointed.

But the end of the next season found

CHAPTER II.  
ON THE ISLAND.

Burgo down at Ellesmere. My lady had got over her apprehensions of any interference with her plans, or had reasons of her own for having him there. Anyhow, there he was. The Elect marvelled. How Lady Mildred *could*! Lady Mildred smiled; she was a charitable woman. Her nephew had been rather wild but he was quite reformed now. So, indeed, it seemed. Burgo had apparently found at last the something to keep him straight, and was behaving admirably.

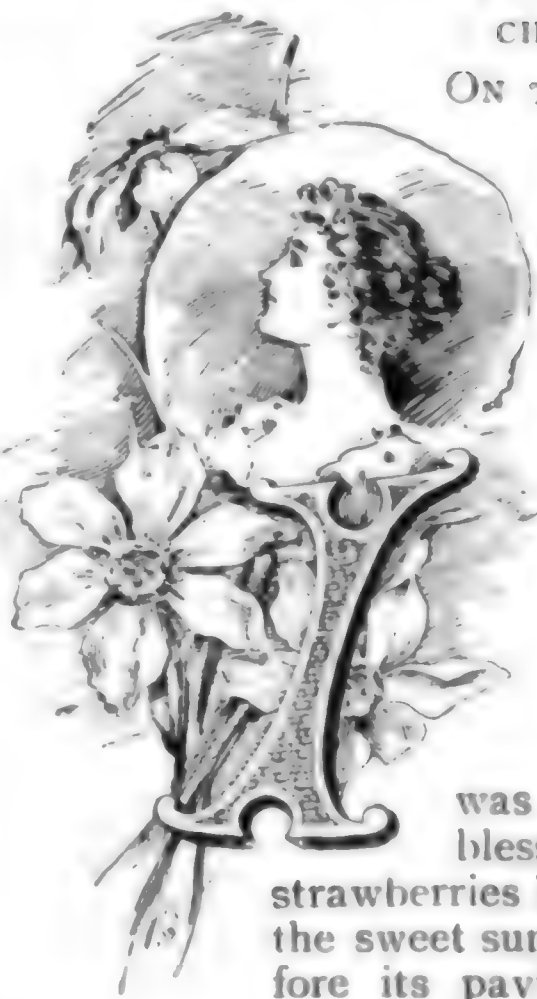
Did Lady Mildred *mean* him? If so, why was Monsieur le Marquis at Ellesmere? Friend of my lady's youth? Just so; but—and people grinned and shrugged shoulders. But Lady Mildred was an enigma unto them.

Sir Burgo's hopes revived, and Glyn Vipont's fears. And there was a picnic one day on the island in the mere, and Burgo had stolen away his cousin in a boat by herself, and they had got stranded on a lily reef, and he had spoken and she had answered, as you know.

And Lady Mildred is watching the pair as they disembark on the little landing-stage just now, with keen eyes and not altogether pleasantly-smiling lips



IN LONDON BALL-ROOMS.



T was something like Shelley's—a little lawny islet, by anemone and violet-like mosaic paven, or as nearly as was compatible with an English climate; and it

was bounteously blessed with wild strawberries besides. So in the sweet summer-time, before its paving was used up, and its strawberries all

browsed, it was rather a favourite resort of picnic pilgrims from Ellesmere and the county generally. It boasted of a little harbour and the little landing-stage before mentioned; it had a miniature forest, with winding paths and sheltered nooks convenient for flirtation, and a modern Crusoe's hut, with modern upholstery, wherein you lunched and lounged, or took refuge in inclement weather. Lady Mildred's water parties were deservedly popular.

The county had followed the suzeraine of Ellesmere and taken shipping in her wake rather more numerously than usual to-day. The tiny bay was crowded with a regular fleet of "hen-coops" and "sul-kies" and sailers. There was a crowd of recently-disembarked pilgrims gathered together at one end of the landing-stage when Burgo and his cousin came quietly and skilfully alongside, very nearly unnoticed, except by my lady's keen eyes, which raked them from a vantage-ground above. People were watching the Hon. Cole Stocquerre's new *Pyroscaphe*, which, with its scientific young inventor stowed away somewhere in its circumscribed bowels, had come to a standstill half a mile or so off, and though its tobacco-pipe of a funnel smoked furiously, seemed incapable of proceeding on its voyage. The Hon. Cole was an experimental philosopher; he had turned his rooms in the Canterbury Quad. into a chemical laboratory, and blew himself up there, or was there discovered poisoned with ghastly



odours of his own creating, periodically, during his Oxford career; and had recently set fire to, and well nigh occasioned the destruction of, the family seat, in the course of some experiments he had been making with a new combustible. He had introduced this fearful and wonderful fuel into the furnace of a model steamer of the future, fortunately only just large enough to hold her owner, and this was the result. The *Pyroscaphe* had worked her patent screw frantically for ten minutes, the Hon. Cole had begun to fancy he had hit upon a regular space-annihilator, when, with a sudden whirring of her machinery, she stopped dead.

On shore odds were being rather freely laid she was going to burst. A boat was sent off to the rescue, the rescuers found the martyr prostrate and insensible as usual. They pulled him forth—the *Pyroscaphe* groaning and hissing all over ominously the while. The Hon. Cole's hair was smouldering, and his eyebrows, what was left of them, charred, so were his clothes. The smell of him was something awful; before they had pulled half way back, the *Pyroscaphe* burst up and went down, after which there was a general move to luncheon.

With a glance that pointed her last words to him, Miss Maltravers left her cousin, and was absorbed next moment in a multi coloured mob of her own kind. She was in no particular hurry to undergo my lady's clever cross-examination; the story would have to be told, of course, but not now; she kept as well out of the maternal reach as she could. Lady Mildred marked, but let her child alone; she had other business to attend to now.

The Crusoe hut was on a little elevation; it was from this elevation that my lady had seen Burgo scull her daughter so quickly and skilfully to shore. Someone else had noticed the cousins, too—the tall, grizzled, melancholy-eyed man, with the curling white moustache and pointed royale, with the thin, thoroughbred face, weary and wayworn, full of sad experience. This was René Pardaillan, Marquis de Mornac, a friend of Lady Mildred's youth, whose presence at Ellesmere had provoked grinning comments among the county quidnuncs, to whom my lady was an enigma.

René Pardaillan's sad face looked less sad, and his melancholy eyes even brightened.

"You see her, too, *mon ami*?" Lady Mildred said, pressing the arm her fingers rested on gently.

"Yes, I see her," the Marquis made answer. "They have been long coming. We did not pass them? No. He rows well, Monsieur, your nephew, when he chooses. See! how fast. He is strong; he is young. Ah! youth and strength."

The last words were sighed rather than spoken, and to himself. The face had got the old sad look, and the eyes that rested on Burgo down below, their old melancholy. Lady Mildred heard and saw.

"René!"

"Well? Look, how easily he lifts her ashore with one swing of his arm! How she trusts herself to him! How she thanks him, now, with that smile and that glance! And Monsieur, your nephew, bends down his handsome face, and—Bah! *j'aime autant regarder autre chose*! Let us see if Monsieur Stocquerre is blown up yet."

"If you like," she said, having knowledge of the man and his humour. "But why, René?"

"Eh!" and his brow darkened as he told her. "Should I care much to look at that, think you, Emilie?"

"You mean the old story?" she answered with her quiet smile. "What you hinted at —"

"No," he interrupted; "it was no hint I gave you. I told you that, plainly, when I told you of my folly—of my mad, hopeless folly. No; I knew this; and I know it. She loves him, Emilie."

"You talk of folly," Lady Mildred said calmly, but severely; "*this* is folly, René, after what I promised you. You are wrong. It is not as you think; and it never will be. Trust me."

"You ought to know," he answered, with a little dash of hope in his tone.

"I do," she returned.

But René Pardaillan knew better in his soul. He knew he could not have been deceived. And then, what was he wanting to do? What had my lady promised, meaning assuredly to keep her promise? The instincts of the *gentil-homme*, who had sins enough upon his conscience, and bore them lightly, but whose honour could bear no stain, revolted as they had revolted against this thing before that day. She loves her cousin, a gallant soldier, young and strong, the beau-ideal of a *beau sabreur*. Ay, she loved him; he, René Pardaillan,

had found that out. *Allons!* what was this said René Pardaillan with his sixty odd years well and duly wrung out—what was he better than an imbecile to imagine he could have what he coveted so keenly, *now*? Once—ah! once, when the dead youth in him was strong, and his worn face was fair to look upon, and women loved him, and gave their souls for him, in the divine days long, long ago—she might have loved him, too, then. But—now! There was enough of this folly; it must end. He would go. Go—and leave her to that beau cousin?

No; that was more than he could do, for he, too, loved her. He was a scapegrace, this man she loved. Would he make her happy, after all? She was young—a child. She knew nothing; but would she not be happier with *him*? What was there that he would not do for her? And it would not be for long; she would be free again soon. Why should he not, after all, take Emilie's word?

It was so bitterly hard, you see, for this man, who had foregone so little all his life, to forego this, the last, the most desperately-desired joy of all. He stayed, in temptation still, at Ellesmere. There were times when temptation almost mastered him, but he could put it from him at others. It was an unsatisfactory—not to say a martyrising—state of things for him. Lady Mildred pitied the friend of her youth, but she had promised to make him amends by-and-bye. As satisfaction for the ancient grudge she bore Sir Burgo, K.C.B., as gratifying another dislike, as simply more advantageous—for one, or

other, or all these reasons, she had decided finally upon this, instead of upon any other arrangement she might have previously contemplated. Subsequent events helped her, but she would have done single combat with events, and have probably won. So her tone with René Pardaillan that afternoon on the island had been weightily calm and confident.

Before her face had time to cloud again, she changed the subject of conversation from her daughter and Monsieur, her nephew, to the Hon. Cole Stocquerre and his *Pyroscaphe*. Then the upward move to luncheon deposited Lady Mildred comfortably in her chair.

Cecil was safe at the other end of the hut's dining-room, next to Sir Lorrimer Losely, an *ex-viveur*, who was making a graceful, if not a pious ending, wived with an admirable wife who might have been his daughter; pleasant, harmless, effete, yet now and then with a touch of the old fire in him, such as lurks in ancient burgundy, that should be fireless now. Sir Lorrimer had secured his place next Miss Maltravers to tell her an admirable story he had brought down from London, as he said, his real object being to communicate an extra flavour to his mayonnaise by keeping his eyes on her face while he ate. He was a scientific old voluptuary, and he disagreed altogether with the *post prandia Callirhoe* theory. So he thoroughly enjoyed his mayonnaise that day, without telling his story through; but then Glyn Vipont was on Cecil's left hand, and Glyn had a good deal to say. Glyn was, personally (it always seemed to me when I looked at him) just what



"YOU SEE HER, TOO," LADY MILDRED SAID.



a wise youth should be. He was not very tall and he was not very fat, but there was nothing angular about him, and you would never have called him short; you saw at once that his digestion was admirable, and he played no tricks with it. He was always unobtrusively well dressed; his tailor was afraid of him, for Glyn had some pull or other over the man, and Glyn's taste was perfect. His face was a well-looking one enough—fair and smooth, in admirable command, calm, cool, smiling—whereon most people read of the real man about as much as they might have read on a blank page.

Glyn talked to Miss Maltravers. He had never been on terms of more than decent civility with the Ellesmere people, but since he had taken up his permanent residence at the Towers, Lady Mildred had revived those terms. Glyn had dined now and again at Ellesmere; to-day he had been invited to join the water pilgrims, but that was all: his footing was nothing like Burgo's. He made himself very agreeable to Cecil as he ate his luncheon beside her; he made himself agreeable to everybody, this wise youth, only indulging his prejudices, as he did his passions, where the indulgence could do him no harm. He had come here to-day to watch, and he used his eyes while he used his tongue and his teeth.

"This mayonnaise is really very good," he said to Cecil; "let me give you some of the anchovy. By the way, where is Burgo? Here, isn't he?"

He had seen Burgo quite well some time ago, and he knew that Cecil had, but he wanted to make her let him, Glyn, see that she saw Burgo.

"Here, somewhere, isn't he?"

Of course the wise youth had an object in saying this, as he had in saying most things. Burgo was sitting next Mrs. Brune, an Indian grass-widow, a sister of Lady Losely's, and the two were deep in apparently very interesting conversation.

Now Indian gossip and tattle had mixed up Burgo's name pretty freely with his present neighbour's, and Glyn knew this, and, moreover, he knew that Cecil knew it. He wasn't a bad judge of character, and he guessed instinctively that Miss Maltravers was about the last person in the world to indulge in anything like vulgar jealousy; nevertheless, what he was doing now was part of his little game.

"Ah! yes; there he is—over there, be-

side Mrs. Brune. How well she's looking, isn't she?"

She *was* looking very well, just as he spoke, with that sudden warm flush on her piquant Irish face, and that quick darkening of her blue eyes that always accompanied such flushes; and something Burgo had just said to her was evidently the cause of all this. Cecil couldn't help noticing that, as she glanced casually in the direction of Glyn's nod, and remarked, "Oh, yes, there is Burgo; and Mrs. Brune is looking remarkably well."

Then Glyn turned the talk till Sir Lorrimer had finished his strawberries and cream, and, having no further need of Miss Maltravers' countenance, had strolled off to flirt elsewhere; but he flattered himself he had given his young friend something to think about all the time.

Perhaps he had. She wouldn't have confessed it, even to herself. She understood that, of course, Burgo would never *afficher* their new relationship; but she *did* think that he needn't have made that marked demonstration with a person in connection with whom he had already been sufficiently talked about. This was not what she had meant, but perhaps what had been in her mind, when she had said to him that her knight must fight for her; that he would get no quarter, and must give no advantage to the enemy. And here he was doing exactly what he ought not to do—fighting my lady's fight under my lady's own eyes, under the eyes of everybody.

Of course, Miss Maltravers had quite settled that Burgo's past was nothing to her; that, if she took him, she took him clear of all that—as he was now. And this was a very wise resolve. She cared little what old stories there might be afloat concerning him, and—and Annie Brune, for instance. She loved him and she trusted him; that was enough. But people were to have no grounds, however absurd, for starting fresh stories about him and—and Annie Brune, for instance; certainly not. And yet, if—Bah! what was she thinking?

Just the thoughts the wise youth could have desired, probably. At least, she was heard to declare to confidential ears that she liked Glyn Vipont less than ever that afternoon. And I see the connection between those two sentences.

Lady Mildred bore down upon her

when the hut was clearing, and people were dispersing in primeval fashion—in pairs. Only my lady's eyes questioned her daughter; this was neither the time nor the place for anything more. Yet, somehow, Cecil felt uncomfortable; she foresaw a *mauvais quart d'heure*. She had nerved herself to face that probability pluckily when she landed; but now she had grown nervous. It would have been better, after all, if Burgo had sat beside her at luncheon, instead of that objectionable Glyn. She made her escape from the maternal eyes as quickly as she could. René Pardaillan came up, with his sad face, and she let him take her away. They wandered in to the little wood, René talking platitudes with inward bitterness; she silent, thoughtful. Glyn Vipont, listening to the revived Stocquerre outside, smiled pleasantly at her as she passed him. The wise youth was pleased with her; she was doing what he wanted.

Five minutes or so before, Glyn had seen Burgo and Mrs. Brune strolling, in close converse still, and in the same direction as these two; and he had smiled exactly the same smile on them; for he was pleased with them also, and for a similar reason.

They came to a seat under a big tree, and they sat down there. They were old friends, Burgo and she. Evil tongues had tried to make them out something more; but the evil tongues only lied. Annie Brune owed Burgo her life; he had carried her one day out of the midst of an ugly knot of arrack-maddened mutineers, who were quarrelling over her; carried her out of nameless horrors, safe. Drunken Fred Brune, her husband, who had fought like a paladin, and was lying at the time with half a dozen tulwar gashes in his miserable little body doing their best to bleed him to death, and failing, the medicine-men said, only because he had no blood left to bleed—drunken Fred Brune, when he heard of

this exploit, swore and wept, and forthwith insisted on swallowing his last half-bottle of V. O. P. This was his way of expressing his gratitude. However, he unfortunately didn't die of it. God made him, and he passed for a man; so they had let him tie that passionate, high-spirited Irish girl to him for life before she knew what life was. — She found out by-and-bye. Imagine the life she lived then. If it had been merely death she was to undergo, she told Burgo afterwards, he had done wrong to save her.

However, there she was—saved, given back to drunken Fred, who made preposterous promises of amendment, and “pegged” himself into oblivion of them and everything else before he tumbled

home from duty that same night; who flung temptation at her brutally, as he flung his clumsy boots at his masall's head; who called himself a fool and a villain for it in his next sober fit; who cursed her and slept; who awoke and wept over her; who deserved no mercy at her hands and knew it; and who got what he never deserved from her and knew that too.

But not why—not why she was his wife still—not why temptation failed now. Burgo,

the scapegrace, only knew it later; yet it was for his sake, because she loved him—recklessly, passionately; that was natural enough. What had her loveless life been? What was it now? She loved the man who had saved her; she could dream of him as she had seen him that day, smiting hip and thigh among that crowd of lustful devils; swinging that thirsty sabre right and left, and shearing lives at every stroke; trampling the pale, dark faces under Red Lancer's pitiless hoofs; hewing his way to her through the smoke and the bristling steel that never harmed him; bending down to her, and lifting her up before him, and carrying



BURGO WAS SITTING  
NEXT MRS. BRUNE.



her through the smoke and the steel again to —

To drunken Fred, of course. But Mrs. Brune forgave him that by-and-bye. She nursed her husband till his wounds were healed. He owed his life to her care, he said—they all said. And she and Burgo didn't meet again for a long time. In that time she had got herself in hand. When they met she saw that was as well; for, as I said just now, it was not till later, till long after, that Burgo knew she was his, body and soul, if he chose. He got this knowledge unasked, for one night. When Brune had sat drinking at home with some other men, and there had been a worse scene than usual, she had risen with a pale, tearless, desperate face, without a word, but with a look that went to the scapegrace's heart. Drunken Fred hiccupped a curse after her, but Burgo sharply bade him hold his peace, and flung away his cheroot, and followed the white dress on to the verandah. Captain Brune stared with owlish gravity at his fast-receding guest, then burst into an idiotic laugh, staggered to a sofa, and slept stertorously till parade bugle. Next morning he had forgotten all about the thing. But Burgo remembered that night all his life.

He had found Mrs. Brune huddled up in one of the chairs outside, sobbing passionately—and fortunately—at last. He had done his best to comfort her; and she had looked up at him with the moonlight on her pretty, tear-stained face, and with wild eyes and wilder words, had asked him what comfort there could be for her? What was her life like—what must it always be like? Ah, why had he saved her only for this; why had he given her back to this brutal sot? Why not have let her die—why not, why not?

And then it all came out, of course—all the reckless, passionate love she had held in hand so long. She kept back nothing of it; she told him all. She could bear this no longer, and she would not. She would go, or she would kill herself.

"Oh, take me away, Burgo, take me away—no matter where, no matter how. Only away from this—away from *him*!"

He had listened. He couldn't have helped that, even if he would. And he



HE HAD FOUND MRS. BRUNE SOBBING PASSIONATELY.

was a scapegrace, you must remember, who was supposed to have no scruples—to have done worse things than this; to be always ready and willing to do worse still. So it was natural enough, perhaps, that he should listen to her. Not absolutely unnatural that, being such as he was, this listening should have been attended with a certain amount of temptation for his sinful flesh and blood. She was a temptation—she might have proved one even for our immaculate selves, you know—that woman, with those desperate words on her lips and that light in her blue Irish eyes that showed she meant them, and would stand unflinching to them—a strong temptation to one who knew what she had suffered, and who saw her there now, with her brown hair falling over her round white shoulders—rounder and whiter than ever in the moonlight—who pitied her honestly, and who believed as honestly there was no hope, no help for her but this while that snoring drunkard on the sofa yonder should live on.

(To be continued.)

# *Famous Women.*

## *LADY ARTISTS AT HOME.*

### MRS. LOUISE JOPLING.

**I**T was in her charming studio, 3, Pembroke Road, Kensington, that I first made the acquaintance of Mrs. Jopling, who holds so prominent a position in the art world, though her paintings had long been familiar to me as household words, as doubtless they are to hundreds of other Englishwomen who can read between the lines and appreciate the pathos and sentiment of the stories she depicts, which are, in their way, as attractive as the masterly manner and firm touch with which she handles her subjects. The sweet and gracious woman, whose portrait adorns this page, bears traces of her early struggles for fame, not so much in the handsome countenance, full of brightness and vivacity, as in the gentle, sympathetic manner, which has

a magnetic attraction for all who come in contact with her. For Louise Jopling has fought the world, inch by inch, and conquered, and such women as she are ever ready and willing to smooth away the obstacles from the rough and thorny paths they themselves have trod, if by so doing they can help their sister workers.

Miss Louise Goode, now Mrs. Jopling, was one of nine children, and the daughter of the late T. S. Goode, Esq. Deprived of a mother's care when very young, the family was entirely dependent upon the father, who encouraged them to lead healthy outdoor lives, and educated them on the ordinary lines; but having himself a strong leaning towards music and literature, he naturally desired that his offspring should excel in these directions. Miss Louise Goode made her first bid for literary fame by sending a thrilling love story to that happy hunting-ground of youthful writers



MRS. JOPLING.



the "Family Herald." The editor of this periodical accepted and paid for the contribution, but it does not appear to have been followed by other work of a similar character till, many years later, Mrs. Jopling again took up her pen, and forwarded articles, chiefly dealing with artistic subjects, to various newspapers and magazines. In 1891 she published a useful work, entitled "Hints to Amateurs: A Handbook on Art," which has had a large sale, owing to the bright and sprightly way the



VIEW OF MRS. JOPLING'S HOUSE.



MRS. BEERBOHM TREE AS OPHELIA. BY MRS. JOPLING.

subject is treated, and the thoroughly practical information on the various branches of drawing and painting which it contains. In addition to her other accomplishments, Mrs. Jopling is a brilliant pianist, a charming vocalist, and one of the most popular hostesses in London. It was not, however, till after her first marriage with Mr. Romer, whose wife she became when only seventeen years of age, that she seriously adopted painting as her life work. Residing in Paris with her husband, who was private secretary to Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, she entered the studio of M. Chaplain in 1867, and for sixteen months devoted herself entirely to study, abstaining, during the interval, from social pleasures and gaieties. In 1868 she was rewarded for her labour, by seeing her picture, "La Crépuscule," and a head in red chalk, on the line at the Salon. "Bud and Bloom" was also well hung at the Royal Academy and favourably criticised, and since then pictures from her brush have appeared there every year, with two exceptions, and she has also contributed to the Dudley and Grosvenor Galleries, the Society of Lady Artists and many provincial exhibitions. On the death of Mr. Romer, in 1873, his widow

found the talent she had cultivated so assiduously of practical service to her from a pecuniary point of view; but any anxieties she may have felt on this score were relieved by her union with Mr. Jopling, himself an artist, and one with whom she naturally had many tastes in common. This marriage lasted for ten years, when the fell destroyer, death, once more entered the household, and carried off one whose many attractive and social qualities made him universally beloved and whose decease was widely lamented.

Four years later, Mrs. Jopling became the wife of Mr. Rowe, who is well known in legal circles; but as far as the art world is concerned, the subject of this sketch prefers to be known by the name under which she has become so distinguished. As a portrait painter, Mrs. Jopling has been particularly successful; she has also produced a number of pictures of a more or less Oriental character—such as "Five o'clock Tea," a charming Japanese interior, or the one at present on her easel (and intended for the Liverpool Exhibition this year) entitled: "The Home-coming of the Bride," which depicts another scene in the domestic life of Japan. Among her most popular works may be mentioned "The Five Sisters of York," illustrating the legend in "Nicholas Nickleby"; which received the bronze medal at the Crystal Palace, and was subsequently shown at the Exhibitions of Philadelphia and Sydney. "It Might Have Been," and "Pity is Akin to Love" were the principal attractions at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878. Miss Ellen Terry, as "Portia," Mrs. Tree, as "Ophelia," "A Portrait," "The Trysting Place," "The Betrothal," "In Memoriam," "Queen Vashti," a gorgeous scene picture, "Charlotte Corday in her Hour of Death" and "The Last Look," which hangs in Mrs. Jopling's studio, and portrays a youthful widow, with an expression of intense sorrow, gazing through the open doorway of the home she is about to leave.

The artist's studio is a handsome apartment, decorated in

shades of yellow and white; at one end is a picturesque gallery, and in the corner a circular window, with cushioned seat, near which is drawn that most charming piece of modern domestic furniture—the tea-table. Another recessed seat by the fireside, and luxurious chairs and couches give an air of comfort often wanting in rooms of this description. A grand piano and parquet floor are suggestive of impromptu dances, when, doubtless, the drawing-room, which adjoins the studio, is pressed into service. The latter looks on to the garden; and soft tones of green prevail, with touches, here and there, of tawny orange contrasting with Oriental draperies. In this room there is a quaint and curious cosy corner



THE TRYSTING PLACE. BY MRS. JOPLING.



designed by the artist. In the angle of the wall near the fire-place, have been hung two plain sheets of looking-glass with shelf above for books or china. This forms a background to a divan loaded with downy cushions and partially concealed by a Moorish screen. Opposite the fire-place, which is surmounted by a quaint overmantel of old oak, garnished with blue Nankin pottery, is a triple seat, which bears unmistakable signs of the painstaking carving of that king of cabinet makers, Chippendale. Near at hand is a delightful little *secrétaire* of inlaid satin-wood, with dainty brass fittings, a wedding present to Mrs. Jopling; and extending almost the length of the side wall is a fine specimen of 16th century tapestry, while the polished floor is covered with Eastern rugs. A tiny table, containing specimens of antique silver, and one or two examples of Tudor furniture add to the artistic effect, and leave on those who see it the impression of an unconventional but thoroughly comfortable interior.

The square hall has handsome dark oak fittings relieved by cream and buff decorations; while the dining-room has a yellow paper, which seems to flood it with sunshine, and throws into relief other examples of old oak with delicate mouldings produced by workmen who thoroughly understood the art of carving, and who were not bound by trade unions to produce as little as possible for the wages they earned. One portion of the room is arranged as a library, with handsome bookcases inserted in the recesses; comfortable writing-tables and every inducement to study.

Some four or five years ago, Mrs. Jopling was persuaded by her friends to open an Art School, on the French system, for female students, and for their accommodation, a studio of ample dimensions has been built at the end of the garden. Here, on the occasion of my visit, I found about twenty-five pupils under the direction of a qualified teacher, busily engaged in painting from a model, who seemed deeply impressed with the importance of her position. Under the wise leadership of Mrs. Jopling, who is at once their guide, philosopher and friend, the students draw life-size, study the antique and go through the ordinary routine of perspective, outline drawing, anatomy, composition and design; while valuable lessons in portraiture are given by Mrs. Jopling herself,

who paints from a model before the class, commenting on the work and giving valuable hints as she proceeds. As earnest workers are generally engaged the whole day in the studio, with thoughtful care for their comfort, a small kitchen has been provided with a gas-stove and every convenience for cooking the light refreshments required. Once a week an "At Home" is held, when the students' work is exhibited and their friends and parents have an opportunity of judging of the progress made; and at these informal gatherings it is easily seen with what loving respect and reverence the artist is regarded by those who bow beneath her gentle sway.

#### LADY BUTLER.

Those who first heard of Lady Butler (then Miss Elizabeth Thompson), when her fame was established in what was generally known as "The Roll Call Year," seldom pause to consider what long and unremitting study preceded her unparalleled success. She had been well coached in every detail by her father, who had spared no efforts in developing the wonderful talent possessed by his eldest daughter. For the first few years she led a comparatively nomadic existence, travelling with her parents on the Continent and visiting the various art centres, and enjoying the best instruction to be procured at that time in any place at which they might be staying. Her general education was the special care of her father, who for many years devoted his mornings to reading aloud those works which were calculated to improve the mind of his daughter, during which time Elizabeth was expected to wield her pencil or paint brush, while conning over the various points suggested by her father's method of teaching. Those who were acquainted with the artist in the earlier years of her life, describe her as an energetic little traveller, always observant and on the alert for any peculiarities displayed by men and horses. At length Miss Thompson began a regular course of study at South Kensington; but finding the progress slow and the routine irksome, commenced to take lessons in oil painting from Mr. Standish. After this, she worked alone for a time, and finally presented herself once more at South Kensington, armed with specimens of her

work, with the hope that the authorities would relax in her favour their rules respecting students taking the entire course, and would permit her at once to draw from the antique or a model. Mr. Buchett, then head-master, acceded this point, admitted her to the advanced rooms, and for some years Elizabeth Thompson was one of his favourite pupils.

About this time she exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, and critics and buyers began to comment favourably on her works. Mr. Tom Taylor, of *The Times*, and the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* being particularly warm in their praise. Another sojourn in Italy, of two years' duration, was employed by Miss Thompson in the further study of her art. She entered the studio of the late Professor Bellucci, at Florence, varying her lessons as much as possible, and spending a portion of her time in copying the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto and Francia Bigio, in the cloisters of the Santissima Annunziata. Miss Thompson painted "Visitation" in Rome, which she exhibited in a collection of ecclesiastical art, and received honourable mention. Returning, with her family, to England when in her twenty-third year, she arranged a small garden studio in Ventnor and began to make studies for "The Roll Call." At this period her family did not give her much encouragement, hardly thinking that such a subject would appeal to the public taste. However, Mr. Gallo-

"Missing" at the Royal Academy, which, though skied, found a purchaser, decided to try her luck again with "The Roll Call," which was hung on the line and purchased by Her Majesty (who had it removed to Osborne, where it has remained till the present year, when, by the Queen's gracious permission, it was sent to the Chicago World's Fair), the original owner ceding his rights in favour of the Royal lady, who had expressed a wish to possess it. Since then "Quatre Bras," and various warlike subjects, have appeared from time to time, but since her marriage Lady Butler's social duties and travels have somewhat deterred her from exercising the art to which she is devoted. This year a spirited painting, "The Camel Corps" (a regiment of natives, mounted and sweeping across the desert, raising clouds of sand as they go) has adorned the walls of the Royal Academy, and is considered by art critics to be one of the finest examples of her work.



LADY BUTLER.



MRS. AMYOT.

## MRS. AMYOT

was born of Norwegian parents, although she herself first saw the light at Copenhagen, on February 6, 1845, where her father, Mr. Christian Engelhart, held an important position in the National Bank of Denmark. Mrs. Amyot's childhood was a comparatively lonely one, as, till she was eleven years of age, she had neither brother nor sister,

but depended on the companionship of her mother, who, for many years, was in delicate health, and spent much of her time in the south of France, whither she was accompanied by her little daughter. Eventually two other daughters and a son appeared upon the scene, and shared with



Caroline Catharina, or Katinka, as she was familiarly called in the family circle, all the advantages that their parents' position insured.

Having inherited decided artistic talents from both father and mother (the former being an accomplished wood-carver and the latter possessing aptitude with her pencil), Miss Engelhart took the opportunity while travelling of making graphic sketches, with which she illustrated the *viva voce* accounts of her journey, for the benefit of her young friends on her return.

It was unusual in those days for a woman of position in Denmark to adopt a career, and the idea of a lady becoming a professional artist was almost unheard of. It was only after the earnest entreaties of the mother were coupled with those of the daughter, that Mr. Engelhart consented to Katinka undertaking a regular and systematic course of study at Dusseldorf, where, in 1866, she was placed under the care of Professor Vautier and Wilhelm Sohn. During the first year of her student life she had the good fortune to sell a picture to the Art Union of Christiania; and in 1870 "The Little Housewife" was exhi-



THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE. BY MRS. AMYOT.

bited in Berlin, and bought by the famous art dealer, Lepke, from whom she received many commissions. By a strange coincidence, Mrs. Amyot discovered, after her marriage, that her husband's mother had purchased a photograph of this painting, valuing it for its intrinsic beauty, and quite unconscious that it was the work of her future daughter-in-law. Naturally the artist sets great store on this memento of her girlish days, but has courteously allowed the writer of this article to reproduce it for the benefit of the readers of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

Others issued by the Berlin Photographic Society had a large sale in both Europe and America and quite established the reputation of the young artist. About this time, Miss Engelhart indulged in literary aspirations and published in a German Magazine, the *Deutsche Jugend*, some delightful fairy stories, which she illustrated herself. In 1874, she went to Norway for the purpose of painting several portraits of distinguished people in that country, and was shortly afterwards summoned to Stockholm and commissioned by King Oscar II. and



MY LITTLE SWEETHEART. BY MRS. AMYOT.

his mother, Queen Josephine, to execute two historical paintings representing the founder of the present dynasty of Sweden, Carl Johann Bernadotte. One of these portraits was placed behind the throne in the Royal Palace of Christiania, and the other hangs in the Palace at Troughjem. After spending seven months in the Swe-

Mrs. Amyot managed to do this with perfect success was proved by her frequent exhibits in the Royal Academy and her happy home life. Among the principal pictures hung in the years subsequent to her marriage were: "The Return of the Penitent," "In Flagrante Delicto," "The World Forgetting, by the World Forgotten,"

"Three Guineas from the Queen," "Soap Bubbles," "My Little Sweetheart," "Il Faut Souffrir pour être Belle," "Tit-Bits," etc. etc.

In 1882, Dr. and Mrs. Amyot settled in London, where they have gathered round them a large circle of friends. Mrs. Amyot, as well as being a talented artist, is a brilliant hostess, who has the happy faculty of charming all who listen to her bright and sparkling conversation and apt stories, which are given with an evident desire to interest and amuse her friends. "Tit-Bits" and "Scattered Tit-Bits," which appeared with Christmas Numbers of the



LE PAUVRE AMOUR. BY MRS. AMYOT.

dish Court, Miss Engelhart went to Paris, to acquire, by careful study, those technicalities which she felt, owing to her early training, were lacking in her work. There she became the private pupil of M. Bonguereau and also joined the classes at Julien's as the pupil of Le Febvre and Boulanger. In her second year, "Le Pauvre Amour" was placed in a prominent position at the Salon, and received flattering notice from all the leading journals. "Le Retour de la Fille Repentante" was also exhibited in the Salon, and was reproduced by Goupil as one of the principal pictures of the year.

In 1878, Miss Engelhart decided to combine an artistic with a domestic career, and became the wife of Dr. Thomas Amyot, an Englishman in practice in the town of Diss, Norfolk. That



THE RETURN OF THE PENITENT. BY MRS. AMYOT.

*Strand Magazine*, have made Mrs. Amyot's work familiar to thousands who have never been inside the Royal Academy, and who, consequently, have never had the opportunity of seeing her more ambitious productions. The model is her own little boy; and the portico which appears in the paintings is easily recog-



nised as that of her house in Penywern Road, Earls Court. Her two little daughters occasionally sit for her, but Mrs. Amyot prefers to utilise the professional model whenever practicable. In the studio is that charming picture entitled, "Interesting News," which shows a cottage interior and a number of country women discussing over the cup that cheers, certain facts communicated by the local Sarah Gamp for the benefit of those present. In the foreground is a youthful mother with her infant on her lap, and though convalescent, still bearing traces of the pangs of maternity, as she leans languidly back in the Grandfather's chair. "Soap Bubbles" is also here and a nearly finished picture (as yet unnamed) of a charming village child in a blue frock, driving away from the door, with gusts of wind from the bellows, the domestic chanticleer, whose curiosity has overcome his prudence.

While sipping the fragrant bohea, Mrs. Amyot gave me many interesting particulars of her home life and the pleasant visits to Cornwall, where, among the congenial spirits of the Newlyn School, so much of her best work has been produced. The artist spoke with enthusiasm of the small community, including Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Frank Bramley, Mr. Norman Garsten, Mr. Gotch and others whose homes are dotted about the cliffs of Newlyn and who draw their inspiration from the beauties around them, and paint nature as it really is, not as it appears to a fervid imagination. But time flies, and gladly as one would linger in the pretty studio, with its graceful palms, simple flowers, and surrounded by the many examples of my hostess's industry and talent, the pleasantest visit must come to an end, and I reluctantly bid Mrs. Amyot farewell, after



SOAP BUBBLES. BY MRS. AMYOT.

thanking her for the opportunity she has given me of seeing her under such favourable circumstances.

MRS. ELIZABETH FULLEYLOVE.



MRS. FULLEYLOVE.

It would be strange indeed if Mrs. Fulleylove, who is the sister of one artist and the wife of another, had not developed artistic talents on her own account, and, to use her own words, she "cannot remember the time when she could not draw, or when pencil and paint-brush were not an intense source of pleasure to her." She commenced to study, in 1870, at the Leicester School of Art, then under the direction of Mr. Willmott Pilsbury, whose charming landscapes are highly prized by collectors. After her

marriage, in 1878, to Mr. John Fulleylove, R.I., she spent the greater part of a year in travelling through Italy, for the purpose of acquiring greater facility in her art, and of becoming acquainted with the various schools of painting in that country.

In 1882, Mr. and Mrs. Fulleylove settled in London, and, since then, this artist has made flowers, more particularly roses, her special study, and has frequently exhibited at the Royal Institute for Painters in Water Colours, in Piccadilly, and at the Galleries of the Society of Lady Artists, where her work has attracted considerable attention.

Mrs. Fulleylove is the third daughter of the late Samuel Elgood, Esq., and Mrs. Elgood of Leicester, and the sister of Mr. George Elgood, R.I., whose exhibi-



ROSES. BY MRS. FULLEYLOVE.

tion of garden pictures in London recently evoked such favourable criticism in the art world. A measure of her success, as the artist would be the first to acknowledge, is, undoubtedly, due to the assistance she has received from her husband, whose work is highly appreciated by those who are competent to judge of its merits.

In the studio, I observed two paintings by Mr. Fulleylove: "Clumber," the seat of the Duke of Newcastle; and "Moresby," that of Lord Manvers, a commission from H.H. The Maharajah Giakwar of Baroda. A fine Spanish leather screen formed an excellent background for "Roses" painted by Mrs. Fulleylove and some charming sketches of Thomas Collier's. Here are, also, copies of various old masters, and notably one of Gaspar Poussin, "Epitome of Italy," which occupies the place of honour over the fire-place. At the opposite end of the room is a unique specimen of 17th century tapestry, and the remaining wall space is occupied by dwarf bookcases, shelves for china and other works of art. Resting against an antique oak cabinet, were two panels of intarsia work from the Church of St. Peter, at Perugia, and I noticed an ancient prayer-desk, which has appeared more than once in the paintings of Mr. Fulleylove. The soft-toned walls of the dining-room are almost covered with water colours. Of special interest are the quaint sketches of Leicester (the birth-place of both husband and wife), the portraits of Mr. Fulleylove's father, mother and eldest child, and some pretty interiors at Oxford.

F. M. G.



SKETCH OF MY WIFE BY JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I.



# *Whispers from the Woman's World.*

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

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**T**HAT tact and a pleasant manner are the first elements of success, all those who are acquainted with the ways of the world are ready to acknowledge. They are the "sesame" to ambition, social distinction and influence, and men and women alike should spare no pains to acquire what will prove to be the true philosopher's stone in all the relations of life. Unfortunately, those who have not these priceless blessings are apt to stigmatize the happy possessors thereof as "insincere," a calumny which, like all half-truths, is the most difficult to combat. But is it not better to avoid hurting the feelings of others by judicious tact, than to ruthlessly plough, time after time, through their cherished sentiments and most sacred convictions, because some early prejudice exists that one must blunder out the truth, whatever the consequences? George Eliot, that keen observer of human nature, has left on record that "a little unpremeditated insincerity, must be indulged in under the stress of social intercourse; and the talk of an honest man must often represent merely his wish to be inoffensive or agreeable, rather than his genuine opinion or feeling of the matter in hand." Fancy what it would be for the majority of mankind, if we were obliged to inhabit a Palace of Truth, in which each one was compelled to speak the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Would it not be confusion worse confounded, and would not the world become so unbearable that nothing could follow but the total extinction of the species and the depopulation of the civilised globe?

Sheer ignorance is responsible for some of the most glaring instances of want of tact, as when recently an old woman, whose daughter was suspected of drink, said, in answer to an inquiry, "'Taint no use; I have done my best for her, but she's a bad lot. She came in to see me only the other day, and I sez to her, 'Mary,' sez I, 'you're growing fat. 'Taint 'ealthy fat,

to my mind. You'd best prepare for death, and break off from your sins.' But she went off just sharp like," she continued, with an air of innocent surprise, "and I haven't seen nothink of her from that day to this."

Poor Mary! who can tell what unspeakable woes she must have silently endured, and which, as likely as not, had been the original cause of her drowning her sorrows in the flowing bowl.

And yet, in this year of grace, 1893, there are still thousands existing, who would go through the tortures of the stake rather than deviate by a hair's breadth from that strait and thorny path which, in their opinion, is the only sure way to salvation, utterly oblivious to the fact that the freedom of speech and the strict truthfulness they advocate will probably drive their victim to hopeless perdition.

Truth, no doubt, is an excellent virtue, and one which may be indulged in with advantage under certain circumstances; but it should also be borne in mind that it is a most dangerous weapon in the hands of foolish and inexperienced persons, and of such a combustible nature that it may at any moment explode, dealing death and ruin in its course on friend and foe alike. I do not wish, however, to imply that truth and good manners are incompatible, only that truth must be tempered with tact, which is the germ to which courtesy and many other elements of good manners owe their very existence.

Tact, that beautiful little word tact, might form the text for a thousand sermons, and would do more practical good, than ten times the number of a doctrinal character. It is the humble chrysalis from which emerge in the glorified form, good manners; it is the silver key which unlocks every human heart; it is the emblem of Divinity, and the link between our present unworthiness and a more perfect existence in a future state.

That this heaven-sent germ can only be

cultivated from our own inner consciousness, and not by the aid of others, is a fact that few will dispute, and it remains with ourselves whether it shall receive tender attention and culture or be allowed to wither away from neglect.

Education may have a softening influence, and one can be grounded in the things which are, and which are not, suitable for conversation under certain circumstances. But for the attainment of the "Quality of Tact," there is no royal road; it is emphatically an instinct that is born, not made, and those wanting this additional sense will probably continue through life a source of fearful joy to their family and acquaintances.

Another important element in good manners is certainly unselfishness, which will induce one never to try to outshine, only to please. The natural dignity of an unselfish person prevents superiors being treated with servility, or inferiors with arrogance, and gives precedence to elders. Such a one, will never needlessly wound the vanity of others, or dilate unnecessarily upon disagreeable subjects.

Self-possession is also another very important factor. "Be self-possessed, that is the only art of life," is the counsel of Mephistopheles to Faust, and self-consciousness, which is so often mistaken for pride, is absolutely fatal to that *savoir faire*, which we associate with the polished and refined. Such persons may be well-mannered, according to the strict canons of politeness, but will never be favourites with the world, because they are absolutely lacking in the elements that please. These are the rough diamonds who do not shine in society, but whose sterling qualities endear them to those who have conquered their "unfortunate manner," as want of tact, selfishness and shyness are frequently called. Manners must adorn knowledge, to quote Lord Chesterfield, and great as is the value of learning, it is enhanced a thousand-fold by an attractive exterior.

In this article I propose to refer briefly to some of the minor details of furnishing, and shall also touch lightly on those useful accessories of the household—glass, plate and linen.

The staircase window, shown in the first drawing, is fitted with one of those useful



A STAIRCASE WINDOW.

boxes, whose virtues I am never tired of advocating. I am surprised that the space about the portico in many houses is not more often utilised, as an oriel or bay might be thrown out for a trifling cost, and would afford another cosy nook, the advantages of which some of our modern architects are beginning to realise.

The next two sketches show simple methods of draping bedsteads with light fabrics, so as not to impede ventilation, which was the great drawback which our ancestors suffered from in the elaborate four-posters, hung with silk and damask, without which, a few years since, no house would have been considered properly furnished. For the small bed one pole only is necessary, and this should be placed at a convenient height above the bed. The drapery consists of a long, straight curtain of ample width, doubled, and sewn up the centre, leaving, of course, a small opening at the top for the pole to pass through. The bottom and front edges should be finished with daisy fringe, or frills of the material.

The brass bedstead has movable wings, with back draping, curtains and valance of reversible cretonne, which correspond with those used for the windows.

That we should promote the welfare of those who minister to our needs, are indispensable to our comfort, and who are members of our household, is demanded by common justice; therefore I must confess that it is a matter of considerable surprise to me when I sometimes get a peep at the servants' bedrooms in otherwise comfortably and, in many cases, handsomely furnished houses. The greasy walls, decrepit furniture, cracked crockery, and



absence of all the necessities, to say nothing of the decencies of life, make one stand aside and consider, where is the loosened screw in the domestic machinery which accounts for this appalling state of affairs.

Without any desire to quibble with the divine rights of British matrons, and with the knowledge that I am laying myself open to the grave accusation of pandering to the foibles and whims of the lower classes, I do distinctly state that a mistress of a house who neglects to provide proper sleeping accommodation for her domestic servants is guilty of a grave lapse of duty, to put it in the mildest possible way, towards those whom circumstances have placed beneath her roof.

Perhaps in no branch of household plenishing has there been such rapid advance, both in quality and style, as in glass and china, particularly in that for the table, and contrary to the usual course of events, as it has improved, the price has decreased. What could be prettier or in better taste than a service of glass, the clear surface of which is delicately engraved with a monogram. How superior to the crude emerald and ruby crystal, which our ancestors employed for *ornamenting*(?) their festive boards, and which made their dinner-tables as parti-coloured as the coat of Jacob's favourite son.

If the eye requires relief, let it be given by the softly-tinted German glass, which is as delicate in shade as the undulating waves of the ocean on a summer afternoon. This is manufactured in

many quaint shapes for the various kinds of wine, and the prettiest flower and specimen glasses are made to correspond. With a snowy damask cloth, a tinted table-centre of satin, edged with white lace, a liberal supply of the flowers in season, and the cutlery and silver dazzling in brightness; what more could the heart of man (or woman) desire to stimulate the appetite.

To have entire services of silver has its advantages, and brands the possessor with a hall-mark of respectability which is not to be lightly

disregarded. But if it necessitates wrapping the precious articles carefully in baize bags every night, and of unwrapping them again in the morning, in my opinion life is not long enough; so give me instead the humble but enduring electro. The best quality of the latter is guaranteed, with ordinary care, to last twenty years; which is surely as much as can be reasonably expected, and by which time, doubtless, the domestic exchequer will stand the expense of replating. Of the different shapes of spoons and forks in common use I prefer the Queen Anne, or



A DRAPED BEDSTEAD.



A MODERN BEDROOM.

Rat-tail, as it always looks well, is more elegant in shape than the fiddle, and is more easily cleaned than the thread, union, king's, rosetted or beaded patterns. Teaspoons, teapots, cream ewers and similar articles, one naturally likes to be of the precious metal, but for all ordinary requirements table services of electro answer perfectly, and do not cause those domestic upheavals so common in establishments where only silver is used; silver which, sooner or later, is sure to find its way into the family dustbin, or be the pelf of some marauding burglar.

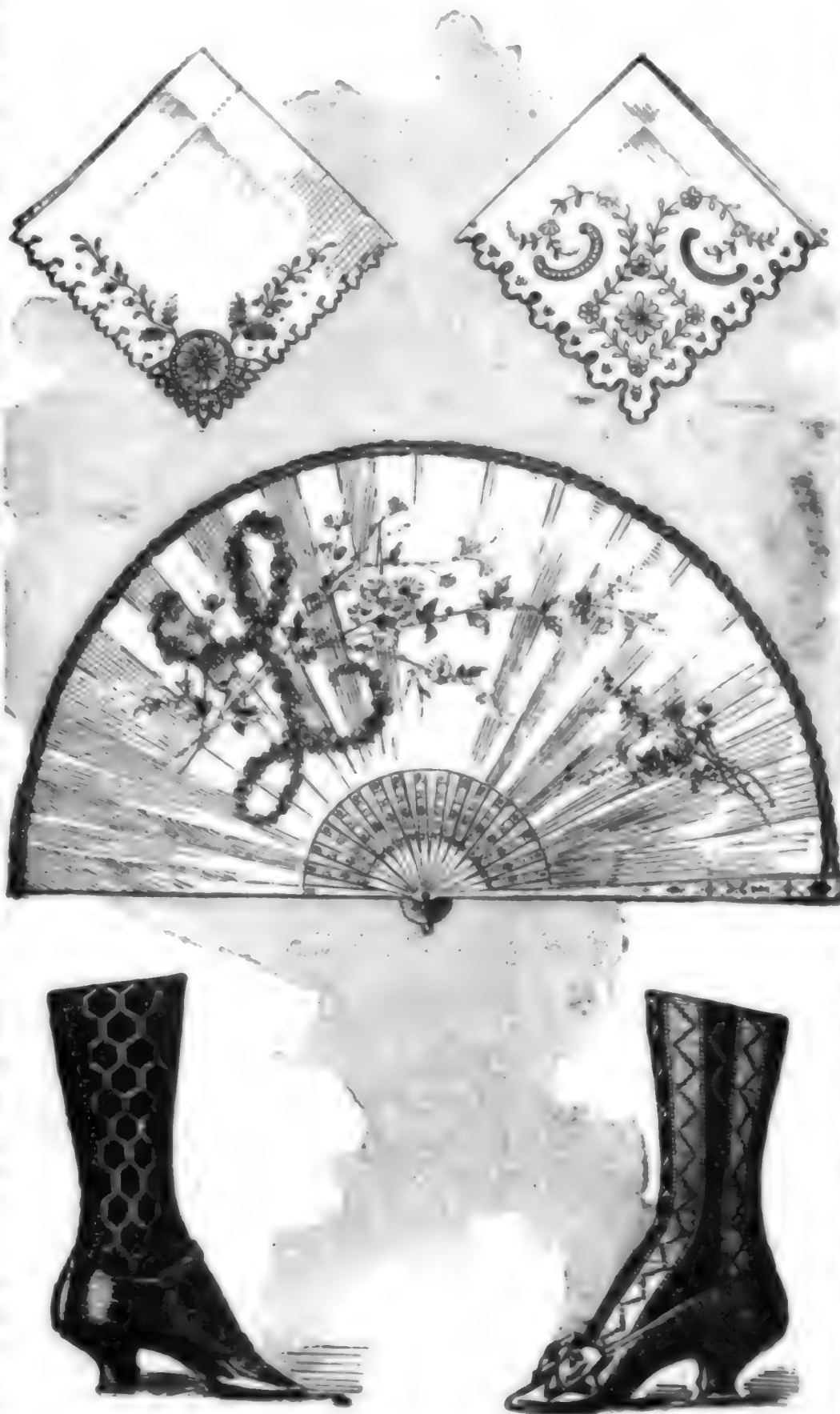
The linen is an important item in the furnishing of a home, and as large a sum as can be set aside should be devoted to this purpose, so that the best quality can be procured, as the inferior kinds never look well, and fall to pieces after comparatively little wear. The respective advantages of calico and linen can only be decided by those who use them, but even if sheets are made of the less expensive fabric, for ordinary use, there should be some, at least, of linen, and the latter should always be used for pillow-slips, as it lends itself better to decorative treatment than calico. Both bed and table linen can be ornamented in a variety of ways, and afford an ample field for the industry, ingenuity and taste of the housewife who is clever with her needle, as almost every

article in daily use can be embellished in this manner.

#### FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

Every woman is looking her best, thanks to summer toilettes and King Sol, who, this season, is giving us more than the average amount of his presence and has honoured with his august patronage all the most important social functions. Recently, at the Children's Salon At Home, organised by their popular leader, philosopher and friend, Levana, of *The Gentlewoman*, I noticed some very striking dresses, especially among the children. One graceful girl was attired in softest grey crepon; another had an empire frock

of white, accordion-pleated crepon, set into a folded yoke of moss-green satin; and two sisters, who took part in the skirt dancing, had modified Spanish frocks, mainly composed of black and gold silk and Indian muslin elaborately trimmed with sequins. Levana's little daughter was quaintly dressed in a Tudor gown of rich brown velvet relieved by a Liberty sash of orange silk. Levana herself was wreathed in smiles, and looked very handsome in a gown of Robin Hood green cashmere, with broad shoulder-frills, edged with jewelled passementerie, but the finishing touch to this becoming costume was the



NOVELTIES.





SCHOOL DRESSES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

dainty little bonnet of lilac, which looked as though it had just been gathered and pinned with deft fingers among her sunny locks. Mrs. Aria, who sets the fashions for half the English-speaking world through her charming articles in *Black and White*, *Hearth and Home*, and numerous other papers, was gowned in a plain skirt and double-breasted jacket of dove-coloured cloth, with a white chip hat nearly covered with roses and forget-me-nots. Miss Elsner had a charming costume of heliotrope silk and cashmere, and a hat of cream fancy straw. Miss Strutt Cavelle was gowned to perfection, as she always is, in soft brown, relieved with pale blue, and the Honourable Mrs. Clay wore an ideal dress, for an elderly lady, of black brocade, her bonnet of lace and jet having a long veil at the back, almost reaching to the edge of her gown.

At a *recherché* luncheon, Mr. Alex. J. Warden, who was in the chair, referred to the work of the Children's Salon, now consisting of 3,000 members, banded together for the advancement of art, literature and music, and for the promotion of all good works. The special object of the gathering was to obtain further funds for the endowment of the "Salon Cot," in the Victoria Hospital for Children, which has been

dedicated to the memory of the late Duke of Clarence, and, by special permission of the Princess of Wales, named after him. After luncheon, Levana distributed the prizes to those successful in the various competitions, and this was followed by a musical and dramatic entertainment, in which Members, Associates and Graduates of the Salon took part, assisted by Madame Jeanne l'Estrange's Ladies' Amateur Mandoline and Guitar Band. The following day a Children's Fancy Dress and Calico Ball was given in the Westminster Town Hall, which was largely attended by Members of the Salon and their friends, who danced to the stirring strains of the string band of the Royal Artillery.

This season the greatest attention is given to the minor details of the toilet, and I have recently made a pilgrimage round some of the leading houses in the West End so as to give the readers of "THE LUDGATE" the latest and most reliable information regarding chiffons. Mr. F. Penbertley showed me a really unique collection of fans, handkerchiefs, hosiery and gloves, to which I feel it my duty to call the attention of those ladies residing in the country, and who desire to possess themselves of the latest novelties.

I was particularly smitten with some white and black ostrich feather fans, in pearl and tortoise-shell mounts. Others of gauze, with a lace initial, were very



MILLINERY AT MESDAMES ANDREWS AND WYNDHAM'S.

attractive, and most moderate in price, as were the black Chantilly fans for mourning wear.

The favourite materials in vogue for summer costumes are silks, which have spots, points and ombre effects, diagonal cloths, of a loosely-woven texture and in

every shade conceivable, lovely crepons, striped and plain, which fall in such pretty soft folds, and every variety of cotton fabrics, including a long range of satins, batistes, muslins, printed cambrics, etc.

Bonnets are very small as a general rule, while hats are gradually distending till they sometimes make the head look out of all proportion to the body. This is essentially a straw year, which I am glad to chronicle, as it means an improvement in the condition of our own labouring classes, especially in the neighbourhood of Luton and other straw-weaving centres.

At Mesdames Andrews and Wyndham's pretty show-rooms were displayed most ravishing costumes and millinery, specially prepared for some smart weddings on the *tapis*, and for Ascot and Goodwood. Their children's dresses are perfect models, in their way, which will be judged from the two sketches I have taken. They also had some charming hats of Leghorn, trimmed with lace, feathers and ribbon, which had been made for a debutante of this season, desirous to excel all other debutantes by the beauty and charm of her headgear.

A fashionable fichu of cream lace is



A FASHIONABLE FICHU.

a pretty addition to almost any dress, and allows the bodice to be turned in, an advantage during the month of roses, when the temperature is sometimes higher than we can bear.

A very charming evening gown, of palest green silk crepon, made over a white satin slip, is shown in the next sketch, and was worn by a handsome girl at the Salon Ball. As a contrast to the above, I have introduced a morning gown of spotted cambric, belonging to the same young lady, who devotes a considerable portion of her waking hours to devising costumes that are calculated to bewitch her

masculine admirers and drive her feminine acquaintances wild with envy.

The remaining illustrations give a very good idea of the prevailing modes in mantles. The tight-fitting jacket is made of light grey cloth, with revers and sleeves of black velvet, while the smart little triple cape of tabac cloth is braided with black and finished with a high pleated collar. For a youthful matron nothing could be more stylish than the jacket of black duchesse satin, with large puffed sleeves, and trimmings of lace and jet.

Just as we go to press, the joyful news of the Royal Betrothal is announced. A union which will be hailed by all classes of the



THREE SUMMER MANTLES.



community with satisfaction, and one upon which the warmest congratulations can be offered.

It has occurred to me that it would form a fitting conclusion to those portions of "Whispers" which specially refer to suitable employments for women, to give a few particulars as to the accommodation in the "Mighty Metropolis" for those who are desirous of earning for themselves an independent position.

Apartments and boarding-houses exist in large numbers all over London, but should be chosen with considerable discrimination, as many of them are far from being appropriate dwellings for young and unprotected girls, who hitherto have led a sheltered and domestic life in the provinces. Besides these, there are students' homes in various districts, notably in Bloomsbury, which is conveniently situated for many of the avocations of life, and within easy reach of the art and medical schools, musical academies, etc. The best of these resemble a good-class ladies' college. Single bed-rooms are to be had, but in some cases, where cheapness is a consideration, the cubicle system has been adopted. There are cheerful sitting-rooms, reading and other rooms for the boarders, the meals are at fixed hours, and there is a certain amount of freedom, as latch-keys are allowed. One of these homes is to be found at 4 and 5, Brunswick Square, W.C., and struck me as looking clean and comfortable, while the inclusive terms of twenty-five to thirty shillings a week, are not excessive. College Hall is a little dearer, but seems well-managed, and here private sitting-rooms can be had if desired; but this is intended for students only. In Chenies Street and also in York Street, a short distance from Baker Street Station, there are residential clubs, which contain suites of small, unfurnished

rooms at rentals varying from ten to twenty shillings a-week. Service costs fivepence an hour, and meals are served in a dining-hall and paid for separately. Sloane Gardens House is on the lines of a boarding-house, with low charges, ranging from five shillings for a furnished cubicle, to one guinea for two unfurnished rooms. Brabazon House, South Crescent, Tottenham Court Road, and Miss Younghusband's two homes in connection with the Gentlewoman's Employment Club, give a great deal at a low rate, board and lodging ranging there from fourteen to twenty-one shillings per week; and the same may be said of 19, Lexham Gardens. There are also some excellent homes for working-girls in London, of a lower class, of course, but still very clean and comfortable, of which particulars may be obtained from Mr. John Shrimpton, Westminster Chambers, 3, Victoria Street, London, S.W., who will send on application a description of the various houses and their localities.

Small, cheap flats, where women can set up their household goods, and make a little home for themselves at a moderate cost, can be found in Gray's Inn Road, Rosebery Avenue, Chelsea, Marylebone, etc. etc., at rents from eight shillings to one pound a week, according to the accommodation required. Those called Clovelly Mansions in Gray's Inn Road, are particularly comfortable, and here in-

formation may be obtained of the new ones, built by the same company, in Rosebery Avenue, which are even nicer. Holborn Houses, Pimlico, have their advantages, and 3 to 13 Stafford Street, Lisson Grove, and King's Mansions, Lawrence Street, Chelsea, are not to be despised by modest house hunters.

[I am indebted for the drawings of the draped bedstead and bedroom, also for that of the staircase window, to Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., Hampstead Road, London.]



A STYLISH MORNING DRESS.



A PRETTY EVENING GOWN.

# Tales


from

# Dream- Land.

By  
May Cumberland

THE

CROWN OF LAURELS



THE evening sun was slowly sinking to its rest, tipping the distant hill with roseate hues, kissing a last good-night to the latticed windows and lingering gently and lovingly on the head of a tired youth.

There he lay, and had lain, for hours, his head pillowed on his hands—his body ever tossing and turning with the troubled sea of his thoughts. He never heeded the tinkling of the sheep bells, as the little flock passed him, followed by Gretchen, who called softly, "Tridel! Tridel!" as she passed, nor the chilly night wind sweeping boisterously up from the sea, and making the huge pines quiver and cry in its clutches. No, he noticed not the departing day and the awakening night; the swallows left him and went to bed,

and the night owl hooted dismally over his head; but there he lay, crying ever:

"Fame! give me fame! I will toil and slave, but to be famous in the end. I will give my heart, my life, my soul if the world may ring with my name, and cry, 'He is noble—he is grand: would that the earth held more such as he to whiten its blackness, and to turn its day into night.' Oh, help me, Invisible Beings! Here no one understands my thoughts. I must travel and find what I seek—others have before me—and I will return famous and happy to those I love." And he turned on his side and gazed with love on the figure of his mother, shading her eyes as she looked out towards the pines, searching for him.

But as he watched, gradually she faded from his eyes, surrounded by a white haze; slowly the mist took shape, until, in the place of his mother, only closer to him, there stood another woman, more stern and beautiful than she. Tridel lay for one moment amazed; then,

"Help me, whatever being thou art!" he cried.

"That is my errand," the Spirit answered. "You seek fame. Come with me; you shall find it."

Then Tridel sprang from the ground in an ecstasy of joy, all his agony gone; he tore into the cottage, and, clasping his mother round the neck, cried:

"Mother, I leave you to become famous; behold my guide."



The mother turned and, seeing the stranger, fell at her feet with clasped hands.

"Take not my boy from me," she cried; "fame is nothing to love."

"Fame is more than love," returned the Spirit; "it is greater even than death."

"No," cried the woman; "it cannot cheat death."

"But, it can outlive it." And stretching out her hand, she drew Tridel away.

"Let me but kiss him once before he go," the mother cried, and, snatching her boy from the stranger's grasp, she printed a passionate kiss on his brow. "Bring him back in safety to me again, that I may share his joy," and her voice was choked with sobs.

"Yes; he shall come back, I promise that."

Then the mother dried her tears, and watched, with a trembling, but proud heart, the figure of her boy fast disappearing in the evening haze. "He will become famous," she said, with quivering breath; but inwardly she cried: "Fame is nothing to love—give me back my son."

The boy journeyed on, the figure ever beside him, through long and weary days and endless nights; still they travelled, side by side.

"Show me fame," he cried.

But the figure answered: "Not yet; not yet."

"But I work all day and reap no reward; my thoughts burn in my brain, and yet, when I give them life, they yield me no return; shall I never gain what I seek—never?"

"It will come in time," said his companion, and they travelled on.

Once, burning with his desire, they passed through a great city, trembling on the eve of a terrible crisis, its people running to and fro like driven sheep.

"Let me speak to them; I can help them," cried the youth; "they need a

leader; I will head their parties; I will calm their distress.

Then the Spirit drew back its detaining hand, and the youth, bursting from his hold, poured out to the astonished and excited people words that thrilled their hearts and spurred them on to action.

"Lead us," they cried with one great voice; "we will follow."

Then the youth, forgetting the Spirit, flushed with the fire of might, fought, with heart and voice, for the people's cause. At times they rested on the highest crest of the wave of success, at others in its lowest depths. But, alas! their struggles were in vain, for their cause was lost, unutterably and for ever. Then the youth was reviled and cursed.

"Traitor!" they cried, and they cast him out, till, fleeing, with aching brow, he came again upon the Spirit, waiting patiently.

"Have you gained the laurels of fame?" she asked, with a smile on her lips.

"Fame?—no; I have slaved and toiled for the cause, and now am crowned with curses. Take me where I shall find the laurel branch, my guide."

So they journeyed on; but the boy was not so gay as before, the reverses of life were bowing him down; but he raised

his head—which, thrilling with beautiful and noble thoughts, could not long be cast down—when they drew near another and more beautiful city than the last.

"Here is a field for glory," he cried; "why do we not stop? We have passed city after city, and yet, instead of my staying and working, we journey ever on to that dark loneliness ahead. Let me gain fame here," he cried.

The Spirit shook its head, but let the youth go.

With bounding step and light heart, he entered the city, and, lying beneath the shadow of the trees, he, with rapid pen and trembling fingers, poured out his soul to the world. He told of wonders in the earth and sea, of wonders to come and mighty



"TAKE NOT MY BOY FROM ME," SHE CRIED.

works to be performed; and the people read and were amazed.

Then he went to them and cried:

"Give me fame—that is all I ask—the glory of being known to the world for some good done."

But they laughed and said:

"You are mad! We do not know you. Your works are clever, but you have no name; when you have found that, come back to us and we will give you all you ask."

And the youth, pale and sorrowful, sought his guide again.

"Do not despair," the Spirit said; "fame will come."

"Why," said the youth, "are we journeying there," and he pointed to where the sky looked black and overcast, where the air was filled with the roar of a mighty cataract and the distant hills towered dark and gloomy to the clouds.

"Because there is what you seek."

Then the youth wondered that in those gloomy regions should be the laurel crown, but he said nothing.

"What is that strange shadow following me?" he said one day. "It never leaves me."

"What is it like?" asked the Spirit.

"I cannot tell," he answered; "it has no earthly form."

But as they travelled on, the form of the shadow grew clear and defined.

"I see it now," he cried; "it is an old man, bent and white-headed, and he is clothed in clinging grey garments, and holds something in his hand I cannot see."

"You are nearing your goal," answered the Spirit; "you will soon see what he holds."

Again and again did the youth struggle to be known, and each time returned despondent to his guide, who, comforting him, said:

"Your works are great; weep not—glory awaits thee."

After journeying wearily on, they left at length the gay cities behind them and were surrounded by a dreary, desolate plain; no trees grew in such bleak air; flowers they had not seen for days; even the earth they trod was black and stony, and the roar of the great cataract was in their ears.

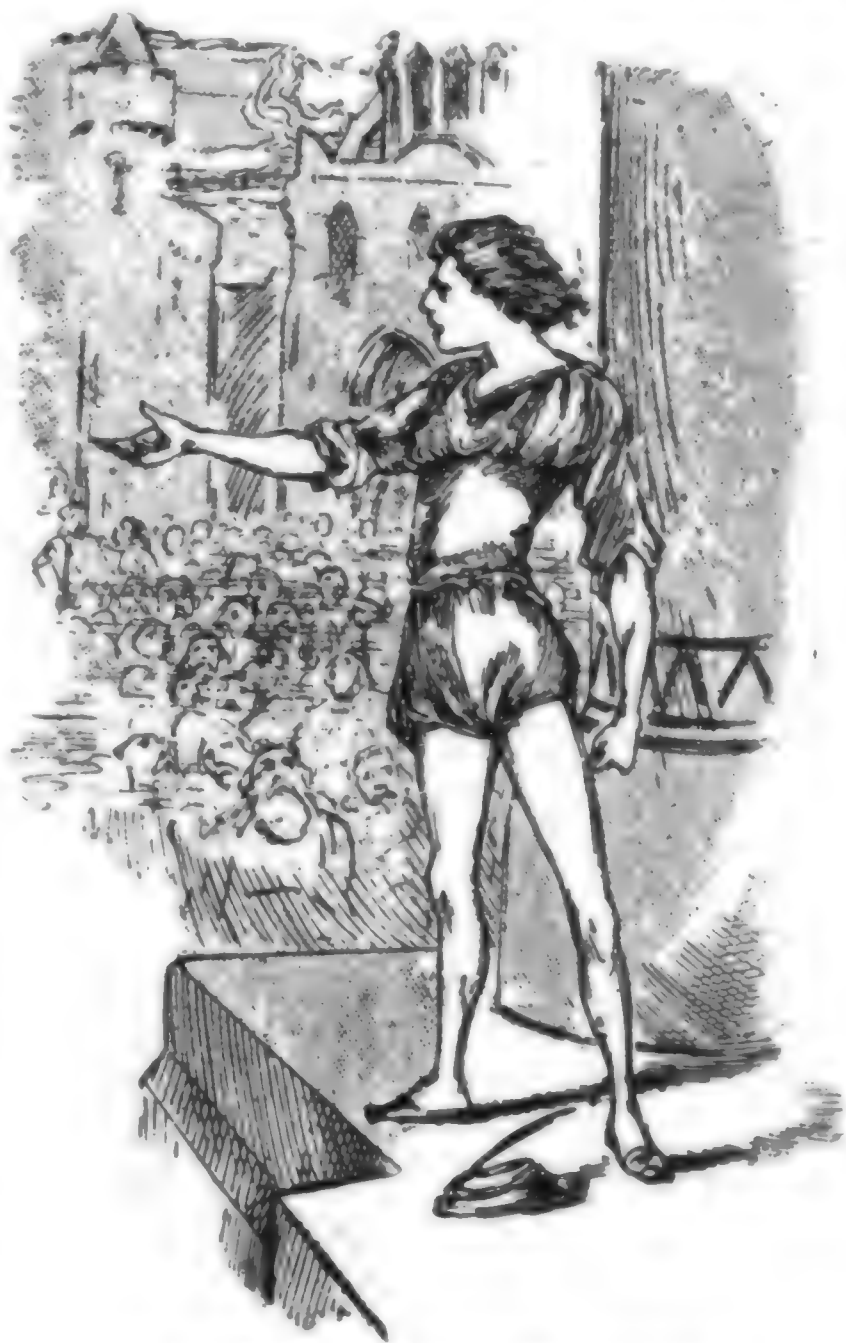
"Surely here cannot be fame" the youth said, weary and dispirited, but the Spirit answered:

"Patience; it is coming."

The roar of the rapids grew fiercer, and the air was filled with a dashing foam that dimmed the eyes of the youth; and as they journeyed on, they saw before them, surrounded by overhanging rocks and with a black, lowering sky overhead, a terrible rushing torrent, its waters dark and gloomy, its banks too steep for mortal feet to climb.

At the brink they paused.

"Here," said the Spirit, "I must leave you. I have done my duty: the Spirit of



WORDS THAT THRILLED THEIR HEARTS.

the Valley of the Shadow must end my work," and, pointing to the figure of the old man, the Spirit vanished.

Then, being alone, with the black sky, the rushing torrent and the thunder in his ears, the youth trembled and turned to grasp the hand of his new guide; the fingers he took were long and bony, and, looking up at the face, he saw its eyes were sunk, its cheeks hollow, and the grey garments clung close and rigid to the form of a skeleton; but yet he saw not clearly what he held in his hand.

"The river must be crossed," the figure



said; but the youth trembled, and would have gone back.

"There," said the figure again, "lies the only way to Fame. Cross but the torrent, and this is yours," and he held aloft a crown of laurels. Then into the foaming rapid plunged the youth.

"I am sinking," he cried, but the gaunt figure did not reply. Three times he sank into the inky depths.

Then he rose.

The sky above was dark, the water around him was cruel and keen, and the air was filled with the thunder of a mighty storm; but the face upturned to the blackened sky was as a bright moonbeam on the waters; the soft brown hair rose and fell on the marble forehead; on the sweet red lips was the smile of success and victory—and, held aloft by the gaunt hands of Death—there floated the laurel crown.

The mother, listening with aching heart at her cottage door, waited day by day for the fame of her boy, that did not come.

Till at last, afar on the breeze, she heard the whisper of his name.

"He has done marvellous works," they said; "he has saved a nation." Then the heart of the mother leapt, and she cried:

"He is becoming known; I shall see him soon."

The whisper grew to a murmur, and the murmur to a roar. "Where is he?" they cried; "he is noble, he is glorious, he is famous." And the heart of the mother was glad within her; not for his glory, not for his fame; but that he should return.

Each night when she retired to rest, she said, "To-morrow he will come." But as she lay sleeping, she heard a voice beside her saying, "Mother! I have returned, as the Spirit said." And looking up, she beheld her son, dazzling and glorious in snow-white robes, with the crown of fame upon his brow.

"Come?" he said, and wonderingly, she obeyed.

Next morning, the neighbours knocked in vain at the mother's door, and at last they entered; they passed through the empty parlour, and came to the little bedroom. "She is dead," they said; "she has passed away in her sleep, mourning for Tridel."

"She has not died in sorrow," said another; "look! that is not the smile of grief; it is the smile of love and recognition—she has found her son."



THERE FLOATED THE  
LAUREL CROWN.



The announcement of the betrothal of Prince George and Princess May may certainly be classed amongst the most popular of the incidents of the month. We have taken advantage of this opportune moment to publish Mr. Asher's charming waltz, "May Bloom," which is dedicated to H.R.H. Princess May, by special permission of H.R.H. the Duke of Teck.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since my last notes, several pieces have been produced and withdrawn, and many of the theatres are now closed. "Man and Woman," at the Opera Comique, of which great things were expected, and which was undoubtedly a good play, failed to draw, and was withdrawn after a very few weeks' run. This failure I attribute to the fact that the play was wrongly cast, the leading characters not being in strong enough hands. Terry's Theatre also re-

mains shut. "The Black Domino, a new and original drama in five acts, by Geo. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan" is how the latest Adelphi drama is described. There is, however, a great lack of both "newness" and "originality" about it.

Lord Dashwood has sown his wild oats and is about to be married to his cousin



MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

when his former mistress turns up and threatens to expose him. Her father, however, silences her. Lord Dashwood is in the hands of a swindling, sanctimonious lawyer and money-lender, called Honeybun, who has a nasty way of asking for his money. His lordship, to put off the inevitable day of reckoning a little longer, and having no cheque book of his own wherein to write his name, coolly but



accidentally writes his father's, the noble Earl of Arlington, to the tune of £20,000. Though this noble gentleman, my lord of Dashwood, professes to love his wife, yet he is persuaded to go off to the Covent Garden Fancy Dress Ball to meet his former mistress, Belle Hamilton. Lady Dashwood, informed of this meeting by Captain Greville, her husband's mentor and *friend*, follows, sees her husband laughing and joking with this infamous Belle Hamilton, faints in Captain Greville's arms, and is carried off to his rooms. Now Captain Greville thinks he has his revenge at last: he will now be able to disgrace and ruin his friend. However, he is foiled. Eventually the old Earl meets the forged bill, Belle Hamilton confesses she had broken with Lord



W. L. ABINGDON.

Dashwood before his marriage, and that she met him at the ball at the instigation of Captain Greville. Greville receives a good thrashing from Lord Dashwood, Belle Hamilton makes a rapid exit from the world, assisted by the contents of some mysterious phial, and everything ends happily. Such is the plot of "The Black Domino."

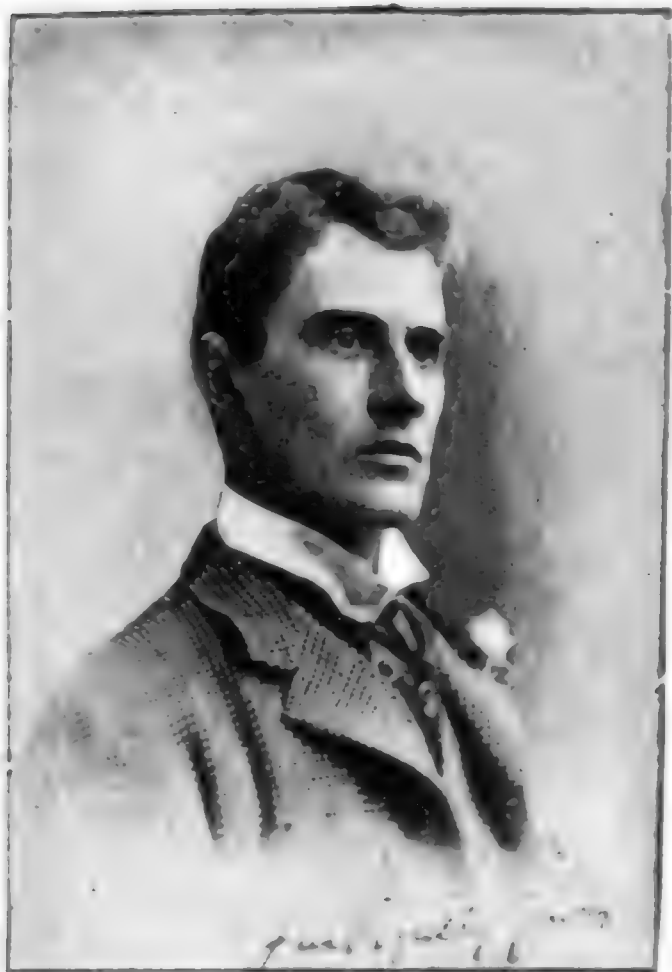
The scenery is by Bruce Smith, and is quite a surprise. The Brothers Gatti have spared no expense in this line. The Fancy Dress Ball scene is an exact reproduction of Covent Garden Theatre, and in this scene the entire Adelphi stage is called into requisition. The last scene, again, "The Star and Garter" at Richmond, is a very handsome and picturesque set.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as Belle Hamilton, is weak, and has not the nervous dash and desire for constant pleasure and excitement one associates with Belle Hamilton. Miss Evelyn Millard is a sympathetic Mildred Vavasour, afterwards Lady Dashwood. Miss Bessie Hatton, as Rose Berton, Belle Hamilton's young sister, does all she has to do well. Miss Clara Jecks, as Dolly Chester, the music-hall artiste, has not much to do, more's the pity; however, she manages to extract as much as possible out of her part.

Turning to the men, Mr. Chas. Glenney, as Lord Dashwood, is forcible and dramatic, but what a thankless part he has; instead of being the good old Adelphi hero, who is always maligned and ill-treated, he is an unprincipled scoundrel,



MISS CLARA JECKS.



T. B. THALBERG.

who thinks no more of forgery, seduction and lying than he does of eating his breakfast. Mr. Arthur Williams, as Honeybun, the money-lending solicitor with amatory proclivities, is excellent. In the fancy dress ball scene he turns up as Cupid, and is accompanied by two of his

MISS LILY HANBURY.  
Photo. by Russell and Sons.

many nieces, Birdie Johnson and Gussie Conyers. Mr. W. L. Abingdon is, of course, all that can be desired, but as we now accept this gentleman as our stage villain *par excellence*, it is always taken for granted that he can be relied on to successfully enact such parts. He has one fine scene in his rooms with Lady Dashwood, of which he makes the most. Mr. John Le Hay, as Chenevix Chase, Mr. Thalberg, as Dr. Maitland,

Mr. Chas. Stuart, as Lord Drewscourt, all go to complete an excellent cast. A special word is due to Mr. Cockburn for his touching performance of Pierre Berton, the poor old blind organist, heartbroken at the knowledge of the infamy of his daughter, Clarice, better known as Belle Hamilton.

To sum up, the piece is weak, very weak, and is not worthy of the authors; yet it will run and is running. The acting and the scenery have, however, a lot to do with its success.

"The Amazon," an original farcical romance in three acts, by Arthur W. Pinero. Thus does the programme describe this extravaganza up-to-date. The author has been poking a lot of good-natured fun at some of the up-to-date society faddists. Plot there is none, or, at least, very little, in this latest production from the prolific pen of Mr. Pinero, yet Mr. Chudleigh is succeeding nightly in filling the Court Theatre with the attractions offered by this piece. Briefly,

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.  
Photo. by Russell and Sons.

the story is this: Miriam, Marchioness of Castlegordan, married a modern Hercules, and naturally admires her stalwart husband. Her one great disappointment, in which her husband joined, was that all her three children were girls. She had set her heart on a son, and, when the first daughter arrived, her husband remarked, "Well, dear, you have lost the whole hunting season for nothing." She christens her child Noeline, Noel being her husband's second name. Her other two daughters are Wilhelmina and Thomasin. These three young ladies are brought up as boys, and are in the charge



of Sergeant Shuter, a masculine and muscular female, widow of a sergeant, who has adopted her late husband's rank.

The Marchioness of Castlegordan lives in seclusion at Overcote Park, and devotes herself to the bringing up of her girls—or boys, as she will persist in styling them. Visitors are rigorously excluded from the Park, and the "boys" go about in male attire, learn to shoot, box, fence, ride, in short, everything that becomes a man. True, once a fortnight the Marchioness is at home to visitors, and on these occasions her "boys" resume their natural attire, and come out in stylish frocks. Thus things go on; however, her two youngest "boys" go up to town and fall in love, just to upset their mother's arrangements, I suppose, and, to make matters worse, her eldest hopeful, Lady Noel, who is in town, fancies she would like to see a bit of "London after dark," so she dresses up in the dress clothes belonging to the



JOHN BEAUCHAMP.



young man of the house, gets his opera cloak on, and off she goes. While strolling up West, she sees a man knocking a woman about, so she, as she afterwards describes it, "lands" him with her left in the jaw, and down he goes. A crowd gathers, and she is encouraged with cries of "Good for you, gov'nor; hit him again." This recalls her to herself; she flies, falls into the arms of a gentleman and faints. The gentleman, who, by-the-bye, is Barrington, Viscount Litterly, takes her—

MISS PATTIE BROWNE.  
*Photo. by Russell and Sons.*

him, he thinks it is—to his rooms, she recovers, and, without thanking him, makes a bolt; he follows her, discovers her secret and falls in love, and there you are, don't

cher know. He further finds out that she is his cousin, the Lady Noeline Belturbet. The other two lovers of the sisters also turn up at Overcote Park, in the shape of Galfred, Earl of Tweenways, and Andrè, Count de Grival. Some amusing scenes take place, naturally, between these three loving pairs, and eventually the Ladies Wilhelmina and Thomasin write and arrange to meet Tweenways and De Grival in the East Wing.



WEEDON GROSSMITH.

These two beauties mistake the West Wing for the East Wing, and descend through a skylight into the gymnasium. While waiting for their companions, Litterly arrives by the same skylight, he having found the letter making the assignation. Footsteps are heard, and the three conspirators hide in a cupboard. In come the three young ladies, led by the Sergeant, who persists in calling them "my lord." The gentlemen are discovered, so they all set to work to enjoy themselves and have a dance, while "the Sergeant" kindly consents to play. In the midst, in walks the Marchioness, accompanied



MISS NORA HASTINGS.

by the Rev. Robert Minchin, the friend of the family. So horrified and so shocked is the dear Marchioness at her daughters' improprieties that she immediately frocks them; the gentlemen are invited to stay to dinner, and everything ends happily.

Thus it will be seen that though the plot is thin, yet a great deal of innocent and wholesome fun can be and is obtained.

Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Ellaline Terriss and Miss Pattie Browne, as the Ladies Noeline, Wilhelmina and Thomasin Belturbet, are so fascinating and charming in their male attire that one quite regrets when, obedient to their mother's commands, they at last frock themselves.

Mr. John Beauchamp, as the Rev. Roger Minchin, makes the most of a part which is a thankless one at best. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, as the Earl of Tweenwayes, extracts a lot of fun out of his lines, his business in the dark, when he first arrives in the gymnasium, being especially funny. Mr. Fred Kerr, as Viscount Litterly, gives us many touches of that dry humour for which he is so well-known, and Mr. Elliot, as the French Count, is very amusing. Made up as Frenchified as he possibly can be, he resents being taken for such. "True, I am French by birth, but," says he, "I am English by education—by inclination. Do I not go in for your

sport, your 'idioms'? Do I not know your proverbs, vat you say—'Damn it all?' Do I not say many times 'Don't cher know,' 'voila'?" Miss Emily Cross, as the Marchioness is satisfactory—but, oh, what a lot Mrs. John Wood would have made of the part; and Mr. Compton Coutts, Mr. Quinton and Mr. Nainby all contribute to make the whole play what it undoubtedly is—a success.

\* \* \*

Mr. Angelo Asher, the composer of this month's piece of music, "May Bloom" waltz, was born in London in 1862, and as an infant showed musical proclivities.

When a schoolboy he got up an entertainment, and such a success was it that the Baroness Lionel de Rothschild, who happened to be present, sent for him, congratulated him on his musical abilities, and encouraged him in the pursuit of music as a profession. He entered the Royal Academy of Music under Sir Sterndale Bennett and Sir George Macfarren; here



MRS. MARY DAVIES.



he studied for three years, and was a most distinguished pupil.

In 1885, when promenade concerts were all the rage, Mr. Asher composed a vocal waltz—the “Fan Fan Waltz”—this was brought out at the concerts then being held in Her Majesty’s Theatre, and was personally conducted by the composer; it proved a great success. Mr. Asher is now conductor at the Tivoli.

\* \* \*

One of the most charming and successful concerts of the season was held at St. James’s Hall, Piccadilly, on the 10th of May, under the auspices of Miss Nora Hastings. The programme contained no less than twenty-one selections, and among the artistes were Mrs. Mary Davies, Madame Enriquez, Miss Meredyth Elliot, Signor Foli, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint and Mr. Braxton Smith.

Miss Nora Hastings scored another success. Her dramatic and humorous powers are of a high standard, and her renderings of “The Shipwreck” and Nesbit’s “Singing of the Magnificat” were worthy of all praise. Mrs. Mary Davies, who is, without doubt, one of our sweetest ballad singers, gave an old French song, “La Charmante Marguerite,” and “The Mandarin,” in her own charming style, receiving an encore to each.

Signor Foli, who had a most enthusiastic reception, sang “Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind” and “The Bedouin’s Love Song,” and, as an encore, he gave “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,” the audience recalling him a second time.

\* \* \* \* \*

We notice that Mr. Edward Turner Lloyd, the eldest son of our great tenor, has obtained a professorship of the Royal Academy of Music, and we think it is a matter for congratulation to know that he is so successfully following in the steps of his celebrated father.

\* \* \* \* \*



SIGNOR FOLI.

The chief event of cricketing this season will be the contests with the Australians. The Colonists arrived in London the last week in April, and opened play last month with a week’s practice at Mitcham, their favourite haunt.

The Eighth Australian Team is undoubtedly a strong combination of good batsmen, notwithstanding the defeat they received in their first engagement with Lord Sheffield’s eleven, which might easily have been called an eleven of England.

As will be seen from our group, there are players who have made a name in this country in connection

with previous teams, not only batsmen, but some good all round men.

The team is captained by the Australian wicket-keeper, Mr. Blackham, one of the best stumpers known to cricket, who has been included in each eleven that has visited this country.

The hardest hitters are Lyons, Trott and Graham; but it is, indeed, hard to single out any as the best, for they appear to be completely without the usual *tail-end*.

The bowling is principally in the hands of Turner, Giffen, Coningham and M’Leod, who will be found dangerous trundlers as the season advances.

After such a lengthy voyage and change of country, it cannot be expected to find our visitors playing at concert pitch in their earliest engagement; but I do predict for them a good season, and shall expect them to render a good account ere the season closes.

They have had a most hearty welcome accorded them throughout the country, so far; and the team, I should mention, is under the able management of Mr. Victor Cohen, a gentleman well respected in the land of the “Golden Fleece.”

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The winner of the Football Competition will be announced next month.

# THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM (1893).

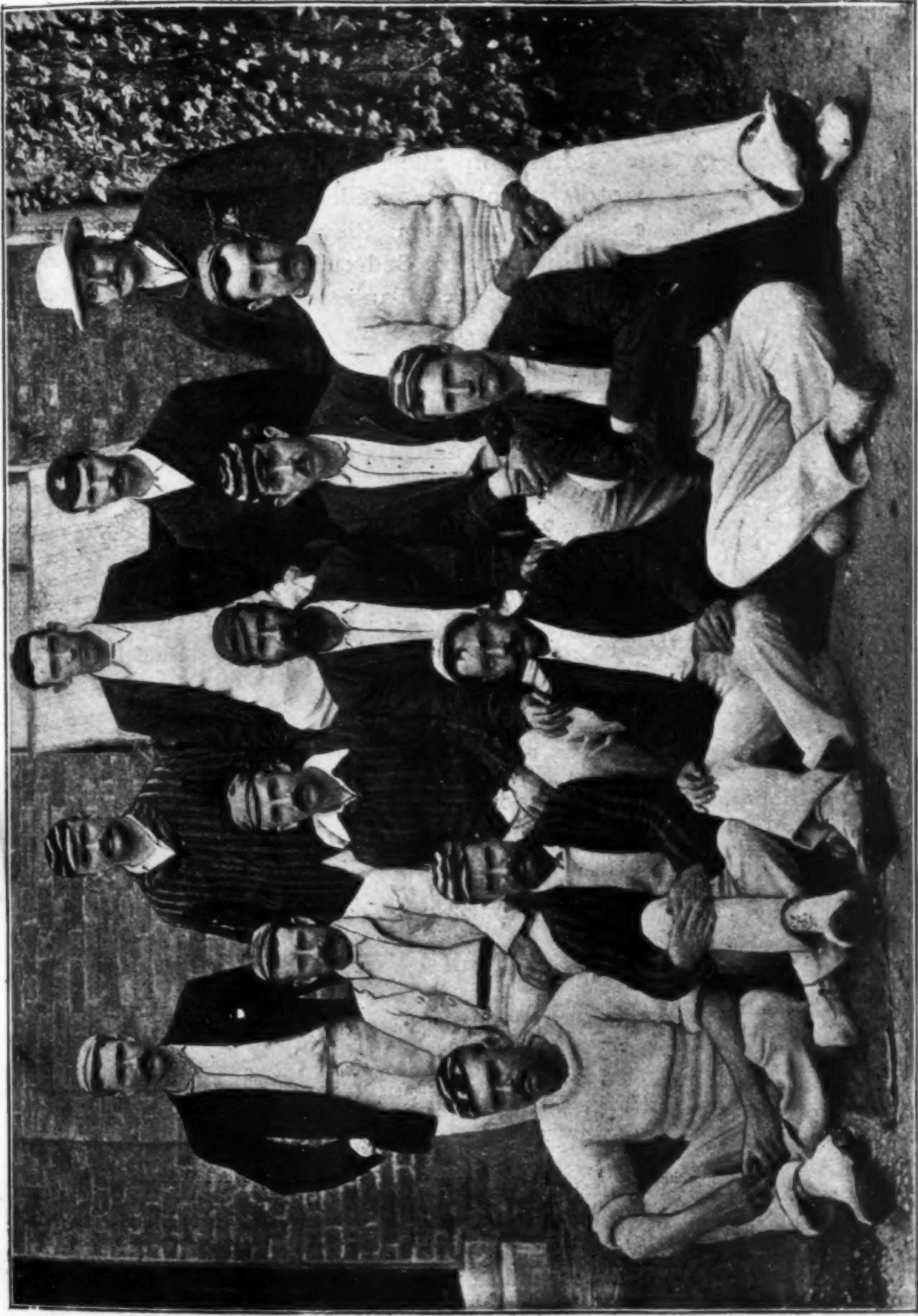
R. W. MCLEOD.

J. J. LYONS.

H. TRUMBLE.

W. BRUCE.

G. H. S. TROTT.



A. H. JARVIS.

A. CONINGHAM

G. GIFFEN.

A. C. BANNERMAN.

J. M. BLACKHAM (Captain).

S. E. GREGORY.

C. T. B. TURNER.

H. GRAHAM.

W. F. GIFFEN



# ❖ Puzzledom ❖



36. A Charade. My first is a dye,  
my next you drink dry, my  
whole is a fly.

37. The letters in the following  
words, when transposed, name  
celebrated cities: 1. Plevoliro.  
2. Latiboerm. 3. Sedrend. 4.  
Lasmesrile. 5. Tanhes. 6.  
Glareis.



38. What word becomes shorter by  
adding a syllable?

39. Why is a wise man like a pin?

40. Why is a mirror like a great  
thinker?

41. Why is it absurd to ask a pretty  
girl to be candid?

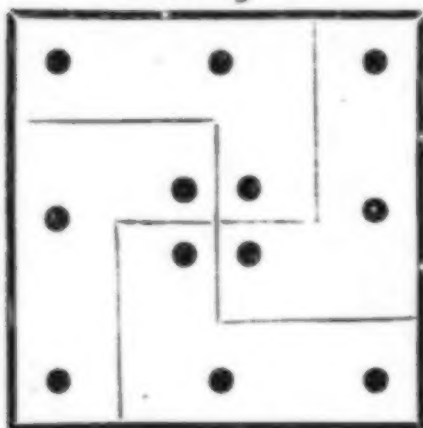
42. Where are the vegetable and  
animal kingdoms united?



Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th June. Competitions should be addressed "June Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London. Postcards only, please.

## ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

No. 29.



30. *Because it is in firm.*

31. *When they make twenty-two (22).*

32. *Because it contains a merry thought.*

33. *A ditch.*

34. *A glass—lass—ass.*

35. *Sunday.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our April Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—W. Quick, H.M.S. *Boscawen*, Portland; W. May, 32, Oxford Road, Kilburn; J. Richardson, Inland Revenue, Oban, N.B.; J. Clarke, 3, Orchard Street, Lincoln; J. A. Bleakley, East View, Willows Lane, Accrington.